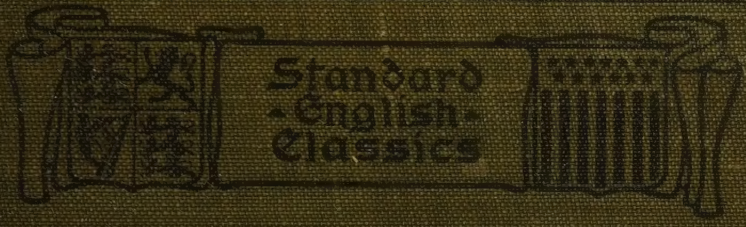

TREASURE ISLAND

STEVENSON

7 2(

Christine Jeffers.
Freshman.

A Scale of 3 English Miles
Foremast Hill
Strong tide here
Spye glass Hill
Cape of ye Woods
Mizenmast Hill
Hawthorne Head
North
Sand
Sand
Sand

STEVENSON'S
TREASURE ISLAND

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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PREFACE

"I remember," says Sir J. M. Barrie in "Margaret Ogilvy," a delightful life of his mother, "I remember how she read 'Treasure Island,' holding it close to the ribs of the fire (because she could not spare a moment to rise and light the gas), and how, when bedtime came, and we coaxed, remonstrated, scolded, she said quite fiercely, clinging to the book, 'I dinna lay my head on a pillow this night till I see how that laddie got out of the barrel.'" This is the spirit in which "Treasure Island" should be read. The student should first be allowed to give himself up to the enjoyment of rapidly reading the story as a story.

He may then turn to various parts of the Introduction and the Notes, which are designed to sharpen his appreciation and zest. Several sections of the Introduction have been included in order that the student may have immediately at hand material which hardly any school library possesses: for instance, a history of the Buccaneers; many quotations from Captain Charles Johnson's "History of the Pyrates," which Stevenson used in writing his story; and extracts from Stevenson's essay "A Gossip on Romance." Furthermore, the explanation of sailing a schooner is inserted for the benefit of the many students who, living inland, have no experience in sailing and no knowledge of seamanship. For the convenience of every student, however, all the sea terms mentioned in the text are grouped together in the Glossary at the end, and their meaning should be sought there rather than in the Notes. The sections entitled "The Writing of 'Treasure Island,'" and "'Treasure Island' and

Dime Novels" will be entertaining to those who wish to know how a skillful author weaves his materials together and creates situations and characters which "remain in the mind's eye forever." Since few books offer as many advantages for teaching Composition in an interesting way as "Treasure Island," I have given many suggestions for themes and oral discussions, and in the Notes have commented on various effective incidents and descriptions.

Before beginning my happy labors, I asked several hundred students to tell me what they should like to have in a school edition of "Treasure Island." The suggestions arising from their needs and desires have determined my plan, and here at last is what aims to be their own edition.

F. W. C. H.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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Permission to reproduce the photographs of the dramatization of "Treasure Island" has kindly been given by the producer, Mr. Charles Hopkins.

INTRODUCTION

I. LIFE OF STEVENSON

"Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face —
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity —
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion, impudence, and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist;
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist." [1]

This is a vivid portrait of that versatile and courageous man whose life illuminated the last half of the nineteenth century, and whose personality fascinated men of many races from the bleak Highlands of Scotland to the palm-leaved shores of Samoa. Child of a long line of famous engineers, — his grandfather, Robert, built the Bell Rock Light, and his father, Thomas, "the noblest of all extant deep-sea lights," Skerryvore, — Robert Louis Stevenson was forced by ill health to spend his life with pens and paper instead of with stone and steel. But the booming of the surf was always in his ears, and he lies buried upon a peak of the Pacific in hearing of its sonorous voice.

[1] W. E. Henley, "A Book of Verses," 1888.

He was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. His boyhood was passed in this city and at the Manse of Colinton, the home of his mother's father, a clergyman. The pulmonary disease, against which his life was one long battle, condemned him to stay indoors. But the spirit of boyhood was never conquered. Indeed, "he was the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play."[1] The amusements of his early childhood Stevenson has charmingly told us about in "A Child's Garden of Verses" and in the essays "Child's Play"[2] and "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured."[3] Leaden soldiers, toy theaters, books, a box of paints — "crimson lake (hark to the sound of it — crimson lake! — the horns of elf-land are not richer on the ear)" — made glad the heart of this fragile boy. His reading consisted of stirring tales of adventure and the melodramas of Skelt's Juvenile Drama — books which colored much of his own writing, notably "Treasure Island." His attendance at school was not regular, but his interest in story-telling and his creative imagination led him to practice the art of writing with a regularity which no school could have inspired. This is the way he taught himself to write.

"All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written con-

[1] J. M. Barrie, "Margaret Ogilvy," ch. vii.
[2] In "Virginibus Puerisque." [3] In "Memories and Portraits."

sciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practiced to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to any one with senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also; often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory.

"This was all excellent, no doubt; so were the diaries I sometimes tried to keep, but always and very speedily discarded, finding them a school of posturing and melancholy self-deception. And yet this was not the most efficient part of my training. Good though it was, it only taught me (so far as I have learned them at all) the lower and less intellectual elements of the art, the choice of the essential note and the right word: things that to a happier constitution had perhaps come by nature. And regarded as training, it had one grave defect; for it set me no standard of achievement. So that there was perhaps more profit, as there was certainly more effort, in my secret labors at home. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and coördination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and

to Obermann. . . . That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way."[1]

In 1867, Louis — as his friends called him — entered Edinburgh University. Since his father intended that he should follow the family profession, Louis studied engineering and went on several professional excursions with his father to the northern and western islands. One of these islands, Earraid, off the coast of Mull, became the scene of his story "The Merry Men" and of an episode in "Kidnapped." The open-air exercise was beneficial to his health, but the workshop was dangerous. Accordingly, in 1871, he gave up engineering and studied law, was called to the bar in 1875, and then abandoned law for literature, toward which from the first his heart had yearned.

During the early years of his career as a writer, he produced many magazine articles, stories, essays, and narratives of travel. Travel, indeed, became an enchanting source of material. Driven to the pleasant land of France by the biting winds of Scotland, he went on journeys, such as the canoe tour in Belgium and France and the walking tour in the Cevennes, which yielded the delightful books, "An Inland Voyage" (1878) and "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes" (1879). In the forest of Fontainebleau he lived in happy companionship with many friends and artists. The Stevenson of these days lives again in the pages of "A Chronicle of Friendships," by the American painter, Mr. Will H. Low, who was a member of that forest company. Many of the brilliant essays in "Virginibus Puerisque" and "Familiar Studies of Men and Books"; the short stories "A Lodging for the Night," "The Sire de Malétroit's Door," and "Will o' the Mill," and "The New Arabian Nights" were written in these years. As yet he had won no great literary success, but he had made many friends among the writers of Great

[1] From "A College Magazine," in "Memories and Portraits," 1887.

Britain — Sir Leslie Stephen, Andrew Lang, George Meredith, Sir Sidney Colvin, William Ernest Henley, Edmund Gosse. He endeared himself to them not only by the grace of his style, but by the charm of his personality. Dressed with Bohemian carelessness, "valiant in velvet," and touched with a foreign suavity of manner, he seemed to them the apparition of Romance. "He came," wrote Henley, "to an informal evening in these garments [a Spanish cloak and a hat embroidered with silver], and, in their removal, appeared in a dress coat, a blue flannel shirt, a knitted tie, pepper-and-salt trousers, silk socks, and patent leather shoes (he was exceedingly vain of his foot, which was neat and elegant). His hair fell to his collar; he waltzed, he talked, he exploded, he was altogether wonderful. And the women (this would have touched him, had he known it) were in fits of laughter till — a whole Romantic Movement in his cloak and turban — he departed. To dream (it may be) over a sentence of Sir Thomas Browne's and a gin-and-ginger at Rutherford's."

Stevenson had gone on many adventures in France, but, as he says at the end of "An Inland Voyage," "the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek." In the art-student circles of Fontainebleau, he met and fell in love with Mrs. Osbourne, an American lady from California, whose domestic life had not been happy. Early in 1879 she returned to California. When, a few months later, Stevenson learned that she was ill, he started on a journey halfway round the world to reach her. His experiences in the steerage on the way to New York and on an emigrant train to San Francisco gave him "copy" for "The Amateur Emigrant" and "Across the Plains," but they undermined his precarious health. He fell sick in Monterey, was nursed back to life by Mrs. Osbourne, struggled with his work, fought the sting of poverty, kept through it all his heart gay and courageous, and finally, in 1880, when the legal

obstacles to marriage were removed, married the lady of his destiny.

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.

"Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The august father
Gave to me."

After a sojourn at a deserted mining station in the California coast range, — the story of which is told in "The Silverado Squatters," — Stevenson, with his wife and stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, returned to Scotland. Chronic lung disease had now settled upon him, and he was subject to cough, hemorrhage, and fever. For the next few years, he spent the summers in Scotland, the winters in Switzerland or southern France, and then he tried to live in England. It was during one of his visits to the Scotch Highlands (1881) that he wrote "The Merry Men" — a story of the terrors of the sea — and that he began his best-known book, "Treasure Island." The interesting facts connected with the origin and development of this story are told in the next section of this Introduction. The success of this book in 1883 was but the prelude to other successes. In 1886 came "Kidnapped" and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The former, which Stevenson regarded as his best, is a story of adventure in the Highlands soon after the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. Its chief character, Alan Breck Stewart, is drawn with greater subtlety and truth than John Silver in "Treasure Island," the earlier triumph of Stevenson's art. So close is "Kidnapped" to the soil that in the long flight of Alan and David,

"the wind seems to turn the pages of that swift record, and the smell of the heather comes with it."[1] "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is an allegory of the struggle between good and evil in human nature. Stevenson was now the assured leader of the new Romantic Movement — "a reaction in favor of the novel of action and romance against the more analytic types of fiction then prevailing." In 1887, he published "Memories and Portraits," which contains many autobiographical sketches. The years from 1880 to 1887, in which he accomplished so much good work, were continually racked by the bitter fight against disease. Often confined to his bed, often compelled to keep silent for days at a time, he pursued his beautiful art and wore a brave smile as he fenced with his archenemy.

On the death of his father in 1887, he decided to leave England, and set sail with all his household for America. In the Adirondack Mountains of New York, where he spent the winter, he wrote essays ("Pulvis et Umbra"[2] and "A Christmas Sermon"[2]) which sound a deeper ethical note than he had ever voiced before. "And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes — God forbid it should be man that wearies in well doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: Surely not all in vain." ("Pulvis et Umbra.") Here, too, he began the grimmest of his romances, "The Master of Ballantrae," a story of fraternal hatred, through which stalks the chilling, malign, Mephistophelean villain, James Durie. All the characters

[1] C. T. Copeland, "Robert Louis Stevenson," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1895. One of the best articles on Stevenson.

[2] Reprinted in "Across the Plains."

of this book are blown across many lands and seas by the strong wind of fate, which was soon to bear Stevenson to a far-off, blue, enchanted world.

Standing on the shores of America, one day, with his friend Will H. Low, and looking over the boundless sea, he cried:

"'England is over there,' with a vague gesture seaward; 'well, I bear her no grudge though she has cast me out. I cannot live there and' — turning to me almost fiercely — 'Low, I wish to live! Life is better than art; to do things is better than to imagine them, yes, or to describe them. And God knows I have not lived all these last years. No one knows, no one can know the tedium of it. I've supported it as I could — I don't think I am apt to whimper — but to be, even as I am now, is not to live. Yes, that's what art is good for, for without my work I suppose that I would have given up long ago, without my work and my friends and all those about me — I am not forgetting them; for, with all the courage I could summon, I would not be here to-day, if all their loving care had not added to my courage and made it my duty to fight it out. As long as my father was there I would never think of leaving; all our old troubles were long ago forgotten, and these last years we were much to each other; but, when he was laid to rest, I determined to make a new effort to live. Not as we lived at Fontainebleau, for youth was on my side then — remember how you never realized that I was less strong than the other men who were there with us — but to be the rest of my days a decent invalid gentleman. That's not a very wild ambition, is it? But it's a far cry from being bed-ridden. I'm willing to take care of myself, but to keep on my feet, to move about, to mix with other men, to ride a little, to swim a little, to be wary of my enemy but to get the better of him; that's what I call being a decent invalid gentleman, and that, God willing, I mean to be.

"'There's England over there, and I've left it — perhaps I may never go back — and there on the other side of this big continent there's another sea rolling in.'"[1]

On that other sea, he soon embarked on the voyage which was to carry him to his "ultimate island." For two years he cruised among the islands of the South Pacific — the alluring scene of many of his later books, "The South Seas" (1890), "The Wrecker" (1892), "Island Night's Entertainments" (1893), and "The Ebb Tide" (1894). The charm which had won him so many friends in Europe and America now fascinated the natives of the Pacific. He interested himself in their customs, language, and folk tales, and bound these semisavage peoples to him by his kindness and magic gift of telling stories. Tusitala (the teller of tales) they called him. One chief was so grieved at Stevenson's departure from Tahiti that he wrote him a letter full of wild pathos and passion. "When you embarked, I felt a great sorrow. It is for this that I went upon the road, and you looked from that ship, and I looked at you on the ship, with great grief until you had raised the anchor and hoisted the sail. When the ship started, I ran along the beach, to see you still; and when you were on the open sea I cried out to you, 'Farewell, Louis!' and when I was coming back to my house I seemed to hear your voice crying, 'Rui, farewell!' Afterwards, I watched the ship as long as I could till night fell; and when it was dark I said to myself, 'If I had wings I should fly to the ship to meet you, and to sleep amongst you, so that I might be able to come back to shore and tell Rui Teleme, I have slept upon the ship of Teriitera.'"

The climate of the South Seas was so beneficial to his health that the wanderer resolved to establish a home at Samoa (1890). He named his estate Vailima (five rivers). Here

[1] W. H. Low, "A Chronicle of Friendships," p. 427. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1908.

his life was filled with many occupations. Like a feudal baron, he surrounded himself with native retainers, who cultivated his tropical jungle. He feasted the Samoan chiefs on his broad verandas. He rode and boated. He finished many books and began others which he was never to finish, as "Weir of Hermiston" and "St. Ives." He wrote many letters. Finally, he flung himself into the political controversy which arose from the treatment of the Samoans by Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. During the civil war between two rival claimants of the throne, he brought the true state of affairs to the notice of the world by his letters to the *Times* and his "Footnote to History" (1892); and, though threatened with deportation, aided the followers of the deposed King Mataafa, fed them in prison, and secured their freedom. In gratitude for their release, they built through the forest from Apia to Vailima "The Road of Loving Hearts," and in their native tongue inscribed it thus: "Considering the great love of his Excellency, Tusitala, in his loving care of us in our tribulation in the prison, we have made this great gift. It shall never be muddy, it shall go on forever, this road that we have dug." In his address at the dedication, Tusitala said: "I love the land, and I have chosen it to be my home while I live and my grave after I am dead. And I love the people, and have chosen them to be my people to live and die with."

The energy of these occupations burned up the flickering candle of his life. Valiantly he kept at his work; when he could not speak, he dictated "St. Ives" with his fingers. "I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness. . . . And the battle goes on — ill or well, is a trifle; so it goes. I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that the battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic

bottle." It was on the afternoon of December 3, 1894, while he was gayly talking with his wife on the veranda that the contest suddenly ended and he fell at her feet. Death came in the manner he had admired in his great essay "Æs Triplex": "In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

The devoted natives cut a path and carried Tusitala to the peak of Mount Vaea, and there amid the tropic splendors of strange leaves and wings and stars they buried this child of the bleak North. Over his grave is carved his own "Requiem":

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

II. THE WRITING OF "TREASURE ISLAND"

The story of "Treasure Island" sprang full-armed with cutlass and pistol from a map — a map of an island set in the silver sea. Nor was the map merely the origin of the story; it became the chief part of the plot. Maps always fired Stevenson's imagination with their possibilities of romantic adventure. "I have always been fond of maps, and can voyage in an atlas with the greatest enjoyment. The names of places are singularly inviting; the contour of coast and rivers is enthralling to the eye; and to hit, in a map,

upon some place you have heard of before, makes history a new possession." [1]

Both the map and the story were made to amuse a little boy — and they enchanted a Prime Minister of England. The autumn of 1881 the Stevensons spent at Braemar in the Highlands of Scotland. The weather was cold and rainy, the sleet howled outside the cottage, and within was a twelve-year-old boy, Lloyd Osbourne, demanding "something interesting." In a room called the picture gallery, Stevenson used to amuse his stepson and himself by drawing and painting, until, says Dr. Japp, who was a guest in that beleaguered cottage, "the walls were covered with the most extravagant and grotesquely funny bits of work." One afternoon he drew the map of an island. He colored it, gave names to its hills and inlets, and in a happy moment called it "Treasure Island." "As I pored upon my map of Treasure Island," says Stevenson, "the future characters of the book began to appear there visibly among imaginary woods; and their brown faces and bright weapons peeped out upon me from unexpected quarters, as they passed to and fro, fighting and hunting treasure, on these few square inches of a flat projection. The next thing I knew, I had some paper before me and was writing out a list of chapters." [2] The story went forward at the rate of a chapter a day, to the delight not only of Lloyd, but of another schoolboy in disguise, Stevenson's father. The salt breeze of the tale brought a glow to the cheeks of that sturdy engineer whose "lights were in every part of the world guiding the mariner." It was he who suggested the contents of Billy Bones's chest, and gave the name of *Walrus* to "Flint's old ship." Though the bitter weather kept Stevenson in his bed most of the day, he joined the family

[1] "An Inland Voyage," the chapter entitled "Changed Times."

[2] R. L. Stevenson, "My First Book," reprinted in the Biographical Edition of "Treasure Island." Charles Scribner's Sons.

every night, and after dinner read the daily chapter, "emphasizing the purpler passages with lifted voice and gesticulating finger."

The story was no sooner under way than the jubilant author wrote the following letter (August 25, 1881) to his friend W. E. Henley, the poet and critic:

"Now, see here, 'The Sea Cook, or Treasure Island: A Story for Boys.' If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my day. Will you be surprised to learn that it is about Buccaneers, that it begins in the *Admiral Benbow* public house on Devon coast, that it's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship, and a current, and a fine old Squire Trelawney (the real Tre, purged of literature and sin, to suit the infant mind), and a doctor, and another doctor, and a sea cook with one leg, and a sea song with the chorus 'Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum' (at the third Ho you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song, only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint (died of rum at Key West, much regretted, friends will please accept this intimation); and lastly, would you be surprised to hear, in this connection, the name of *Routledge?* That's the kind of man I am, blast your eyes. Two chapters are written, and have been tried on Lloyd with great success; the trouble is to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths — bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be consulted.

"And now look here — this is next day — and three chapters are written and read. (Chapter I. The Old Sea Dog at the *Admiral Benbow*. Chapter II. Black Dog Appears and Disappears. Chapter III. The Black Spot.) All now heard by Lloyd, F.[*i.e.* Mrs. Stevenson], and my father and mother, with high approval. It's quite silly and horrid fun, and what I want is the *best* book about the Buccaneers that can be had — the latter B's above all, Blackbeard and sich, and get Nutt or Bain to send it skimming by the fastest post. And now I know you'll write to me, for 'The Sea Cook's' sake. . . .

"A chapter a day I mean to do; they are short; and perhaps in a month 'The Sea Cook' may to Routledge go, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum! My Trelawney has a strong dash of Landor, as I see him from here. No women in the story, Lloyd's orders; and who so blithe to obey? It's awful fun, boy's stories; you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain. The only stiff thing is to get it ended — that I don't see, but I look to a volcano. O sweet, O generous, O human

toils! You would like my blind beggar in Chapter III, I believe; no writing, just drive along as the words come and the pen will scratch!
R.L.S., Author of *Boys' Stories*" [1]

It is clear from this letter that Stevenson already had the main outlines of the plot in his mind. Indeed, it was the map itself that caused many of the events in the plot. The words "a derelict ship and a current" show that he intended to set the *Hispaniola* drifting from the anchorage to the North Inlet; this device of restoring her to the Squire's party was suggested by the fact that there were two harbors on the map. Again, the name "Skeleton Island," which was given to the islet by a freak of fancy, necessitated the use of Flint's pointer.

Besides these events which were born of the map, a procession of picturesque incidents came crowding into Stevenson's mind. Some of these sprang from recollections of places and early reading, some from memories of canoeing on the high seas and cruising in a schooner, some from the book he asked for in the letter, but most of them from his own fertile imagination. He had always been fascinated by inns and islands. Note what he says about the inn at Burford Bridge and the Hawes Inn at the Queen's Ferry in "A Gossip on Romance." The melodramas which he read in his boyhood [2] — Skelt's Juvenile Drama with plates of characters and sets of scenery for a toy theater which he spent ecstatic hours in coloring with his paints — were filled with sea-coast inns, sailors yo-ho-ing, pirates visiting their former comrades, nautical language, and spirited combats on deck and ashore. Any one who will yield himself, as I did, to the delight of reading these old melodramas will understand the force of Stevenson's remark: "What am I? what are life, art, letters, the world, but what my Skelt has made them? He stamped

[1] "Letters," Biographical Edition, Vol. I, p. 254. Charles Scribner's Sons.
[2] See "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured" in "Memories and Portraits."

himself upon my immaturity. The world was plain before I knew him, a poor penny world; but soon it was all colored with romance."

Reminiscences of other books went into the making of "Treasure Island." The opening chapters which deal with Billy Bones at the "Admiral Benbow" bear a close resemblance to Washington Irving's story "The Money Diggers" in "Tales of a Traveler." This resemblance did not come to Stevenson's notice till some years later when, happening to look into the "Tales of a Traveler," "the book flew up and struck" him. But even if he had never previously read Irving's story, it is very likely that "Treasure Island" would have begun in a sea-coast inn just the same, and that the old sea captain would have done much the same things, for the echoes of the nautical melodramas were piping in Stevenson's ear. Of his other borrowings he was quite aware. "No doubt the parrot once belonged to Robinson Crusoe. No doubt the skeleton is conveyed from Poe ["The Gold Bug"]. I think little of these, they are trifles and details; and no man can hope to have a monopoly of skeletons or make a corner in talking birds." The name of the Dead Man's Chest he found in Charles Kingsley's "At Last," a record of travel in the West Indies.

But the greatest help to Stevenson was the marvelously entertaining old book which was sent to Braemar at his request, Captain Charles Johnson's "History of the Pyrates." This book, originally published in 1724 when the pirates still infested the seas from the West Indies to Madagascar, contains most spirited narratives of the lives of the famous rovers Avery, Teach (Blackbeard), England, Davis, Roberts, Vane, Bonnet, Low, and others, and "the remarkable Actions and Adventures of the two Female Pyrates, Mary Read and Anne Bonny." This book must have been meat and drink to the true child of Skelt. The sleet that rattled on the panes

at Braemar must have gleamed with crimson lake and Prussian blue to his eyes as he sat propped in bed. His mind not only seized upon a crowding mass of incidents, customs, names, even words and phrases, but it absorbed the blood-red atmosphere of crime, cruelty, and piratical adventure which rolls like the sea mist from the yellow pages.

Hitherto no one has thought it worth while to read Johnson's "Pyrates" in order to trace the influence of this book on "Treasure Island." But no more delightful task could ever fall to the lot of an editor. Nor are the rewards of the cruise few or slight. In this book Stevenson found the names Ben Gunn and Israel Hands, Hawkins and Hispaniola. Here he learned of those wild buccaneering deeds which John Silver refers to so familiarly — the fishing up of the wrecked plate ships, the boarding of the Viceroy of the Indies, the adventures of Captain England and the *Cassandra*, of Captain Roberts and the *Royal Fortune*. Here he got his information about the customs of "gentlemen of fortune," their sets of articles, their right of electing and deposing captains. Here he found in Blackbeard's character many of those traits which make old Flint so sinister a figure.

But where, you will ask, did he find Long John Silver? This time not in books, but in that very friend to whom he wrote the jubilant letter — W. E. Henley. The method that he used he describes thus: "To take an admired friend of mine, to deprive him of all his finer qualities and higher graces of temperament, to leave him with nothing but his strength, his courage, his quickness, and his magnificent geniality, and to try to express these in terms of the culture of a raw tarpaulin. Such psychical surgery is, I think, a common way of 'making character'; perhaps it is, indeed, the only way." A friend of both Stevenson and Henley, Mr. Will H. Low, has written to me this very interesting statement: "W. E. Henley *was* the original of John Silver

undoubtedly, the 'psychical surgery' being performed by the author according to his recipe, roughly remembered as something like: 'Take your best friend and extract all his good qualities and the residue will give you a forceful villain.' Stevenson's portraits were, however, not only the expression of his own mutable nature, but were composites as well of a number of different characters; he was not in any sense a realist according to my light — as we contended together during all his life. Consequently, while John Silver has many of Henley's traits, Stevenson's sense of a complete character led him, I believe, to add intuitively other and sympathetic traits until his figure lives 'in the round' as we know it."

Now that we have seen the background of the story and of its chief character, let us follow the book in its progress to the printer. Dr. Alexander Japp, one of the guests at Braemar who shared the delight of the daily chapter, enthusiastically carried away the unfinished manuscript to the editor of *Young Folks*, a boy's paper. Since the editor disliked the original title of "The Sea Cook," the story appeared as "Treasure Island, by Captain George North" when the first installment was published on October 1. But the tale was far from finished. The happy facility with which Stevenson began lasted fifteen days, then suddenly at the beginning of the sixteenth chapter stopped. "My mouth was empty; there was not one word more of 'Treasure Island' in my bosom." It is important to note that from this point, the story, which had been told in the words of Jim Hawkins, is continued for a few chapters in the words of the doctor. It is very probable that this break in the point of view, which often annoys readers, is what brought to a halt the rapid march of narrative. The weather now became so bitter at Braemar that the Stevensons left Scotland for Switzerland. At Davos, then, the march was resumed,

and the story was finished "in a second tide of delighted industry, and again at the rate of a chapter a day."

Strangely enough, the appearance of "Treasure Island" in *Young Folks* aroused not the least enthusiasm in the readers of that paper. It was not until 1883, when the story was published in book form by Messrs. Cassell and Company, that it won popular success. "Statesmen and judges and all sorts of staid and sober men became boys once more, sitting up long after bedtime to read their new book. The story goes that Mr. Gladstone got a glimpse of it at a colleague's house, and spent the next day hunting over London for a second-hand copy." [1] From that time to this, "Treasure Island" has been regarded as the best tale of adventure since "Robinson Crusoe."

III. "TREASURE ISLAND" AND DIME NOVELS

Why is "Treasure Island" a classic of literature, and why is "The Bradys and 'Kid Joaquin'; or, The Greasers of Robbers' Canyon" not a classic? Both are tales of "blood and thunder." Stevenson's story treats of the usual material of dime novels — buried treasure, pirates, hair-breadth escapes, mystery, mutiny, and murder. Why should we smile when we see these stories named together?

The best way to understand the difference is to compare a scene in a dime novel with a somewhat similar scene in "Treasure Island." Let us choose two scenes in which the heroes are at bay and are attacked by the enemy. The following episode is taken from "The Bradys and 'Kid Joaquin.'" Harry Brady, Old King Brady, and their friends are encamped on a narrow ridge far up in the Sierra de Antunez Range. "Above this, rocky cliffs towered to a great

[1] Graham Balfour, "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," Vol. I, p. 251 Charles Scribner's Sons, 1901.

height. At their feet all Sonora lay spread out before them like a vast map."

"Seeing that we don't know from which direction the danger is coming, the only thing for us to do is to remain right here," said Old King Brady, "and that is what I propose to do."

"Shall we arouse Alice?" demanded Harry, knowing that this was final.

"Yes, I think it will be best," was the reply. "The tents had better be struck and the horses hidden behind the rocks, if possible."

But for all these preparations there was no time.

Harry had scarcely got Alice awake and out into the open when sounds on the trail warned the Bradys that mounted men were approaching.

The detectives were now at bay, so to speak.

It was impossible to advance far along the ridge either to the right or the left, jutting cliffs on both sides preventing. To take to the canyon would be mere folly.

There was nothing for it but to wait and face the music.

Ordering Alice to hide behind the rocks, the Bradys and Kit went into the tent, lighted a lantern and began a game of cards.

This was in the hope of throwing a bluff to the enemy which might help them out.

"If they are the Yaquis, it won't work," said Old King Brady, as quickly as if he had nothing on his mind, "but if it proves to be Kid Joaquin's gang, we may escape."

And in a few moments they heard the enemy come.

"Hey, boys, what's all this? A camp? Prospectors!" a voice shouted in Spanish.

The words were scarcely uttered when fiendish yells were heard overhead.

"Jumping gophers! The Yaquis!" groaned Kit, springing to his feet.

"Yaquis, Yaquis!" was shouted outside.

And then, before the Bradys could make a move, the climax came and in a way entirely unlooked-for.

Suddenly a crashing sound was heard. The tent collapsed, borne down by a shower of loose rock.

The Bradys and Kit were thrown to the ground, the light was extinguished. Harry was knocked senseless by a rock striking him on the back of the head. He fell upon Old King Brady, pinning him down.

Hampered by this and the folds of the canvas, the old detective could make no move. He could hear the shouts of the Greasers and the

yells of the Yaquis who had thrown down the rocks from the cliffs above.

A few shots were fired. But the Yaquis fight with poisoned arrows.

Knowing this, of course, the Greasers made no effort to hold out against them.

Old King Brady heard them go dashing into the canyon.

Now read Chapter XXI of "Treasure Island," the account of the attack on the stockade by Silver and the pirates. Our pulse beats with a more spirited music here. Why?

In the first place, this incident is told by Jim Hawkins; in other words, it is told from a personal point of view. Jim tells what he sees and hears and does and feels. We not only have a more lively sense of the sights and sounds of the fight, but our imagination is fired, and "we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience." On the other hand, we cannot take part in the adventure of the Bradys, for we do not look at things through their eyes.

Yet another thing that gives to the attack on the stockade the illusion of reality is the full and rounded development of the situation. Note how slight and sketchy the Brady narrative is. There is no vivid description of place or people, no impression of terror, no details of action, no able-bodied climax. Everything is flat, dull, and lifeless. This incident is only the fifth part of a chapter which contains several other incidents equally sketchy. Yet this incident is a good one and might have been developed into a chapter by itself. But the truth of the matter is that the dime novel writer throws away his situations in his frantic pursuit of new ones, only to cast them aside in turn. The result is a wild race across the plains of his story, wherein the reader sees only blurred scenes from the windows of the lightning express. The writer of dime novels is like the writer of melodramas: both are prodigal of events; both are often forced to bring to

life their recklessly slain puppets in order to eke out the story.

Furthermore, in the Old King Brady narrative there is no "motivation," as it is called — that is, preparation for effects that are to follow. Motivation is one of the essentials of good narrative: the lack of it is the badge of melodrama and "penny dreadfuls." In melodramas things often happen, not because they would have reasonably or inevitably so happened, but because the author wants them to happen. I once saw a play in which a father set out in pursuit of his abducted daughter in a great snowstorm and without weapons. In the next act he found her accompanied by the villain in a train which was stalled in the snow. The two men met face to face. The author and the audience wished something to happen. What did the father do? He rushed from the stage into the wings, seized a rifle, rushed back and shot the villain amid great applause! If the author could have foreseen his events, and could have properly motivated his effects, the father would not have been reduced to the absurdity of snatching a rifle from the air on a snowy night miles and miles from the habitations of man! This matter of motivation deserves emphasis. "Treasure Island" is remarkable for the skill with which event leads to event. Observe how Stevenson prepares us for the entrance of "the seafaring man with one leg." Read in this connection the note on "abominable fancies." The premonitions of Captain Smollett, the fact that the crew knows the exact location of the island (one secret which *has* been kept by the Squire), the presence of the apple barrel, the discovery of Ben Gunn by Jim, — these are only a few of the effects which prepare for other effects. The student should note many other examples.

It is in the handling of character that we find the most vital difference between "Treasure Island" and dime novels. In the latter, as in all melodramatic writing, the chief interest

is in action, not character. Incidents are thrilling and spectacular; but the persons, like those in the episode above, are mere names, not human beings. They have no traits which individualize them; they have no emotions. The characters in "Treasure Island," on the other hand, have personality. They not only serve their end of "realizing the sense of danger and provoking the sympathy of fear" in the reader, but they are interesting on account of their various human traits. What maroon in a dime novel would be human enough to express his yearning for civilization with the touching pathos of Ben Gunn: "You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese — toasted, mostly — and woke up again, and here I were." Jim Hawkins is not merely the teller of the tale. He is a living boy, full of the zest of adventure, led by rash impulses, daring and yet unboastful, rosily wholesome. But the figure that dominates the story is Long John Silver, who, as sea cook and pirate captain, reveals his many-sided nature, "his strength, his courage, his quickness, and his magnificent geniality."

"Surely," says Dr. Conan Doyle, "surely John Silver, with his face the size of a ham, and his little gleaming eyes like crumbs of glass in the center of it, is the king of all seafaring desperadoes. Observe how the strong effect is produced in his case, seldom by direct assertion on the part of the story-teller, but usually by comparison, innuendo, or indirect reference. The objectionable Billy Bones is haunted by the dread of 'a seafaring man with one leg.' Captain Flint, we are told, was a brave man: 'He was afraid of none, not he, only Silver — *Silver was that genteel.*' Or again, where John himself says, 'There was some that was feared of Pew, and some that was feared of Flint; but Flint his own self was feared of me. Feared he was and proud. They was the roughest crew afloat, was Flint's. The devil himself would

have been feared to go to sea with them. Well, now, I tell you, I'm not a boasting man, and you seen yourself how easy I keep company; but when I was quartermaster, *lambs* wasn't the word for Flint's old buccaneers.' So by a touch here and a hint there, there grows upon us the individuality of this smooth-tongued, ruthless, masterful, one-legged devil. He is to us not a creation of fiction, but an organic living reality with whom we have come into contact; such is the effect of the fine suggestive strokes with which he is drawn."[1]

Another striking difference between "Treasure Island" and "penny dreadfuls" is the dialogue. The talk of the Bradys, for instance, is utterly commonplace, colorless, and impersonal. Any remark might have been made by any character. But the talk in "Treasure Island" is marvelously rich and vivid. It is dramatic dialogue — that is, it reveals character, and it helps to tell the story. The talk of the pirates is a triumph of invention. You will remember that Stevenson said in his letter to Henley: "The trouble is to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths — bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be consulted." Indeed, youth and the fond parent would have been horrified at the real talk of buccaneers as recorded in Johnson's "Pyrates." How was Stevenson to give the effect of profane and violent speech? He succeeded brilliantly by using these ingenious devices. (The alert student may like to discover others.) 1. Suggestive allusions to language that is not recorded; as, "threatened him in *horrid terms*," "growling the *foulest imprecations*." 2. The metaphorical use of sea terms, which, being unfamiliar to most readers, have a tendency to terrify; as, "a son of a rum-puncheon cock his hat athwart my hawse," "you'll, perhaps, batten down your hatches till you're spoke." 3. Explosive and picturesque expressions; as, "shiver my timbers," "by thunder," "you

[1] *National Review*, January, 1890.

may lay to that," "I'll see you all to Davy Jones." 4. Emphatic repetitions; as, "*I'm cap'n here* by 'lection. *I'm cap'n here* because I'm the best man by a long sea mile. You won't fight, as gentlemen o' fortune should; then, by thunder, you'll obey, *and you may lay to it!* I like that boy, now; I never seen a better boy than that. He's more a man than any pair of rats of you in this here house, and *what I say is this:* let me see him that'll lay a hand on him — *that's what I say, and you may lay to it.*"

Finally, one has but to read a few lines of "The Bradys and 'Kid Joaquin'" or any dime novel to discover that the style is stale and insipid. There is no enthusiasm, no vividness, no force. Whose heart flutters with excitement at such sentences as "There was nothing for it but to wait and face the music," or "The detectives were now at bay, so to speak"? On the other hand, in Chapter XXI of "Treasure Island," you share with the defenders of the stockade the feeling of dreadful suspense as they wait for the attack to begin. "Danger is the matter with which this class of novel deals," said Stevenson; "fear, the passion with which it idly trifles." Stevenson had the skill to give his readers the sense of danger in a very lively and moving way: the dime-novelist has not. The effectiveness of Stevenson's style is due to its vividness, — to the use of specific words, to striking details of action or landscape or character, and to graphic passages of description which are impressive because they reproduce, as well as words can, color, form, light, weather, motion, sound, and odor. For instance, in the outdoor scenes of his romances, you always know whether the wind is blowing, and how it feels; and in his sea stories, as in "Treasure Island," you always hear the booming of the surf and smell the salt air. Other traits of his style are variety in expression, choice of the right word, musical cadence in the structure of sentences, and polish of phrase. His chief qualities as a romantic writer

he summed up as follows: "Vital — that's what I am at, first: wholly vital, with a buoyancy of life. Then lyrical, if it may be, and picturesque, always with an epic value of scenes, so that the figures remain in the mind's eye forever." ("Vailima Letters.")

The objection to dime novels is not that they are bad stories, but that they are stories badly told. On this subject Mr. G. K. Chesterton expresses himself in his robust way in "A Defence of Penny Dreadfuls":[1] "The whole bewildering mass of vulgar juvenile literature is concerned with adventures, rambling, disconnected, and endless. It does not express any passion of any sort, for there is no human character of any sort. It runs eternally in certain grooves of local and historical type: the medieval knight, the eighteenth-century duelist, and the modern cowboy, recur with the same stiff simplicity as the conventional human figures in an Oriental pattern. I can quite as easily imagine a human being kindling wild appetites by the contemplation of his turkey carpet, as by such dehumanized and naked narrative as this." For "Treasure Island" Stevenson chose the conventional "blood and thunder" material. Indeed, he is so sanguinary here that as one cuts the pages the blood follows the knife. But by his artistic skill in handling the point of view, development of situations, motivation, character, dialogue, and style, he created not a dime novel, but a classic of literature.

IV. THE PERSONS OF THE TALE[2]

After the 32nd chapter of "Treasure Island," two of the puppets strolled out to have a pipe before business should begin again, and met in an open place not far from the story.

"Good morning, Cap'n," said the first, with a man-o'-war salute and a beaming countenance.

"Ah, Silver!" grunted the other. "You're in a bad way, Silver."

[1] In "The Defendant," 1901.

[2] R. L. Stevenson: "Fables," in *Longman's Magazine*, August, 1895.

"Now, Cap'n Smollett," remonstrated Silver, "dooty is dooty, as I knows, and none better; but we're off dooty now; and I can't see no call to keep up the morality business."

"You're a damned rogue, my man," said the Captain.

"Come, come, Cap'n, be just," returned the other. "There's no call to be angry with me in earnest. I'm on'y a chara'ter in a sea story. I don't really exist."

"Well, I don't really exist either," says the Captain, "which seems to meet that."

"I wouldn't set no limits to what a virtuous chara'ter might consider argument," responded Silver. "But I'm the villain of this tale, I am; and speaking as one seafaring man to another, what I want to know is, what's the odds?"

"Were you never taught your catechism?" said the Captain. "Don't you know there's such a thing as an Author?"

"Such a thing as a Author?" returned John, derisively. "And who better'n me? And the p'int is, if the Author made you, he made Long John, and he made Hands, and Pew, and George Merry — not that George is up to much, for he's little mor'n a name; and he made Flint, what there is of him; and he made this here mutiny, you keep such a work about; and he had Tom Redruth shot; and — well, if that's a Author, give me Pew!"

"Don't you believe in a future state?" said Smollett. "Do you think there's nothing but the present story paper?"

"I don't rightly know for that," said Silver; "and I don't see what it's got to do with it, anyway. What I know is this: if there is sich a thing as a Author, I'm his favorite chara'ter. He does me fathoms better'n he does you — fathoms, he does. And he likes doing me. He keeps me on deck mostly all the time, crutch and all; and he leaves you measling in the hold, where nobody can't see you, nor wants to, and you may lay to that! If there is a Author, by thunder, but he's on my side, and you may lay to it!"

"I see he's giving you a long rope," said the Captain. "But that can't change a man's convictions. I know the author respects me; I feel it in my bones; when you and I had that talk at the blockhouse door, who do you think he was for, my man?"

"And don't he respect me?" cried Silver. "Ah, you should 'a' heard me putting down my mutiny, George Merry and Morgan and that lot, no longer ago'n last chapter; you'd 'a' heard something then! You'd 'a' seen what the Author thinks o' me! But come now, do you consider yourself a virtuous chara'ter clean through?"

"God forbid!" said Captain Smollett solemnly. "I am a man who tries to do his duty, and makes a mess of it as often as not. I'm not a very popular man at home, Silver, I'm afraid," and the Captain sighed.

"Ah," says Silver. "Then how about this sequel of yours? Are you to be Cap'n Smollett just the same as ever, and not very popular at home, says you! And if so, why it's 'Treasure Island' over again, by thunder; and I'll be Long John, and Pew'll be Pew; and we'll have another mutiny as like as not. Or are you to be somebody else? And if so, why, what the better are you? and what the worse am I?"

"Why, look here, my man," returned the Captain, "I can't understand how this story comes about at all, can I? I can't see how you and I, who don't exist, should get to speaking here, and smoke our pipes, for all the world like reality? Very well, then, who am I to pipe up with my opinions? I know the Author's on the side of good; he tells me so, it runs out of his pen as he writes. Well, that's all I need to know; I'll take my chance upon the rest."

"It's a fact he seemed to be against George Merry," Silver admitted musingly. "But George is little more'n a name at the best of it," he added brightening. "And to get into soundings for once. What is this good? I made a mutiny, and I been a gentleman o' fortune; well, but by all stories, you ain't no such saint; I'm a man that keeps company very easy; even by your own account, you ain't, and to my certain knowledge, you're a devil to haze. Which is which? Which is good, and which bad? Ah, you tell me that! Here we are in stays, and you may lay to it!"

"We're none of us perfect," replied the Captain. "That's a fact of religion, my man. All I can say is, I try to do my duty; and if you try to do yours, I can't compliment you on your success."

"And so you was the judge, was you?" said Silver derisively.

"I would be both judge and hangman for you, my man, and never turn a hair," returned the Captain. "But I get beyond that: it mayn't be sound theology, but it's common sense, that what is good is useful too — or there and thereabout, for I don't set up to be a thinker. Now, where would a story go to, if there were no virtuous characters?"

"If you go to that," replied Silver, "where would a story begin, if there wasn't no villains?"

"Well, that's pretty much my thought," said Captain Smollett. "The author has to get a story; that's what he wants; and to get a story, and to have a man like the doctor (say) given a proper chance, he has to put in men like you and Hands. But he's on the right side; and you mind

your eye! You're not through this story yet; there's trouble coming for you."

"What'll you bet?" asked John.

"Much I care if there ain't," returned the Captain. "I'm glad enough to be Alexander Smollett, bad as he is; and I thank my stars upon my knees that I'm not Silver. But there's the ink-bottle opening. To quarters!"

And indeed the author was just then beginning to write the words:

CHAPTER XXXIII

V. STEVENSON'S THEORY OF ROMANCE

Stevenson is a master of romantic pictorial incident. His stories are filled with romantic effects that seize our imagination and haunt our memory — scenes like the duel between the two brothers in "The Master of Ballantrae" when the flames of the candles "went up as steady as in a chamber in the midst of the frosted trees;" or Alan Breck's fight in the roundhouse in "Kidnapped"; or the sight of Mr. Malthus turning up the ace of spades, or of Mr. Harry Hartley flinging himself and his bandbox over the garden wall, in the "New Arabian Nights"; or the sudden transformation of Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde on a bench in the sun; or the escape of the Princess Seraphina in "Prince Otto"; or the sound of Pew's stick tap-tap-tapping in the night in "Treasure Island." As the leader of the new Romantic revival, Stevenson not only created these scenes, but he wrote brilliant essays on his art, as "A Gossip on Romance" and "A Humble Remonstrance." Since no definition of romance is finer than his, we should read his own statement.[1]

"In anything fit to be called by the name of reading, the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest, kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought.

[1] From "A Gossip on Romance," in "Memories and Portraits," 1887.

The words, if the book be eloquent, should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story, if it be a story, repeat itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye. If was for this last pleasure that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. Eloquence and thought, character and conversation, were but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles. For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where, 'toward the close of the year 17—,' several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to windward, and a scowling fellow of Herculean proportions striding along the beach; he, to be sure, was a pirate. This was further afield than my home-keeping fancy loved to travel, and designed altogether for a larger canvas than the tales that I affected. Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favorite dish. I can still hear that merry clatter of the hoofs along the moonlit lane; night and the coming of day are still related in my mind with the doings of John Rann or Jerry Abershaw; and the words 'postchaise,' the 'great North road,' 'ostler,' and 'nag' still sound in my ears like poetry. One and all, at least, and each with his particular fancy, we read storybooks in childhood, not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of the brute incident. That quality was not mere bloodshed or wonder. Although each of these was welcome in its place, the charm for the sake of which we read depended on something different from either. My elders used to read novels aloud; and I can still remember four different passages which I heard, before I was ten, with the same keen and lasting pleasure. One I discovered long afterwards to be the admirable opening of 'What will he Do with It?' It was no

wonder I was pleased with that. The other three still remain unidentified. One is a little vague; it was about a dark, tall house at night, and people groping on the stairs by the light that escaped from the open door of a sickroom. In another, a lover left a ball, and went walking in a cool, dewy park, whence he could watch the lighted windows and the figures of the dancers as they moved. This was the most sentimental impression I think I had yet received, for a child is somewhat deaf to the sentimental. In the last, a poet, who had been tragically wrangling with his wife, walked forth on the sea-beach on a tempestuous night and witnessed the horrors of a wreck.[1] Different as they are, all these early favorites have a common note — they have all a touch of the romantic.

"Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance. The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts — the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future. Now we are pleased by our conduct, anon merely pleased by our surroundings. It would be hard to say which of these modes of satisfaction is the more effective, but the latter is surely the more constant. Conduct is three parts of life, they say; but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply a-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to

[1] Since traced by many obliging correspondents to the gallery of Charles Kingsley.

build a play, for the serious theater exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, the most joyous of verses, and the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales.

"One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. The sight of a pleasant arbor puts it in our minds to sit there. One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the genius of the place and moment. It is thus that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me. Something must have happened in such places, and perhaps ages back, to members of my race; when I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them with the proper story. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable, 'miching mallecho.' The inn at Burford Bridge, with its arbors and green garden and silent, eddying river — though it is known already as the place where Keats wrote some of his 'Endymion' and Nelson parted from his Emma — still seems to wait the coming of the appropriate legend. Within these ivied walls, behind these old green shutters, some further business smolders, waiting for its hour. The old Hawes Inn at the Queen's Ferry makes a similar call upon my fancy. There it stands, apart from the town, beside

the pier, in a climate of its own, half inland, half marine — in front, the ferry bubbling with the tide and the guard-ship swinging to her anchor; behind, the old garden with the trees. Americans seek it already for the sake of Lovel and Oldbuck, who dined there at the beginning of the 'Antiquary.' But you need not tell me — that is not all; there is some story, unrecorded or not yet complete, which must express the meaning of that inn more fully. So it is with names and faces; so it is with incidents that are idle and inconclusive in themselves, and yet seem like the beginning of some quaint romance, which the all-careless author leaves untold. How many of these romances have we not seen determine at their birth; how many people have met us with a look of meaning in their eye, and sunk at once into trivial acquaintances; to how many places have we not drawn near, with express intimations — 'here my destiny awaits me' — and we have but dined there and passed on! I have lived both at the Hawes and Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man or the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.[1]

"Now, this is one of the natural appetites with which any lively literature has to count. The desire for knowledge, I had almost added the desire for meat, is not more deeply seated than this demand for fit and striking incident. The dullest of clowns tells, or tries to tell, himself a story, as the feeblest of children uses invention in his play; and even as

[1] Since the above was written I have tried to launch the boat with my own hands in "Kidnapped." Some day, perhaps, I may try a rattle at the shutters.

the imaginative grown person, joining in the game, at once enriches it with many delightful circumstances, the great creative writer shows us the realization and the apotheosis of the day-dreams of common men. His stories may be nourished with the realities of life, but their true mark is to satisfy the nameless longings of the reader, and to obey the ideal laws of the day-dream. The right kind of thing should fall out in the right kind of place; the right kind of thing should follow; and not only the characters talk aptly and think naturally, but all the circumstances in a tale answer one to another like notes in music. The threads of a story come from time to time together and make a picture in the web; the characters fall from time to time into some attitude to each other or to nature, which stamps the story home like an illustration. Crusoe recoiling from the footprint, Achilles shouting over against the Trojans, Ulysses bending the great bow, Christian running with his fingers in his ears, these are each culminating moments in the legend, and each has been printed on the mind's eye forever. Other things we may forget; we may forget the words, although they are beautiful; we may forget the author's comment, although perhaps it was ingenious and true; but these epoch-making scenes, which put the last mark of truth upon a story and fill up, at one blow, our capacity for sympathetic pleasure, we so adopt into the very bosom of our mind that neither time nor tide can efface or weaken the impression. This, then, is the plastic part of literature: to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. This is the highest and hardest thing to do in words; the thing which, once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics. Compared with this, all other purposes in literature, except the purely lyrical or the purely philosophic, are bastard in nature, facile

of execution, and feeble in result. It is one thing to write about the inn at Burford, or to describe scenery with the word painters; it is quite another to seize on the heart of the suggestion and make a country famous with a legend. It is one thing to remark and to dissect, with the most cutting logic, the complications of life, and of the human spirit; it is quite another to give them body and blood in the story of Ajax or of Hamlet. The first is literature, but the second is something besides, for it is likewise art.

* * * * * * *

"True romantic art, again, makes a romance of all things. It reaches into the highest abstraction of the ideal; it does not refuse the most pedestrian realism. 'Robinson Crusoe' is as realistic as it is romantic: both qualities are pushed to an extreme, and neither suffers. Nor does romance depend upon the material importance of the incidents. To deal with strong and deadly elements, banditti, pirates, war and murder is to conjure with great names, and, in the event of failure, to double the disgrace. The arrival of Haydn and Consuelo at the Canon's villa is a very trifling incident; yet we may read a dozen boisterous stories from beginning to end, and not receive so fresh and stirring an impression of adventure. It was the scene of Crusoe at the wreck, if I remember rightly, that so bewitched my blacksmith. Nor is the fact surprising. Every single article the castaway recovers from the hulk is 'a joy forever' to the man who reads of them. They are the things that should be found, and the bare enumeration stirs the blood. I found a glimmer of the same interest the other day in a new book, 'The Sailor's Sweetheart,' by Mr. Clark Russell. The whole business of the brig *Morning Star* is very rightly felt and spiritedly written; but the clothes, the books and the money satisfy the reader's mind like things to eat. We are dealing here with the old cut-and-dry legitimate interest of treasure trove. But even treasure trove

can be made dull. There are few people who have not groaned under the plethora of goods that fell to the lot of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, that dreary family. They found article after article, creature after creature, from milk kine to pieces of ordnance, a whole consignment; but no informing taste had presided over the selection, there was no smack or relish in the invoice; and these riches left the fancy cold. The box of goods in Verne's 'Mysterious Island' is another case in point: there was no gusto and no glamor about that; it might have come from a chop. But the two hundred and seventy-eight Australian sovereigns on board the *Morning Star* fell upon me like a surprise that I had expected; whole vistas of secondary stories, besides the one in hand, radiated forth from that discovery, as they radiate from a striking particular in life; and I was made for the moment as happy as a reader has the right to be.

"To come at all at the nature of this quality of romance, we must bear in mind the peculiarity of our attitude to any art. No art produces illusion; in the theater we never forget that we are in the theater; and while we read a story, we sit wavering between two minds, now merely clapping our hands at the merit of the performance, now condescending to take an active part in fancy with the characters. This last is the triumph of romantic story-telling: when the reader consciously plays at being the hero, the scene is a good scene. Now in character studies the pleasure that we take is critical; we watch, we approve, we smile at incongruities, we are moved to sudden heats of sympathy with courage, suffering or virtue. But the characters are still themselves; they are not us; the more clearly they are depicted, the more widely do they stand away from us, the more imperiously do they thrust us back into our place as a spectator. I cannot identify myself with Rawdon Crawley or with Eugène de Rastignac, for I have scarce a hope or fear in common

with them. It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation, that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realized in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance. It is not only pleasurable things that we imagine in our day-dreams; there are lights in which we are willing to contemplate even the idea of our own death; ways in which it seems as if it would amuse us to be cheated, wounded or calumniated. It is thus possible to construct a story, even of tragic import, in which every incident, detail and trick of circumstance shall be welcome to the reader's thoughts. Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child; it is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life; and when the game so chimes with his fancy that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him with every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance.

"Walter Scott is out and away the king of the romantics. 'The Lady of the Lake' has no indisputable claim to be a poem beyond the inherent fitness and desirability of the tale. It is just such a story as a man would make up for himself, walking, in the best health and temper, through just such scenes as it is laid in. Hence it is that a charm dwells undefinable among these slovenly verses, as the unseen cuckoo fills the mountains with his note; hence, even after we have flung the book aside, the scenery and adventures remain present to the mind, a new and green possession, not unworthy of that beautiful name, 'The Lady of the Lake,' or that direct, romantic opening, — one of the most spirited and poetical in literature, — 'The stag at eve

had drunk his fill.' The same strength and the same weaknesses adorn and disfigure the novels. In that ill-written, ragged book, 'The Pirate,' the figure of Cleveland — cast up by the sea on the resounding foreland of Dunrossness — moving, with the blood on his hands and the Spanish words on his tongue, among the simple islanders — singing a serenade under the window of his Shetland mistress — is conceived in the very highest manner of romantic invention. The words of his song, 'Through groves of palm,' sung in such a scene and by such a lover, clench, as in a nutshell, the emphatic contrast upon which the tale is built. In 'Guy Mannering,' again, every incident is delightful to the imagination; and the scene when Harry Bertram lands at Ellangowan is a model instance of romantic method.

"'"I remember the tune well," he says, "though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recall it to my memory." He took his flageolet from his pocket and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel. . . . She immediately took up the song —

'"Are these the links of Forth, she said;
Or are they the crooks of Dee,
Or the bonny woods of Warroch Head
That I so fain would see?"

"'"By heaven!" said Bertram, "it is the very ballad."'"

VI. THE BUCCANEERS

"Schooners, islands, and maroons
And Buccaneers and buried Gold."

What other words in the language glow so alluringly with the opalescent light of Romance! It is now our happy pastime to sail on those enchanted seas and hear again the clash of cutlasses. Buccaneers we shall meet face to face,

and meeting them so, we shall always remember that though they had many qualities which kindle our admiration, such as fearlessness, endurance, and a magnificent activity, yet they were beyond imagination treacherous, profligate, and barbarous — indeed, "the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea."

The buccaneers were a natural product of the struggle of European nations for the possession of the New World. Their origin was as follows. The Spaniards, who laid claim to all the central portion of the New World, found it to be a vast treasure house from which they sent to Spain immense quantities of gold and silver in their great galleons. It was not long before the adventurous seamen of France, England, and Holland desired to gain a foothold on this rich domain. The island of Hispaniola (now Hayti) swarmed with herds of wild swine and cattle which enabled ships to reprovision. By 1580, the English and French adventurers had driven the Spaniards from the western coast, and had formed a kind of colony, which became the rendezvous of the sea warriors who preyed upon Spanish commerce. To supply themselves with food, the sailors adopted the pleasant occupation of hunting. They cured the meat in a peculiar way which they learned from the Carib Indians. "They used to build a wooden grille or grating, raised upon poles some two or three feet high, above their camp fires. This grating was called by the Indians 'barbecue.' The meat to be preserved, were it ox, fish, or wild boar, was then laid upon the grille. The fire underneath the grille was kept low, and fed with green sticks, and with the offal, hide, and bones of the slaughtered animal. This process was called 'boucanning,' from an Indian word 'boucan,' which seems to have signified 'dried meat' and 'camp fire.'"[1] The French called those who practiced the boucan, "bucaniers." The English freebooters

[1] John Masefield: "On the Spanish Main," ch. viii. London, 1906.

took a great fancy to this name, which they applied to themselves in the form "buccaneers." The French, curiously enough, preferred to call themselves by the English term "freebooters," which they imperfectly pronounced "flibustiers," whence our "filibusters." Both the buccaneers and the flibustiers were at once "land thieves and water thieves, land rats and water rats," at once hunters and sea-rovers, who with the same eagerness chased the wild ox and the Spaniard, and this community of interest caused them to style their society "the Brethren of the Coast."

The dangerous life of the buccaneers attracted hordes of bold spirits. The details of their life and customs have been handed down to us by Exquemeling,[1] a Dutchman who was a buccaneer himself. Their dress was "uniformly slovenly": a dirty linen shirt which was never washed, a pair of short linen drawers which were dyed a dull red with the blood of slaughtered cattle, a belt of rawhide in which were stuck a long machete or saber and an alligator-skin case of hunting knives, a leather skullcap with a peak in front, and sandals and leggings of bull's hide or hogskin, with the hair worn outwards. Their favorite weapon was a gun with a barrel four and a half feet long and a stock shaped like a spade. Their habits were as savage as their dress was filthy. "Their favorite food was the raw marrow from the bones of the beasts which they shot. They ate and slept on the ground, their table was a stone, their bolster the trunk of a tree, and their roof the hot and sparkling heavens of the Antilles." They gave themselves to "all manner of vices and debauchery, particularly to drunkenness," says Exquemeling, "which they practice mostly with brandy. . . . My own master would buy sometimes a pipe of wine, and, placing it in the street, would force those that passed by to drink with him, threatening also to pistol them if they would not." Some buccaneers

[1] "Bucaniers of America": first English edition, 1684.

would spend 3000 pieces of eight in a night, not leaving themselves a good shirt to wear in the morning.

The Brethren of the Coast, profligate and loathsome as they were, were inflamed with a fanatical hatred of the Spaniards which rose almost to the zeal of the crusader. It is a question whether any other men ever thrilled with such triumphant joy as the great English and French privateers felt when they were dealing deadly blows at Spain. We have only to read Sir Walter Ralegh's narratives[1] of the gallant fight of the *Revenge* against fifty-three Spanish sail and of his own magnificent ardor in "Cadiz action" to catch some of this unbounded joy. Sir Francis Drake was the first English sea warrior to make himself "redoubtable to the Spaniards." He sacked Nombre de Dios, Venta Cruz, St. Domingo, Cartagena, and La Rancheria. Other great seamen, the pride of the English navy — Hawkins, Frobisher, Cavendish, and Ralegh — smote the Spaniards hip and thigh. Though they were not buccaneers in name, the strong tang of piracy in their exploits is as unmistakable as the salt of the sea. Their successful raids brought swarms of adventurers to the Caribbean. French and English colonies were founded on the island of St. Christopher, or St. Kitts (1625). The buccaneers seized the rocky island of Tortuga, northwest of Hispaniola, as a citadel. Jamaica was captured by an English fleet in 1655, and a royal governor was appointed who gave commissions to the buccaneers to go privateering against the Spanish. It mattered little whether or not England and France were at war with Spain: there was "no peace beyond the line." From Tortuga and Jamaica expedition after expedition set out to ravage the Spanish Main, as the mainland of Central America was called. Now arose a long line of terrible buccaneer chiefs, some French, some Portuguese,

[1] See the editor's "Sir Walter Ralegh: the Shepherd of the Ocean," Tercentenary Edition, New York and London, 1916.

some English: Pierre le Grand, Bartholomew Portugues, Roc the Brazilian, Lolonnois the Cruel, Alexandre Bras-de-Fer, Montbars, Sir Henry Morgan, Captain Sharpe, Captain Coxon, Captain Edward Davis, and many others. Though all these men burned with the thirst for Spanish gold, it was an unquenchable thirst for Spanish blood that incited Roc the Brazilian, Lolonnois the Cruel, and Montbars the Exterminator to perpetrate the most horrible and inhuman barbarities.

> "Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adventurers —
> Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity:
> 'Ho, we revel in our chains
> O'er the sorrow that was Spain's;
> Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of the sea!'"

Of these masters of the sea the most daring and rapacious was the great English buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan. His enterprises were on a vast scale, his booty was enormous, and his cruelty unbelievable. He is the sinister hero of Exquemeling's history. At one time he had under his command thirty-seven armed vessels and two thousand men. His first important exploit was the sack of Puerto del Principe in Cuba. He then raided Porto Bello (1668), Maracaibo (1669), and Panama (1670). Porto Bello, on the Caribbean coast of the Isthmus of Panama, was the port of the galleons, where treasure brought from Peru and Panama was shipped for Spain. This rich and well-fortified city Morgan took after furious and barbarous fighting. In order to scale the walls of the chief castle, Morgan "ordered ten or twelve ladders to be made in all haste, so broad, that three or four men at once might ascend them: these being finished, he commanded all the religious men and women [monks and nuns] whom he had taken prisoners, to fix them against the walls. . . . The religious men and women ceased not to cry to the gov-

ernor of the castle, and beg of him, by all the saints of heaven, to deliver the castle, and spare both his and their own lives; but nothing could prevail with his obstinacy and fierceness. Thus many of the religious men and nuns were killed before they could fix the ladders; which at last being done, though with great loss of the said religious people, the pirates mounted them in great numbers, and with not less valor, having fire-balls in their hands, and earthen pots full of powder; all which things, being now at the top of the walls, they kindled and cast in among the Spaniards." After Morgan captured a town, the buccaneers sought out the "recreations of heroick toil." "They fell to eating and drinking, committing in both all manner of debauchery and excess." They then tortured the inhabitants with diabolical torments to make them reveal their riches. The sack of Panama was the most audacious exploit in buccaneering history. In this expedition Morgan acted under the authority of the Council of Jamaica. The nine days' march across the Isthmus of Panama is a harrowing story of toil and starvation. We read with a thrill of satisfaction that these brutal men were plunged into the depths of agony. Since the Spaniards in retreating had not left anywhere the least crumb of sustenance, the pirates were forced to eat "leathern bags to allay the ferment of their stomachs, which was now so sharp as to gnaw their very bowels. . . . Some, who never were out of their mothers' kitchens, may ask, how these pirates could eat and digest those pieces of leather, so hard and dry? Whom I answer, that, could they once experiment what hunger, or rather famine, is, they would find the way as the pirates did. For these first sliced it in pieces, then they beat it between two stones, and rubbed it, often dipping it in water, to make it supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair, and broiled it. Being thus cooked, they cut it into small morsels, and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water."

Exhausted as they were, the buccaneers won a brilliant victory over the Spanish soldiers, burned the city, tortured their prisoners, and departed with "one hundred and seventy-five beasts of carriage, laden with silver, gold, and other precious things, besides six hundred prisoners, men, women, children, and slaves." As a reward for this achievement, Morgan was knighted by King Charles II, and then sent to Jamaica as lieutenant-governor with orders to suppress his old comrades, the buccaneers. The reason for this sudden change of front was that England had decided to enforce a treaty which she had made with Spain to establish peace in the West Indies. Though Morgan treated his former friends with great severity, he was afterwards suspended "on charges of drunkenness, disorder, and encouraging disloyalty to the government."[1] He died in 1688.

After Morgan's time, the buccaneers sailed under the shadow of the gallows. The peace of Ryswick between France, England, and Spain in 1697 rang the knell of the Brethren of the Coast. Some of them, like Captain William Dampier, made important voyages of discovery in the South Seas. The others turned their bloody cutlasses against all mankind, and ravaged the seas from the Caribbean to the Guinea Coast, from the Guinea Coast to Madagascar and Malabar. Now came the Golden Age of Piracy: the black flag flaunted in the sun, the smoke of burning ships darkened the sky, and the seas were reddened with the iniquity of man.

These outlaws of all nations had a government of their own which in theory was singularly modern. Each pirate crew was a little independent democracy. Fifty years before the Declaration of Independence we find a member of Captain Howel Davis's crew voicing these principles: "It was not of any great signification who was dignify'd with Title; for

[1] C. H. Haring: "The Buccaneers in the West Indies in the XVII Century," ch. vii. London, 1910.

really and in Truth, all good governments had (like theirs) the supream Power lodged with the Community, who might doubtless depute and revoke as suited Interest or Honour." In accordance with this theory each crew exercised the right of electing and deposing the captain and other officers. The chief officers of "this roguish Common-Wealth" were the quartermaster and the captain, who are described as follows by Captain Johnson:[1]—

"For the punishment of small Offences, which are not provided for by the Articles, and which are not of Consequence enough to be left to a Jury, there is a principal Officer among the Pyrates, called the Quarter-Master, of the Men's own chusing, who claims all Authority this Way, (excepting in Time of Battle:) If they disobey his Command, are quarrelsome and mutinous with one another, misuse Prisoners, plunder beyond his Order, and in particular, if they be negligent of their Arms, which he musters at Discretion, he punishes at his own Arbitrement, with drubbing or whipping, which no one else dare do without incurring the Lash from all the Ship's Company: In short, this Officer is Trustee for the whole, is the first on Board any Prize, separating for the Company's Use, what he pleases, and returning what he thinks fit to the Owners, excepting Gold and Silver, which they have voted not returnable.

"After a Description of the Quarter-Master, and his Duty, who acts as a sort of a civil Magistrate on Board a Pyrate Ship; I shall consider their military Officer, the Captain; what Privileges he exerts in such anarchy and unrulyness of the Members: Why truly very little, they only permit him to be Captain, on Condition, that they may be Captain over him; they separate to his Use the great Cabin, and sometimes vote him small Parcels of Plate and China, (for it may be noted that Roberts drank his Tea constantly) but then every

[1] "A General History of the Pyrates," ch. ix. London, 1724.

Man, as the Humour takes him, will use the Plate and China, intrude into his Apartment, swear at him, seize a Part of his Victuals and Drink, if they like it, without his offering to find Fault or contest it. . . . The Rank of Captain being obtained by the Suffrage of the Majority, it falls on one superior for Knowledge and Boldness, *Pistol Proof* (as they call it,) and can make those fear, who do not love him." The qualities of a good captain are set forth in the speech nominating Roberts as the successor of Davis: "'It is my Advice, that, while we are sober, we pitch upon a Man of Courage, and skill'd in Navigation, one, who by his Council and Bravery seems best able to defend this Commonwealth, and ward us from the Dangers and Tempests of an instable Element, and the fatal Consequences of Anarchy, and such a one I take Roberts to be.'" At certain times the captain was supreme. "The Captain's Power is uncontroulable in Chace or in Battle, drubbing, cutting, or even shooting any one who dares deny his Command. The same Privilege he takes over Prisoners, who receive good or ill Usage, mostly as he approves of their Behaviour." If a crew disapproved of a captain's commands at times when he was absolute, viz. in fighting, chasing, or being chased, they obeyed; but when the danger was over, they might call him to account and perhaps depose him. This happened in the case of Captain Charles Vane. Captain Edward England was also deposed. Stevenson makes use of this right of deposing in "Treasure Island," in the scene where Silver's companions wish to take the control out of his hands.

But that there might be some higher power to keep their turbulent democracy in order, pirate crews usually drew up and signed a set of Articles which regulated such things as conduct, dividends, accident insurance, etc. The following are the Articles of Captain Roberts and his men, "as taken from the Pyrates own Informations."

I

"*Every Man has a Vote in Affairs of Moment; has equal Tille to the fresh Provisions, or strong Liquors, at any time seized, and use them at pleasure, unless a Scarcity* (no uncommon Thing among them) *make it necessary, for the good of all, to vote a Retrenchment.*

II

"*Every Man to be called fairly in turn, by List, on Board of Prizes, because,* (*over and above their proper Share,*) *they were on these Occasions allowed a Shift of Cloaths: But if they defrauded the Company to the Value of a Dollar, in Plate, Jewels, or Money,* MAROONING *was their Punishment.* This was a Barbarous Custom of putting the Offender on Shore, on some desolate or uninhabited Cape or Island, with a gun, a few shot, a Bottle of Water, and a Bottle of Powder, to subsist with, or starve. *If the Robbery was only between one another, they contented themselves with slitting the Ears and Nose of him that was Guilty, and set him on Shore, not in an uninhabited Place, but somewhere, where he was sure to encounter Hardships.*

III

"*No person to game at Cards or Dice for Money.*

IV

"*The Lights and Candles to be put out at eight o'Clock at Night: If any of the Crew, after that Hour, still remained inclined for Drinking, they were to do it on the open Deck;* which Roberts believed would give a Check to their Debauches, for he was a sober Man himself, but found at length, that all his Endeavours to put an End to this Debauch, proved ineffectual.

V

"*To keep their Piece, Pistols, and Cutlash clean, and fit for Service:* In this they were extravagantly nice, endeavouring to outdo one another, in the Beauty and Richness of their Arms, giving sometimes at an Auction (at the Mast,) 30 or 40 l. a Pair, for Pistols. These were slung in Time of Service, with different coloured Ribbands, over their Shoulders, in a Way peculiar to these fellows, in which they took great Delight.

VI

"*No boy or Woman to be allowed amongst them.*

VII

"To Desert the Ship, or their Quarters in Battle, was punished with Death or Marooning.

VIII

"No striking one another on Board, but every Man's Quarrels to be ended on Shore, at Sword and Pistol, thus; The Quarter-Master of the Ship, when the Parties will not come to any Reconciliation, accompanies them on Shore with what Assistance he thinks proper, and turns the Disputants Back to Back, at so many Paces Distance: At the Word of Command, they turn and fire immediately, (or else the Piece is knocked out of their Hands:) If both miss, they come to their Cutlashes, and then he is declared Victor who draws the first Blood.

IX

"No Man to talk of breaking up their Way of Living, till each had shared a 1000 l. *If in order to this, any Man should lose a Limb, or become a Cripple in their Service, he was to have* 800 *Dollars, out of the publick Stock, and for lesser Hurts, proportionably.*

X

"The Captain and Quarter-Master to receive two Shares of a Prize; the Master, Boatswain, and Gunner, one Share and a half, and other Officers, one and a quarter.

XI

"The Musicians to have Rest on the Sabbath Day, but the other six Days and Nights, none without special Favour."

The details, incidents, and scenes of the long ocean tragedy will pass before us as we read the lives of Captain Kidd, Blackbeard, England, and Roberts, the most renowned of the later buccaneers.

Captain William Kidd, whose buried treasure every boy on the Atlantic coast has tried to find, was born probably at Greenock, Scotland. As commander of a privateer in the West Indies, he acquired so great a reputation for bravery and seamanship that Lord Bellamont, the English governor of New York and Massachusetts, and others fitted out a ship,

gave the command of her to Captain Kidd, and procured him a commission from King William III to seize all "pirates, freebooters, and sea rovers." He had also a commission of reprisals to justify him in the taking of French merchant ships, since England was then at war with France. He sailed from Plymouth, May, 1696, in the *Adventure* galley, of 30 guns, and 80 men. He went first to New York, increased his company, then visited Madeira and the Cape de Verd Islands on his way to Madagascar. Neither here nor at Malabar was he successful in running down a pirate. At the entrance of the Red Sea "he first began to open himself to his Ship's Company, and let them understand that he intended to change his Measures; for, happening to talk of the Mocha Fleet, which was to sail that way, he said, 'We have been unsuccessful hitherto; but courage, my boys, we'll make our Fortunes out of this Fleet.'" He found his boys ready to turn pirates. The Mocha fleet escaped him, but he soon took some Moorish and Portuguese vessels, of which the greatest prize was the *Quedah Merchant*. Of the plunder gained from this ship, Kidd reserved forty shares for himself, so that his dividend amounted to 8000 l. sterling. On his return to Madagascar many of his men deserted. Meanwhile news of his piracies had reached England, and he was proclaimed. On his way back to Boston he left the *Quedah Merchant* off the coast of Hispaniola and buried the bulk of his treasure on Gardiner's Island, at the eastern end of Long Island Sound. In the English State Paper Office are still preserved an inventory of this treasure, which was later recovered by the officers of the Crown, and a statement signed by Kidd to the effect that "in his Chest which he left at Gardiner's Island there were three small baggs of Jaspar Antonio, or Stone of Goa, several pieces of Silk stript with Silver and gold Cloth of Silver" with other things. He was no sooner arrived at Boston (July, 1699) than, by Lord Bellamont's orders, he was arrested.

He was then sent to England, where he was tried for the murder of one of his crew and for piracy in May, 1701. When sentence of death was pronounced upon him, he said: "My Lord, it is a very hard sentence. For my part, I am the most innocent person of them all, only I have been sworn against by perjured persons." He was hanged at Execution Dock, London, May 23, 1701. The fact that Captain Kidd has become the most widely known of the pirates is due probably to his public execution in England, to the widespread belief in his buried treasure, and to the fact that many of the highest political personages of the day were involved in his operations.

The real name of BLACKBEARD was Edward Teach. "He was a Bristol Man born, but had sailed some Time out of Jamaica in Privateers, in the late French War; yet tho' he had often distinguished himself for his uncommon Boldness and personal Courage, he was never raised to any Command, till he went a-pyrating, which was at the latter End of the Year 1716, when Captain Benjamin Hornigold put him into a Sloop that he had made a Prize of." "Captain Teach assumed the Cognomen of Blackbeard, from that large Quantity of Hair, which, like a frightful Meteor, covered his whole Face, and frightened America more than any Comet that has appeared there a long Time. This Beard was black, which he suffered to grow of an extravagant Length; as to Breadth, it came up to his Eyes; he was accustomed to twist it with Ribbons, in small Tails, after the Manner of our Ramilies Wiggs, and turn them about his Ears: In Time of Action, he wore a Sling over his Shoulders, with three brace of Pistols, hanging in Holsters like Bandaliers; and stuck lighted Matches under his Hat, which appearing on each Side of his Face, his Eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a Figure, that Imagination cannot form an Idea of a Fury, from Hell, to look more frightful.

"If he had the look of a Fury, his Humours and Passions were suitable to it. . . . In the Commonwealth of Pyrates, he who goes the greatest Length of Wickedness, is looked upon with a kind of Envy amongst them, as a Person of a more extraordinary Gallantry. . . . The Hero of whom we are writing, was thoroughly accomplished this Way, and some of his Frolicks of Wickedness, were so extravagant, as if he aimed at making his Men believe he was a Devil incarnate; for being one Day at Sea, and a little flushed with drink: — 'Come,' says he, 'let us make a Hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it'; accordingly he, with two or three others, went down into the Hold, and closing up all the Hatches, filled several Pots full of Brimstone, and other combustible Matter, and set it on Fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the Men cried out for Air; at length he opened the Hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest."

It is easy to understand why his name has survived in legends when we learn of what he did in "his savage Humours." "One Night drinking in his Cabin with Hands, the Pilot, and another Man; Blackbeard without any Provocation privately draws out a small Pair of Pistols, and cocks them under the Table, which being perceived by the Man, he withdrew and went upon Deck, leaving Hands, the Pilot, and the Captain together. When the Pistols were ready, he blew out the Candle, and crossing his Hands, discharged them at his Company; Hands, the Master, was shot thro' the Knee, and lam'd for Life; the other Pistol did no Execution. Being asked the meaning of this, he only answered, by damning them, that *if he did not now and then kill one of them, they would forget who he was.*"

This famous pirate carried on his depredations in the West Indies and on the Carolina and Virginia coasts. He made prize of a "large French Guiney Man" on which he mounted

BLACKBEARD

[From Johnson's "History of the Pyrates," 1724.]

40 guns and which he renamed the *Queen Anne's Revenge.* Many ships fell into his hands which he plundered and burned. He made a bold descent on Charleston, South Carolina, and forced the government to present him with a chest of medicines. Soon after this, he determined to rob his own crew. This he accomplished by purposely running the *Queen Anne's Revenge* aground in Topsail Inlet, and then making off in a sloop with the treasure and some favored companions. Like Captain Flint in "Treasure Island," Blackbeard secretly buried his money. When his companions once asked him whether his wife knew where he had buried it, he answered, "That no Body but himself and the Devil, knew where it was, and the longest Liver should take all." He now went to North Carolina, where he "cultivated a very good understanding" with the governor of that Province, so good, indeed, that the ships captured and brought in by Blackbeard were condemned as prizes by a court called by the governor; then the pirates and the governor shared the plunder. To conceal this roguery, the ships were burned to the water's edge and sunk so that they might never rise in judgment against them. Blackbeard often reveled night and day with the planters ashore, and at the same time exacted tribute from them. This intolerable situation the traders on that coast brought to an end by applying to the Governor of Virginia for "an armed Force from the Men of War lying there, to take or destroy this Pyrate." Accordingly a proclamation was issued November 24, 1718, offering a reward of 100 l. for the capture or killing of Captain Teach, or Blackbeard. An expedition of two sloops was fitted out under the command of Lieutenant Maynard. Blackbeard was overtaken in Okerecock Inlet. A sharp fight ensued. A single broadside from the pirate killed twenty of Maynard's men. But the Lieutenant was resolute. When his sloop boarded the pirate vessel, "Black-beard enters with fourteen

Men, over the Bows of Maynard's Sloop. Black-beard and the Lieutenant fired the first Pistol at each other, by which the Pyrate received a Wound, and then engaged with Swords, till the Lieutenant's unluckily broke, and stepping back to cock a Pistol, Black-beard, with his Cutlash, was striking at that Instant, that one of Maynard's Men gave him a terrible Wound in the Neck and Throat, by which the Lieutenant came off with a small Cut over his Fingers. They were now closely and warmly engaged, the Lieutenant and twelve Men, against Black-beard and fourteen, till the Sea was tinctur'd with Blood round the Vessel; Black-beard received a Shot into his Body from the Pistol that Lieutenant Maynard discharg'd, yet he stood his Ground, and fought with great Fury, till he received five and twenty Wounds, and five of them by Shot. At length, as he was cocking another Pistol, having fired several before, he fell down dead; by which Time eight more out of the fourteen dropp'd, and all the rest, much wounded, jump'd over-board, and call'd out for Quarters." When the Lieutenant sailed triumphantly back to Virginia, "Black-beard's head was hanging at the Bolt-sprit End."

"EDWARD ENGLAND went Mate of a Sloop that sail'd out of Jamaica, and was Taken by Captain Winter, a Pyrate, just before their Settlement at Providence; from whence England had the Command of a Sloop in the same laudable Employment." England "seem'd to have such a Share of Reason, as should have taught him better things. He had a great deal of good Nature, and did not want for Courage; he was not avaritious and always averse to the ill Usage Prisoners received: He would have been contented with moderate Plunder, and less mischievous Pranks, could his Companions have been brought to the same Temper, but he was generally over-rul'd, and as he was engaged in that abominable Society, he was obliged to be a Partner in all their vile Actions." Most of England's enterprises took place

on the coast of Africa or in East Indian waters. He took many ships, among them the *Cadogan*, the captain of which was inhumanly murdered by some of the pirates who had lately been his own men. England gave the vessel and her cargo to the mate, Howel Davis, who later became a famous pirate. After cruising about the Azores and down the west coast of Africa in 1719, England shaped his course for Madagascar and Malabar. "Hither (in 1720) our Pyrates came, having made a Tour of half the globe, as the Psalmist says of the Devils, *Going about like roaring Lions seeking whom they might devour*." In August of this year occurred England's most notable battle, in which he captured the *Cassandra*, Captain Mackra. England favored Captain Mackra to the extent of giving him one of the pirate ships and advising him to "get off with all Expedition." This "was a Means of making him many Enemies among the Crew; they thinking such good Usage inconsistent with their Polity." Therefore they deposed him and marooned him with three others on the Island of Mauritius. "From this Place, Captain England and his Companions having made a little Boat of Staves and old Pieces of Deal left there, went over to Madagascar, where they subsist at present [1724] on the Charity of some of their Brethren."

Since the redoubtable Long John Silver says he was with England's crew, we are interested to know what befell them. They sailed for India, had many adventures on the coast, then "visited their good friends the Dutch, at Cochin, who, if you will believe these Rogues, never fail of supplying Gentlemen of their Profession." Here they received provisions and liquors through the agency of John Trumpet, a servant of one of the Dutchmen. "When they had all on board, they paid Mr. Trumpet to his Satisfaction, it was computed, 6 or 7000 *l.* gave him three cheers, 11 Guns each Ship, and throw'd Ducatoons into his Boat by handfuls,

for the Boat-Men to scramble for." How surprising it is to find these buccaneers, whose lives were opposed to every principle of Christianity, celebrating Christmas! But it was a pirate's own Christmas. They spent it "in Carowzing and Forgetfulness, and kept it for three Days in a wanton and riotous Way, not only eating, but wasting their fresh Provisions in so wretched and inconsiderable a Manner, that when they had agreed after this to proceed to Mauritius, they were in that Passage at an Allowance of a Bottle of Water *per Diem*, and not above two Pounds of Beef, and a small quantity of Rice, for ten Men for a Day." But their imprudence, by the strange irony of pirates' fate, was rewarded rather than punished. They were soon masters of a vast fortune. On their way to Madagascar they stopped at "the island Mascavine, and luckily as Rogues could wish, they found at their Arrival on the 8th [April, 1721] a Portuguese Ship at Anchor, of 70 guns, but most of them thrown overboard, her Masts lost, and so much disabled by a violent Storm they had met with in the Latitude of 13° South, that she became a Prize to the Pyrates, with very little or no Resistance, and a glorious one indeed, having the Conde de Ericeira, Viceroy of Goa, who made that fruitless Expedition against Angria, the Indian, and several other Passengers on Board; who, as they could not be ignorant of the Treasure she had in, did assert, that in the single Article of Diamonds, there was to the Value of between three and four Millions of Dollars. The Vice-Roy, who came on Board that Morning, in Expectation of the Ship's being English, was made a Prisoner, and obliged to ransome; but in Consideration of his great Loss, (the Prize being Part his own,) they agreed after some Demurrings, to accept of 2000 Dollars, and set him and the other Prisoners ashore, with Promises to leave a Ship that they might Transport themselves." The pirates then went to Madagascar, "cleaned the *Cassandra*, and divided

their Plunder, sharing 42 small Diamonds a Man, or in less Proportion according to their Magnitude. An ignorant, or a merry Fellow, who had only one in this Division, as being judged equal in Value to 42 small, muttered very much at the Lot, and went and broke it in a Morter, swearing afterwards, he had a better Share than any of them, for he had beat it, he said, into 43 Sparks." Here some of the crew, "with 42 Diamonds, besides other Treasure, in their Pockets, knocked off, and stay'd with their old Acquaintance at Madagascar." The rest, under Captain Taylor, resolved upon another voyage to the Indies. Getting wind, however, of "four Men of War coming after them to those Seas," they put in at Delagoa, where they stayed above four months. In December, 1722, not agreeing where or how to proceed, they separated. Some steered for Madagascar; "the rest took the *Cassandra* and sailed for the Spanish West-Indies." "Here they sate down to spend the Fruits of their dishonest Industry, dividing the Spoil and Plunder of Nations among themselves, without the least Remorse or Compunction."

Captain Bartholomew Roberts "made more Noise in the World than some others" because he ravaged the seas longer than the rest, and because there was "a greater Scene of Business in his Life." Indeed, he and his crew took 400 sail before he was destroyed. He was "a tall black Man" [*i.e.* dark-complexioned], born at Neweybagh in Pembrokeshire. In November, 1719, he "sailed in an honest employ from London aboard of the *Princess*" as second mate. He was taken in her by Captain Davis, and only six weeks later, on the death of Davis, was elected captain: see the nominating speech quoted above. Roberts "accepted of the Honour, saying, 'That since he had dipp'd his Hands in muddy Water, and must be a Pyrate, it was better being a Commander than a common Man.'" His first important cruise was to Brazil. Falling in here with a fleet of 42 sail of Portuguese

ships, he boldly mixed with them and captured the richest, which was laden with "Sugar, Skins, and Tobacco, and in Gold 40000 Moidors, besides Chains and Trinckets." Elated with this booty, the pirates appropriately gave themselves up to "all the Pleasures that Luxury and Wantonness could bestow" on a place called the Devil's Islands, Surinam. The desertion of many of the crew who ran off with the prize and another vessel, led Roberts to draw up the set of articles quoted above to secure the rest. He now preyed upon the commerce of the West Indies, narrowly escaped capture by an expedition sent out from Barbados, sailed as far north as Newfoundland (June, 1720), and returned to the West Indies. The story of these voyages is filled with battle and murder, famine and debauchery. Roberts himself became more and more reserved and magisterial, and would not drink and roar enough to please his crew. The last scenes of his career were on the west coast of Africa. Here he took the *Onslow*, a frigate-built ship, which he renamed the *Royal Fortune*. With this ship and her consort, the *Ranger*, he made prize of 11 sail in Whydah Road. But his adventures were soon to end. The English man-of-war, the *Swallow*, pursued him, and after a vigorous battle captured the *Royal Fortune* and all on board. In this fight Captain Roberts was dressed in a crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, and a gold chain round his neck. He would have "finished the Fight very desperately, if Death, who took a swift Passage in a Grape-Shot, had not interposed, and struck him directly on the Throat. He settled himself on the Tackles of a Gun, which one Stephenson, from the Helm, observing, ran to his Assistance, and not perceiving him wounded, swore at him, and bid him stand up, and fight like a Man; but when he found his Mistake, and that his Captain was certainly dead, he gushed into Tears, and wished the next Shot might be his Lot. They presently

threw Roberts over-board, with his Arms and Ornaments on, according to the repeated Request he made in his Life-time." The crews of both pirate ships — the *Ranger* had also been taken — were tried at Cape Corso Castle, Guinea, in March and April, 1722, by the English authorities. The records of this trial are printed in full in Johnson's "Pyrates." Fifty-two were found guilty and hanged "without the Gates of Cape Corso-Castle, within the Flood-Marks," and, as one of them said on the gallows, they "stood there as a Beacon upon a Rock to warn erring Marriners of Danger."

Many and many a beacon of this sort whitened in the sun and crumbled into the sea before the highways of the world were swept free of the curse of piracy. It was not until the second quarter of the nineteenth century that the last pirates of the Spanish Main were destroyed by the United States Navy. And there is alive to-day at least one old man who swung his cutlass in that struggle.

"'Then we ran him up to his own yardarm before we burned his ship, and that made one less black hearted wretch to fly the black flag and bring black death to honest traders.'

"Not a quotation from a penny dreadful. Nor yet the words of a juvenile adventurer embarked upon the old mill pond. But a phrase from the actual conversation of a living man who speaks of what he has seen and done. There is a sailor still alive in this day of Dreadnoughts and wireless and aëroplanes who joined the United States Navy in 1835, fought pirates on the Spanish Main, and helped to visit summary punishment upon those now legendary ruffians." The reminiscences of Edward Munro, printed no longer ago than September 25, 1910, in the *New York Herald*, graphically link our age to the age of the buccaneers.

VII. SAILING A SCHOONER

In the log books of old ships two kinds of wind are usually mentioned, "fair wind" and "head wind." Any wind that blows in the direction in which a ship is sailing is a fair wind. Any other wind is a head wind. (In figure 2 a fair

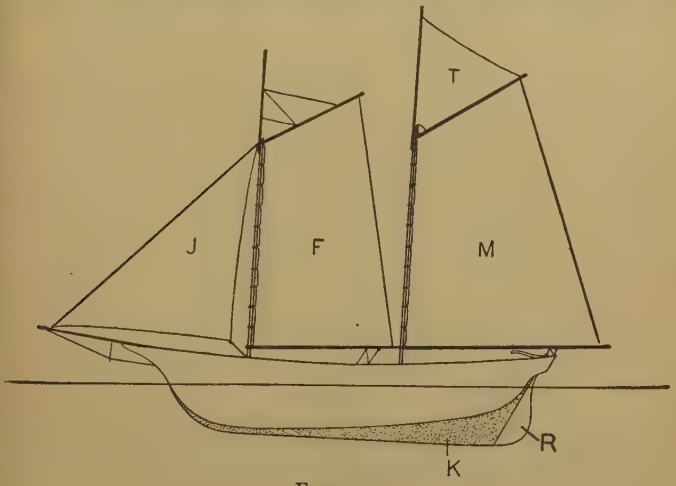

FIGURE 1.

wind, in figure 3 a head wind, is represented by an arrow.) It is not very hard to understand how a ship can sail with the wind; but it is rather difficult to understand how a vessel can proceed from one point to another if the wind is against her.

Before we learn the few simple manipulations of the sails and rudder by which the sailor can force a vessel to go in any desired direction, we should be familiar with the essential parts of her machinery. These are given in figure 1, which represents a schooner like the *Hispaniola*.

M is the mainsail, which gives the schooner her speed; *J* and *F* are the jib and foresail, which help to keep her steady.

The foresail and mainsail swing around the masts, and may be kept in any desired position by sheets (ropes) rove into the booms. *R* is the rudder by means of which the vessel is steered.

When a schooner is sailing before the wind (a fair wind directly astern), the booms are let out until they are perpendicular to the length of the ship. When the wind is on the quarter (as in figure 2), the booms are kept nearly perpendicular to the wind. From the diagram it would seem that

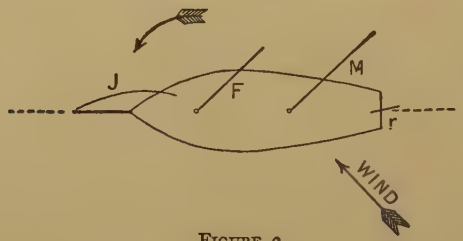

FIGURE 2.

the schooner might slide sideways instead of going ahead, but the large flat surface of the keel prevents her from doing so because of the resistance offered to the water. This is an illustration of the principle of physics called the correlation of forces. The only way left for the schooner to go is forward. There is one difficulty, however. From figure 2 it is seen that all the pressure is exerted on the left hand, or port, side of the vessel. This tends to turn her in the direction of the curved arrow, but the rudder is turned just enough to the right, or starboard, to counteract this tendency. As the wind blows more, or less, the steersman presses harder or eases up on the tiller. The sailor much prefers a wind on the quarter, such as has just been described, to one dead astern, for the latter wind is apt to cause the booms to "jibe," or swing violently from one side of the vessel to the other. This is

liable to do much damage. To avoid this danger, a sailor will sometimes turn his ship out of her course to get the wind on the quarter.

To sail a schooner against a head wind requires more skill and care than to sail her on a fair or a quartering wind. The schooner must "tack," or zigzag toward the wind in the manner shown in figure 3. At the first glance, it would seem

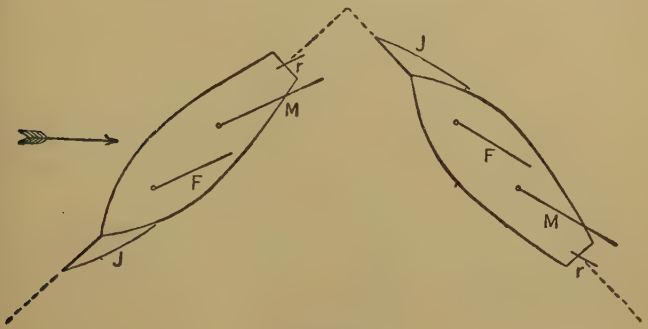

FIGURE 3

that the schooner would be blown backward, but that could not happen, for the sails and keel would at once meet a great back pressure from the wind and water. Here again the only possible way for a ship to move is forward. In tacking, the schooner is kept "close-hauled"; that is, the booms are fastened very close in to her side, and she is steered as nearly into the wind as possible. If a schooner were to sail on one tack, she would go a long distance from her objective point; but by turning, or coming about, now and then, she is made to approach her goal. The process of coming about is represented in figure 3, which shows the schooner just before and just after the turn. To come about, the steersman puts the tiller hard over, or throws it toward the opposite side of the vessel as far as it will go.

The rudder then acts with the turning tendency of the sails, instead of counteracting it, and the schooner turns until she directly points into the wind. Now the wind does not press on the sails at all, and consequently it would tend to push the schooner backward. That there is not time for this result to occur is due to the fact that the momentum of the heavy vessel keeps her turning until the wind begins to press on the other side of the sails (see second position in figure 3). By repeating this maneuver, the steersman may bring the schooner to any desired point.

VIII. TOPICS FOR THEMES AND DISCUSSIONS

This list of topics for themes and oral discussions should prove highly attractive, for it was made up by a large number of students who were asked to name subjects on which they would really enjoy writing. Many suggestions for themes and other exercises are also to be found in the Notes, where passages illustrating the effective use of technical devices in Composition are frequently discussed. Few books offer as many advantages for teaching Composition in an interesting way as "Treasure Island."

The Setting

1. The "Admiral Benbow" Inn and the "Spyglass."
2. A description of Treasure Island.
3. The career of Bones, Silver, Pew, Ben Gunn, and Flint before the opening of the story.
4. The treatment of the sea in "Treasure Island."
5. Why is "Treasure Island" a better title than the original one, "The Sea Cook"?
6. The probable location of Treasure Island. (Use the internal evidence of the story.)
7. Compare English inns with coffee-houses.
8. The custom of marooning.
9. Pirate customs.

The Story and the Incidents

1. How I should have acted, had I been in Jim's place in the apple barrel.
2. The miraculous escapes of Jim Hawkins.
3. Narrate in the first person, from the point of view of Captain Smollett or Long John Silver, the battle at the stockade.
4. Jim Hawkins and Israel Hands.
5. The mutiny of the pirates against Silver.
6. The black spot in "Treasure Island."
7. Compare Stevenson's chapters dealing with Billy Bones with Irving's "The Money Diggers" in "Tales of a Traveler."
8. Compare Flint's pointer in "Treasure Island" with the skeleton in Poe's "The Gold Bug."
9. Compare Silver's parrot with Robinson Crusoe's parrot.
10. Draw up a "scenario" of Act I of a play to be based on "Treasure Island" (or a scenario of the whole play if time serves) with diagrams of stage-settings, etc.
11. Which man did more for the Squire's party, John Silver or Jim?
12. Why did the mutineers fail?
13. What things arouse your suspicions against Long John before the episode of the apple barrel?
14. Jim in the enemy's camp.
15. Write a log of the *Hispaniola* from port to Treasure Island.
16. Jim's first day on the island.
17. Was Jim too rash?
18. What do you consider the most thrilling situation in "Treasure Island"?

The Characters

1. What I know of Flint.
2. Captain Smollett and Captain Silver as leaders.
3. Our first impressions of Silver and the real Silver.
4. The buccaneers — Hands, Pew, Black Dog, Morgan, Merry, etc.
5. Why I like Long John Silver.

6. How Ben Gunn must have lived and thought when alone on the island.

7. Jim Hawkins as a hero. Compare him with other boy heroes in books which you have read.

8. The Squire and the Doctor.

9. Is the character of Silver consistent?

10. In what ways does the blind pirate Pew frighten the reader?

11. Stevenson says, "Character to the boy is a sealed book; for him a pirate is a beard, a pair of wide trousers, and a liberal complement of pistols." Has Stevenson made his pirates more than this? Are they differentiated?

12. J. M. Barrie says of Silver, and Alan Breck (in "Kidnapped"), and James Durie (in "The Master of Ballantrae"): "Not to know these gentlemen, what is it like? It is like never having been in love." Compare Long John with these other "gentlemen."

Construction

1. Compare the handling of the mystery about the crew of the *Hispaniola* with the mystery in "The Ebb Tide" and in "The Wrecker."

2. The value of the old sea captain as an introduction to "Treasure Island."

3. The use of sounds in Chapter IV.

4. The value of the repetition of the song "Fifteen men" in the story.

5. The value of the parrot's cry "Pieces of eight!" in the story.

6. The use of climax at the end of chapters.

7. Is the ending of "Treasure Island" satisfactory?

Topics for Original Themes

1. Narratives:
   - *a.* What became of Black Dog? (Invent a story.)
   - *b.* What might have happened if Jim had not overheard the plot of the pirates?
   - *c.* How did Silver manage the killing of Alan?

d. What were Hands and O'Brien quarreling about in the cabin of the *Hispaniola?*

e. Exploration of a strange place.

2. An "old sea dog" you have met.

3. Coins in "Treasure Island."

4. The contents of an old chest which you have found.

5. Blind men in Stevenson's stories.

6. Pew in "Treasure Island" and in Stevenson's play "Admiral Guinea."

7. Tales of cruel deeds of pirates.

8. Compare "Treasure Island" with other pirate stories you have read.

9. Lost treasure in story and in fact.

IX. BIBLIOGRAPHY

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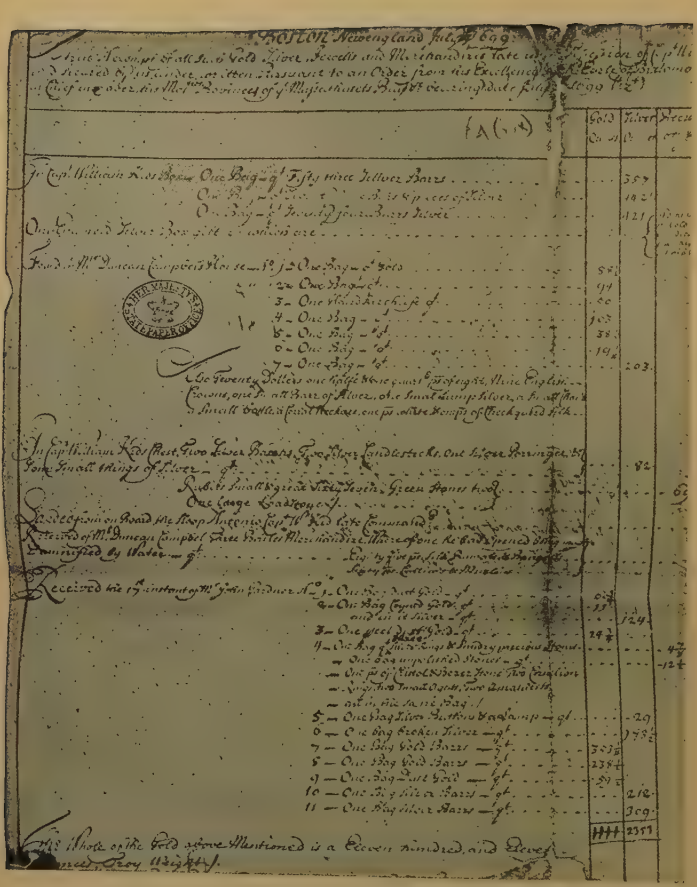
TO THE HESITATING PURCHASER

If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
  Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
If schooners, islands, and maroons
  And Buccaneers and buried Gold,
And all the old romance, retold
  Exactly in the ancient way,
Can please, as me they pleased of old,
  The wiser youngsters of to-day:

—So be it, and fall on! If not,
  If studious youth no longer crave,
His ancient appetites forgot,
  Kingston, or Ballantyne the brave,
Or Cooper of the wood and wave:
  So be it, also! And may I
And all my pirates share the grave
  Where these and their creations lie.



INVENTORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE

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TREASURE ISLAND

PART I. THE OLD BUCCANEER

CHAPTER I

THE OLD SEA DOG AT THE "ADMIRAL BENBOW"

Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17— and go back to the time when my father kept the "Admiral Benbow" inn, and the brown old seaman, with the saber cut, first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the saber cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea song that he sang so often afterwards: —

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest —
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

in the high old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped

on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste, and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he, at length; "and a pleasant sittyated grogshop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at — there;" and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And, indeed, bad as his clothes were, and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast; but seemed like a mate or skipper, accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the "Royal George;" that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlor next the fire, and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to; only look up sudden and fierce,

and blow through his nose like a foghorn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day, when he came back from his stroll, he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road? At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question; but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman put up at "Admiral Benbow" (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol), he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlor; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter; for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day, and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather eye open for a seafaring man with one leg," and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough, when the first of the month came round, and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me down; but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum;" all the neighbors joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other, to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most overriding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow any one to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea; and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life; and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea dog," and a "real

old salt," and such like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

In one way, indeed, he bade fair to ruin us; for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had been long exhausted, and still my father never plucked up the heart to insist on having more. If ever he mentioned it, the captain blew through his nose so loudly, that you might say he roared, and stared my poor father out of the room. I have seen him wringing his hands after such a rebuff, and I am sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly hastened his early and unhappy death.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress but to buy some stockings from a hawker. One of the cocks of his hat having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth, though it was a great annoyance when it blew. I remember the appearance of his coat, which he patched himself upstairs in his room, and which, before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the neighbors, and with these, for the most part, only when drunk on rum. The great sea chest none of us had ever seen open.

He was only once crossed, and that was towards the end, when my poor father was far gone in a decline that took him off. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlor to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the hamlet, for we had no stabling at the old "Benbow." I followed him in, and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow, and his bright, black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish country folk, and above all, with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate

of ours, sitting far gone in rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he — the captain, that is — began to pipe up his eternal song: —

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest —
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest —
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

At first I had supposed "the dead man's chest" to be that identical big box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a new cure for the rheumatics. In the meantime, the captain gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the table before him in a way we all knew to mean — silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey's; he went on as before, speaking clear and kind, and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for a while, flapped his hand again, glared still harder, and at last broke out with a villainous, low oath: "Silence, there, between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" says the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this was so, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replies the doctor, "that if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor's clasp knife, and, balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him, as before, over his shoulder, and in the same tone of voice; rather high, so that all the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady: —

"If you do not put that knife this instant in your pocket, I promise, upon my honor, you shall hang at next assizes."

Then followed a battle of looks between them; but the captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and resumed his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog.

"And now, sir," continued the doctor, "since I now know there's such a fellow in my district, you may count I'll have an eye upon you day and night. I'm not a doctor only; I'm a magistrate; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, if it's only for a piece of incivility like to-night's, I'll take effectual means to have you hunted down and routed out of this. Let that suffice."

Soon after Dr. Livesey's horse came to the door, and he rode away; but the captain held his peace that evening, and for many evenings to come.

CHAPTER II

BLACK DOG APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS

It was not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see, of his affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sank daily, and my mother and I had all the inn upon our hands; and were kept busy enough, without paying much regard to our unpleasant guest.

It was one January morning, very early — a pinching,

frosty morning — the cove all gray with hoarfrost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones, the sun still low and only touching the hilltops and shining far to seaward. The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach, his cutlass swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, his hat tilted back upon his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he turned the big rock, was a loud snort of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Dr. Livesey.

Well, mother was upstairs with father; and I was laying the breakfast table against the captain's return, when the parlor door opened, and a man stepped in on whom I had never set my eyes before. He was a pale, tallowy creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand; and, though he wore a cutlass, he did not look much like a fighter. I had always my eye open for seafaring men, with one leg or two, and I remember this one puzzled me. He was not sailorly, and yet he had a smack of the sea about him too.

I asked him what was for his service, and he said he would take rum; but as I was going out of the room to fetch it he sat down upon a table and motioned me to draw near. I paused where I was with my napkin in my hand.

"Come here, sonny," says he, "come nearer here."

I took a step nearer.

"Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked, with a kind of leer.

I told him I did not know his mate Bill; and this was for a person who stayed in our house, whom we called the captain.

"Well," said he, "my mate Bill would be called the

Photograph by White, N.Y.

THE BATTLE OF LOOKS BETWEEN DR. LIVESEY AND BILL BONES

© White, N.Y.

A HORRIBLE CHANGE COMES OVER BLACK DOG

captain, as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a mighty pleasant way with him, particularly in drink, has my mate Bill. We'll put it, for argument like, that your captain has a cut on his cheek — and we'll put it, if you like, that that cheek's the right one. Ah, well! I told you. Now, is my mate Bill in this here house?"

I told him he was out walking.

"Which way, sonny? Which way is he gone?"

And when I had pointed out the rock and told him how the captain was likely to return, and how soon, and answered a few other questions, "Ah," said he, "this'll be as good as drink to my mate Bill."

The expression on his face as he said these words was not at all pleasant, and I had my own reasons for thinking that the stranger was mistaken, even supposing he meant what he said. But it was no affair of mine, I thought; and, besides, it was difficult to know what to do. The stranger kept hanging about just outside the inn door, peering round the corner like a cat waiting for a mouse. Once I stepped out myself into the road, but he immediately called me back, and, as I did not obey quick enough for his fancy, a most horrible change came over his tallowy face, and he ordered me in, with an oath that made me jump. As soon as I was back again he returned to his former manner, half fawning, half sneering, patted me on the shoulder, told me I was a good boy, and he had taken quite a fancy to me. "I have a son of my own," said he, "as like you as two blocks, and he's all the pride, of my 'art. But the great thing for boys is discipline, sonny — discipline. Now, if you had sailed along of Bill you wouldn't have stood there to be spoke to twice — not you. That was never Bill's way, nor the way of sich as sailed with him. And here, sure enough, is my mate Bill, with a spyglass under his arm, bless his old 'art to be

sure. You and me'll just go back into the parlor, sonny, and get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise — bless his 'art, I say again."

So saying, the stranger backed along with me into the parlor, and put me behind him in the corner, so that we were both hidden by the open door. I was very uneasy and alarmed, as you may fancy, and it rather added to my fears to observe that the stranger was certainly frightened himself. He cleared the hilt of his cutlass and loosened the blade in the sheath; and all the time we were waiting there he kept swallowing as if he felt what we used to call a lump in the throat.

At last in strode the captain, slammed the door behind him, without looking to the right or left, and marched straight across the room to where his breakfast awaited him.

"Bill," said the stranger, in a voice that I thought he had tried to make bold and big.

The captain spun round on his heel and fronted us; all the brown had gone out of his face, and even his nose was blue; he had the look of a man who sees a ghost, or the evil one, or something worse, if anything can be; and, upon my word, I felt sorry to see him, all in a moment, turn so old and sick.

"Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, Bill, surely," said the stranger.

The captain made a sort of gasp.

"Black Dog!" said he.

"And who else?" returned the other, getting more at his ease. "Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate Billy, at the 'Admiral Benbow' inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons," holding up his mutilated hand.

"Now, look here," said the captain; "you've run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up: what is it?"

"That's you, Bill," returned Black Dog, "you're in the right of it, Billy. I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, as I've took such a liking to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square like old shipmates."

When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast table — Black Dog next to the door, and sitting sideways, so as to have one eye on his old shipmate, and one, as I thought, on his retreat.

He bade me go, and leave the door wide open. "None of your keyholes for me, sonny," he said; and I left them together, and retired into the bar.

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gabbling; but at last the voices began to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly oaths, from the captain.

"No, no, no, no; and an end of it!" he cried once. And again, "If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I."

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises — the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn cutlasses, and the former streaming blood from the left shoulder. Just at the door, the captain aimed at the fugitive one last tremendous cut, which would certainly have split him to the chine had it not been intercepted by our big signboard of Admiral Benbow. You may see the notch on the lower side of the frame to this day.

The blow was the last of the battle. Once out upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wonderful clean pair of heels, and disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute. The captain, for his part, stood staring at the signboard like a bewildered man. Then he

passed his hand over his eyes several times, and at last turned back into the house.

"Jim," says he, "rum;" and as he spoke, he reeled a little, and caught himself with one hand against the wall.

"Are you hurt?" cried I.

"Rum," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Rum! rum!"

I ran to fetch it; but I was quite unsteadied by all that had fallen out, and I broke one glass and fouled the tap, and while I was still getting in my own way, I heard a loud fall in the parlor, and, running in, beheld the captain lying full length upon the floor. At the same instant my mother, alarmed by the cries and fighting, came running downstairs to help me. Between us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard; but his eyes were closed, and his face a horrible color.

"Dear, deary me!" cried my mother, "what a disgrace upon the house! And your poor father sick!"

In the meantime, we had no idea what to do to help the captain, nor any other thought but that he had got his death hurt in the scuffle with the stranger. I got the rum, to be sure, and tried to put it down his throat; but his teeth were tightly shut, and his jaws as strong as iron. It was a happy relief for us when the door opened and Dr. Livesey came in, on his visit to my father.

"Oh, doctor," we cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

"Wounded? A fiddlestick's end!" said the doctor. "No more wounded than you or I. The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. Now, Mrs. Hawkins, just you run upstairs to your husband, and tell him, if possible, nothing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's trebly worthless life; and Jim here will get me a basin."

When I got back with the basin, the doctor had already ripped up the captain's sleeve, and exposed his great sinewy arm. It was tattooed in several places: "Here's luck," "A fair wind," and "Billy Bones his fancy," were very neatly and clearly executed on the forearm; and up near the shoulder there was a sketch of a gallows and a man hanging from it — done, as I thought, with great spirit.

"Prophetic," said the doctor, touching this picture with his finger. "And now, Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at the color of your blood. Jim," he said, "are you afraid of blood?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Well, then," said he, "you hold the basin;" and with that he took his lancet and opened a vein.

A great deal of blood was taken before the captain opened his eyes and looked mistily about him. First he recognized the doctor with an unmistakable frown; then his glance fell upon me, and he looked relieved. But suddenly his color changed, and he tried to raise himself, crying: —

"Where's Black Dog?"

"There's no Black Dog here," said the doctor, "except what you have on your own back. You have been drinking rum; you have had a stroke, precisely as I told you; and I have just, very much against my own will, dragged you headforemost out of the grave. Now, Mr. Bones ——"

"That's not my name," he interrupted.

"Much I care," returned the doctor. "It's the name of a buccaneer of my acquaintance; and I call you by it for the sake of shortness, and what I have to say to you is this: one glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take one you'll take another and another, and I stake my wig if you don't break off short, you'll die — do you understand that? — die, and go to your own place, like the man in the Bible.

Come, now, make an effort. I'll help you to your bed for once."

Between us, with much trouble, we managed to hoist him upstairs, and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow, as if he were almost fainting.

"Now, mind you," said the doctor, "I clear my conscience — the name of rum for you is death."

And with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm.

"This is nothing," he said, as soon as he had closed the door. "I have drawn blood enough to keep him quiet a while; he should lie for a week where he is — that is the best thing for him and you; but another stroke would settle him."

CHAPTER III

THE BLACK SPOT

About noon I stopped at the captain's door with some cooling drinks and medicines. He was lying very much as we had left him, only a little higher, and he seemed both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only one here that's worth anything; and you know I've been always good to you. Never a month but I've given you a silver fourpenny for yourself. And now you see, mate, I'm pretty low, and deserted by all; and Jim, you'll bring me one noggin of rum, now, won't you, matey?"

"The doctor ——" I began.

But he broke in cursing the doctor, in a feeble voice, but heartily. "Doctors is all swabs," he said; "and that doctor there, why, what do he know about seafaring men? I been in places hot as pitch, and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack, and the blessed land a-heaving like the

sea with earthquakes — what do the doctor know of lands like that? — and I lived on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink, and man and wife, to me; and if I'm not to have my rum now I'm a poor old hulk on a lee shore, my blood'll be on you, Jim, and that doctor swab;" and he ran on again for a while with curses. "Look, Jim, how my fingers fidges," he continued, in the pleading tone. "I can't keep 'em still, not I. I haven't had a drop this blessed day. That doctor's a fool, I tell you. If I don't have a drain o' rum, Jim, I'll have the horrors; I seen some on 'em already. I seen old Flint in the corner there, behind you; as plain as print, I seen him; and if I get the horrors, I'm a man that has lived rough, and I'll raise Cain. Your doctor hisself said one glass wouldn't hurt me. I'll give you a golden guinea for a noggin, Jim."

He was growing more and more excited, and this alarmed me for my father, who was very low that day, and needed quiet; besides, I was reassured by the doctor's words, now quoted to me, and rather offended by the offer of a bribe.

"I want none of your money," said I, "but what you owe my father. I'll get you one glass, and no more."

When I brought it to him, he seized it greedily, and drank it out.

"Ay, ay," said he, "that's some better, sure enough. And now, matey, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here in this old berth?"

"A week at least," said I.

"Thunder!" he cried. "A week! I can't do that: they'd have the black spot on me by then. The lubbers is going about to get the wind of me in this blessed moment; lubbers as couldn't keep what they got, and want to nail what is another's. Is that seamanly behavior, now, I want to know? But I'm a saving soul. I never wasted good money of mine, nor lost it neither; and I'll trick 'em again.

I'm not afraid on 'em. I'll shake out another reef, matey, and daddle 'em again."

As he was thus speaking, he had risen from bed with great difficulty, holding to my shoulder with a grip that almost made me cry out, and moving his legs like so much dead weight. His words, spirited as they were in meaning, contrasted sadly with the weakness of the voice in which they were uttered. He paused when he had got into a sitting position on the edge.

"That doctor's done me," he murmured. "My ears is singing. Lay me back."

Before I could do much to help him he had fallen back again to his former place, where he lay for a while silent.

"Jim," he said, at length, "you saw that seafaring man to-day?"

"Black Dog?" I asked.

"Ah! Black Dog," says he. "*He's* a bad 'un; but there's worse that put him on. Now, if I can't get away nohow, and they tip me the black spot, mind you, it's my old sea chest they're after; you get on a horse — you can, can't you? Well, then, you get on a horse, and go to — well, yes, I will! — to that eternal doctor swab, and tell him to pipe all hands — magistrates and sich — and he'll lay 'em aboard at the 'Admiral Benbow' — all old Flint's crew, man and boy, all on 'em that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the on'y one as knows the place. He gave it me at Savannah, when he lay a-dying, like as if I was to now, you see. But you won't peach unless they get the black spot on me, or unless you see that Black Dog again, or a seafaring man with one leg, Jim — him above all."

"But what is the black spot, captain?" I asked.

"That's a summons, mate. I'll tell you if they get that. But keep your weather eye open, Jim, and I'll share with you equals, upon my honor."

He wandered a little longer, his voice growing weaker; but soon after I had given him his medicine, which he took like a child, with the remark, "If ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me," he fell at last into a heavy, swoon-like sleep, in which I left him. What I should have done had all gone well I do not know. Probably I should have told the whole story to the doctor; for I was in mortal fear lest the captain should repent of his confessions and make an end of me. But as things fell out, my poor father died quite suddenly that evening, which put all other matters on one side. Our natural distress, the visits of the neighbors, the arranging of the funeral, and all the work of the inn to be carried on in the meanwhile, kept me so busy that I had scarcely time to think of the captain, far less to be afraid of him.

He got downstairs next morning, to be sure, and had his meals as usual, though he ate little, and had more, I am afraid, than his usual supply of rum, for he helped himself out of the bar, scowling and blowing through his nose, and no one dared to cross him. On the night before the funeral he was as drunk as ever; and it was shocking, in that house of mourning, to hear him singing away at his ugly old sea song; but, weak as he was, we were all in fear of death for him, and the doctor was suddenly taken up with a case many miles away, and was never near the house after my father's death. I have said the captain was weak; and indeed he seemed rather to grow weaker than regain his strength. He clambered up and downstairs, and went from the parlor to the bar and back again, and sometimes put his nose out of doors to smell the sea, holding on to the walls as he went for support, and breathing hard and fast like a man on a steep mountain. He never particularly addressed me, and it is my belief he had as good as forgotten his confidences; but his temper was more flighty, and, allowing for his bodily weakness, more violent than ever. He had an

alarming way now when he was drunk of drawing his cutlass and laying it bare before him on the table. But, with all that, he minded people less, and seemed shut up in his own thoughts and rather wandering. Once, for instance, to our extreme wonder, he piped up to a different air, a kind of country love song, that he must have learned in his youth before he had begun to follow the sea.

So things passed until, the day after the funeral, and about three o'clock of a bitter, foggy, frosty afternoon, I was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw some one drawing slowly near along the road. He was plainly blind, for he tapped before him with a stick, and wore a great green shade over his eyes and nose; and he was hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered sea cloak with a hood, that made him appear positively deformed. I never saw in my life a more dreadful looking figure. He stopped a little from the inn, and, raising his voice in an odd singsong, addressed the air in front of him: —

"Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defense of his native country, England, and God bless King George! — where or in what part of this country he may now be?"

"You are at the 'Admiral Benbow,' Black Hill Cove, my good man," said I.

"I hear a voice," said he — "a young voice. Will you give your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature gripped it in a moment like a vise. I was so much startled that I struggled to withdraw; but the blind man pulled me close up to him with a single action of his arm.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain."

"Sir," said I, "upon my word I dare not."

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THE ENTRANCE OF THE BLIND PIRATE PEW

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THE PIRATES FIND BILL BONES DEAD

(See page 27)

"Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm."

And he gave it, as he spoke, a wrench that made me cry out.

"Sir," I said, "it is for yourself I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawn cutlass. Another gentleman ——"

"Come, now, march," interrupted he; and I never heard a voice so cruel, and cold, and ugly as that blind man's. It cowed me more than the pain, and I began to obey him at once, walking straight in at the door and towards the parlor where our sick old buccaneer was sitting, dazed with rum. The blind man clung close to me, holding me in one iron fist, and leaning almost more of his weight on me than I could carry. "Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in view, cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't, I'll do this;" and with that he gave me a twitch that I thought would have made me faint. Between this and that, I was so utterly terrified of the blind beggar that I forgot my terror of the captain, and as I opened the parlor door, cried out the words he had ordered in a trembling voice.

The poor captain raised his eyes, and at one look the rum went out of him, and left him staring sober. The expression of his face was not so much of terror as of mortal sickness. He made a movement to rise, but I do not believe he had enough force left in his body.

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the beggar. "If I can't see, I can hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your right hand. Boy, take his right hand by the wrist, and bring it near to my right."

We both obeyed him to the letter, and I saw him pass something from the hollow of the hand that held his stick into the palm of the captain's, which closed upon it instantly.

"And now that's done," said the blind man; and at the

words he suddenly left hold of me, and, with incredible accuracy and nimbleness, skipped out of the parlor and into the road, where, as I still stood motionless, I could hear his stick go tap-tap-tapping into the distance.

It was some time before either I or the captain seemed to gather our senses; but at length, and about at the same moment, I released his wrist, which I was still holding, and he drew in his hand and looked sharply into the palm.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried. "Six hours. We'll do them yet;" and he sprang to his feet.

Even as he did so, he reeled, put his hand to his throat, stood swaying for a moment, and then, with a peculiar sound, fell from his whole height face foremost to the floor.

I ran to him at once, calling to my mother. But haste was all in vain. The captain had been struck dead by thundering apoplexy. It is a curious thing to understand, for I had certainly never liked the man, though of late I had begun to pity him, but as soon as I saw that he was dead, I burst into a flood of tears. It was the second death I had known, and the sorrow of the first was still fresh in my heart.

CHAPTER IV

THE SEA CHEST

I lost no time, of course, in telling my mother all that I knew, and perhaps should have told her long before, and we saw ourselves at once in a difficult and dangerous position. Some of the man's money — if he had any — was certainly due to us; but it was not likely that our captain's shipmates, above all the two specimens seen by me, Black Dog and the blind beggar, would be inclined to give up their booty in payment of the dead man's debts. The captain's order to mount at once and ride for Dr. Livesey

would have left my mother alone and unprotected, which was not to be thought of. Indeed, it seemed impossible for either of us to remain much longer in the house: the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking of the clock, filled us with alarms. The neighborhood, to our ears, seemed haunted by approaching footsteps; and what between the dead body of the captain on the parlor floor, and the thought of that detestable blind beggar hovering near at hand, and ready to return, there were moments when, as the saying goes, I jumped in my skin for terror. Something must speedily be resolved upon; and it occurred to us at last to go forth together and seek help in the neighboring hamlet. No sooner said than done. Bareheaded as we were, we ran out at once in the gathering evening and the frosty fog.

The hamlet lay not many hundred yards away though out of view, on the other side of the next cove; and what greatly encouraged me, it was in an opposite direction from that whence the blind man had made his appearance, and whither he had presumably returned. We were not many minutes on the road, though we sometimes stopped to lay hold of each other and hearken. But there was no unusual sound — nothing but the low wash of the ripple and the croaking of the crows in the wood.

It was already candlelight when we reached the hamlet, and I shall never forget how much I was cheered to see the yellow shine in doors and windows; but that, as it proved, was the best of the help we were likely to get in that quarter. For — you would have thought men would have been ashamed of themselves — no soul would consent to return with us to the "Admiral Benbow." The more we told of our troubles, the more — man, woman, and child — they clung to the shelter of their houses. The name of Captain Flint, though it was strange to me, was well enough

known to some there, and carried a great weight of terror. Some of the men who had been to fieldwork on the far side of the "Admiral Benbow" remembered, besides, to have seen several strangers on the road, and, taking them to be smugglers, to have bolted away; and one at least had seen a little lugger in what we called Kitt's Hole. For that matter, any one who was a comrade of the captain's was enough to frighten them to death. And the short and the long of the matter was, that while we could get several who were willing enough to ride to Dr. Livesey's, which lay in another direction, not one would help us to defend the inn.

They say cowardice is infectious; but then argument is, on the other hand, a great emboldener; and so when each had said his say, my mother made them a speech. She would not, she declared, lose money that belonged to her fatherless boy; "if none of the rest of you dare," she said, "Jim and I dare. Back we will go, the way we came, and small thanks to you big, hulking, chicken-hearted men. We'll have that chest open, if we die for it. And I'll thank you for that bag, Mrs. Crossley, to bring back our lawful money in."

Of course, I said I would go with my mother; and of course they all cried out at our foolhardiness; but even then not a man would go along with us. All they would do was to give me a loaded pistol, lest we were attacked; and to promise to have horses ready saddled, in case we were pursued on our return; while one lad was to ride forward to the doctor's in search of armed assistance.

My heart was beating finely when we two set forth in the cold night upon this dangerous venture. A full moon was beginning to rise and peered redly through the upper edges of the fog, and this increased our haste, for it was plain, before we came forth again, that all would be as bright as day, and our departure exposed to the eyes of any watchers.

We slipped along the hedges, noiseless and swift, nor did we see or hear anything to increase our terrors, till, to our huge relief, the door of the "Admiral Benbow" had closed behind us.

I slipped the bolt at once, and we stood and panted for a moment in the dark, alone in the house with the dead captain's body. Then my mother got a candle in the bar, and, holding each other's hands, we advanced into the parlor. He lay as we had left him, on his back, with his eyes open, and one arm stretched out.

"Draw down the blind, Jim," whispered my mother; "they might come and watch outside. And now," said she, when I had done so, "we have to get the key off *that;* and who's to touch it, I should like to know!" and she gave a kind of sob as she said the words.

I went down on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on the one side. I could not doubt that this was the *black spot;* and taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good clear hand, this short message: "You have till ten to-night."

"He had till ten, mother," said I; and just as I said it, our old clock began striking. This sudden noise startled us shockingly; but the news was good, for it was only six.

"Now, Jim," she said, "that key."

I felt in his pockets, one after another. A few small coins, a thimble, and some thread and big needles, a piece of pigtail tobacco bitten away at the end, his gully with a crooked handle, a pocket compass, and a tinder box, were all that they contained, and I began to despair.

"Perhaps it's round his neck," suggested my mother.

Overcoming a strong repugnance, I tore open his shirt at the neck, and there, sure enough, hanging to a bit of

tarry string, which I cut with his own gully, we found the key. At this triumph we were filled with hope, and hurried upstairs, without delay, to the little room where he had slept so long, and where his box had stood since the day of his arrival.

It was like any other seaman's chest on the outside, the initial "B." burned on the top of it with a hot iron, and the corners somewhat smashed and broken as by long, rough usage.

"Give me the key," said my mother; and though the lock was very stiff, she had turned it and thrown back the lid in a twinkling.

A strong smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior, but nothing was to be seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes, carefully brushed and folded. They had never been worn, my mother said. Under that, the miscellany began — a quadrant, a tin cannikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of very handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch, and some other trinkets of little value and mostly of foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and five or six curious West Indian shells. It has often set me thinking since that he should have carried about these shells with him in his wandering, guilty, and hunted life.

In the meantime, we had found nothing of any value but the silver and the trinkets, but neither of these were in our way. Underneath there was an old boat cloak, whitened with sea salt on many a harbor bar. My mother pulled it up with impatience, and there lay before us, the last thing in the chest, a bundle tied up in oilcloth, and looking like papers, and a canvas bag, that gave forth, at a touch, the jingle of gold.

"I'll show these rogues that I'm an honest woman," said my mother. "I'll have my dues, and not a farthing

over. Hold Mrs. Crossley's bag." And she began to count over the amount of the captain's score from the sailor's bag into the one that I was holding.

It was a long, difficult business, for the coins were of all countries and sizes — doubloons, and louis-d'ors, and guineas, and pieces of eight, and I know not what besides, all shaken together at random. The guineas, too, were about the scarcest, and it was with these only that my mother knew how to make her count.

When we were about halfway through, I suddenly put my hand upon her arm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air, a sound that brought my heart into my mouth — the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door, and then we could hear the handle being turned, and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last the tapping recommenced, and, to our indescribable joy and gratitude, died slowly away again until it ceased to be heard.

"Mother," said I, "take the whole and let's be going;" for I was sure the bolted door must have seemed suspicious, and would bring the whole hornet's nest about our ears; though how thankful I was that I had bolted it, none could tell who had never met that terrible blind man.

But my mother, frightened as she was, would not consent to take a fraction more than was due to her, and was obstinately unwilling to be content with less. It was not yet seven, she said, by a long way; she knew her rights and she would have them; and she was still arguing with me, when a little low whistle sounded a good way off upon the hill. That was enough, and more than enough, for both of us.

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping to her feet.

"And I'll take this to square the count," said I, picking up the oilskin packet.

Next moment we were both groping downstairs, leaving the candle by the empty chest; and the next we had opened the door and were in full retreat. We had not started a moment too soon. The fog was rapidly dispersing; already the moon shone quite clear on the high ground on either side; and it was only the exact bottom of the dell and round the tavern door that a thin veil still hung unbroken to conceal the first steps of our escape. Far less than halfway to the hamlet, very little beyond the bottom of the hill, we must come forth into the moonlight. Nor was this all; for the sound of several footsteps running came already to our ears, and as we looked back in their direction, a light tossing to and fro and still rapidly advancing, showed that one of the newcomers carried a lantern.

"My dear," said my mother suddenly, "take the money and run on. I am going to faint."

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. How I cursed the cowardice of the neighbors; how I blamed my poor mother for her honesty and her greed, for her past foolhardiness and present weakness!

We were just at the little bridge, by good fortune; and I helped her, tottering as she was, to the edge of the bank, where, sure enough, she gave a sigh and fell on my shoulder. I do not know how I found the strength to do it at all, and I am afraid it was roughly done; but I managed to drag her down the bank and a little way under the arch. Farther I could not move her, for the bridge was too low to let me do more than crawl below it. So there we had to stay — my mother almost entirely exposed, and both of us within earshot of the inn.

CHAPTER V

THE LAST OF THE BLIND MAN

My curiosity, in a sense, was stronger than my fear; for I could not remain where I was, but crept back to the bank again, whence, sheltering my head behind a bush of broom, I might command the road before our door. I was scarcely in position ere my enemies began to arrive, seven or eight of them, running hard, their feet beating out of time along the road, and the man with the lantern some paces in front. Three men ran together, hand in hand; and I made out, even through the mist, that the middle man of this trio was the blind beggar. The next moment his voice showed me that I was right.

"Down with the door!" he cried.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered two or three; and a rush was made upon the "Admiral Benbow," the lantern bearer following; and then I could see them pause, and hear speeches passed in a lower key, as if they were surprised to find the door open. But the pause was brief, for the blind man again issued his commands. His voice sounded louder and higher, as if he were afire with eagerness and rage.

"In, in, in!" he shouted, and cursed them for their delay.

Four or five of them obeyed at once, two remaining on the road with the formidable beggar. There was a pause, then a cry of surprise, and then a voice shouting from the house: —

"Bill's dead!"

But the blind man swore at them again for their delay.

"Search him, some of you shirking lubbers, and the rest of you aloft and get the chest," he cried.

I could hear their feet rattling up our old stairs, so that the house must have shook with it. Promptly afterwards,

fresh sounds of astonishment arose; the window of the captain's room was thrown open with a slam and a jingle of broken glass, and a man leaned out into the moonlight, head and shoulders, and addressed the blind beggar on the road below him.

"Pew," he cried, "they've been before us. Some one's turned the chest out alow and aloft."

"Is it there?" roared Pew.

"The money's there."

The blind man cursed the money.

"Flint's fist, I mean," he cried.

"We don't see it here nohow," returned the man.

"Here, you below there, is it on Bill?" cried the blind man again.

At that, another fellow, probably he who had remained below to search the captain's body, came to the door of the inn. "Bill's been overhauled a'ready," said he, "nothin' left."

"It's these people of the inn — it's that boy. I wish I had put his eyes out!" cried the blind man, Pew. "They were here no time ago — they had the door bolted when I tried it. Scatter, lads, and find 'em."

"Sure enough, they've left their glim here," said the fellow from the window.

"Scatter and find 'em! Rout the house out!" reiterated Pew, striking with his stick upon the road.

Then there followed a great to-do through all our old inn, heavy feet pounding to and fro, furniture thrown over, doors kicked in, until the very rocks reëchoed, and the men came out again, one after another, on the road, and declared that we were nowhere to be found. And just then the same whistle that had alarmed my mother and myself over the dead captain's money was once more clearly audible through the night, but this time twice repeated. I had thought it

to be the blind man's trumpet, so to speak, summoning his crew to the assault; but I now found that it was a signal from the hillside towards the hamlet, and, from its effect upon the buccaneers, a signal to warn them of approaching danger.

"There's Dirk again," said one. "Twice! We'll have to budge, mates."

"Budge, you skulk!" cried Pew. "Dirk was a fool and a coward from the first — you wouldn't mind him. They must be close by; they can't be far; you have your hands on it. Scatter and look for them, dogs! Oh, shiver my soul," he cried, "if I had eyes!"

This appeal seemed to produce some effect, for two of the fellows began to look here and there among the lumber, but half-heartedly, I thought, and with half an eye to their own danger all the time, while the rest stood irresolute on the road.

"You have your hands on thousands, you fools, and you hang a leg! You'd be as rich as kings if you could find it, and you know it's here, and you stand there malingering. There wasn't one of you dared face Bill, and I did it — a blind man! And I'm to lose my chance through you! I'm to be a poor, crawling beggar, sponging for rum, when I might be rolling in a coach! If you had the pluck of a weevil in a biscuit you would catch them still."

"Hang it, Pew, we've got the doubloons!" grumbled one.

"They might have hid the blessed thing," said another. "Take the Georges, Pew, and don't stand here squalling."

Squalling was the word for it, Pew's anger rose so high at these objections; till at last, his passion completely taking the upper hand, he struck at them right and left in his blindness, and his stick sounded heavily on more than one.

These, in their turn, cursed back at the blind miscreant,

threatened him in horrid terms, and tried in vain to catch the stick and wrest it from his grasp.

This quarrel was the saving of us; for while it was still raging, another sound came from the top of the hill on the side of the hamlet — the tramp of horses galloping. Almost at the same time a pistol shot, flash and report, came from the hedgeside. And that was plainly the last signal of danger; for the buccaneers turned at once and ran, separating in every direction, one seaward along the cove, one slant across the hill, and so on, so that in half a minute not a sign of them remained but Pew. Him they had deserted, whether in sheer panic or out of revenge for his ill words and blows, I know not; but there he remained behind, tapping up and down the road in a frenzy, and groping and calling for his comrades. Finally he took the wrong turn, and ran a few steps past me, towards the hamlet, crying: —

"Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk," and other names, "you won't leave old Pew, mates — not old Pew!"

Just then the noise of horses topped the rise, and four or five riders came in sight in the moonlight, and swept at full gallop down the slope.

At this Pew saw his error, turned with a scream, and ran straight for the ditch, into which he rolled. But he was on his feet again in a second, and made another dash, now utterly bewildered, right under the nearest of the coming horses.

The rider tried to save him, but in vain. Down went Pew with a cry that rang into the night; and the four hoofs trampled and spurned him and passed by. He fell on his side, then gently collapsed upon his face, and moved no more.

I leaped to my feet and hailed the riders. They were pulling up at any rate, horrified at the accident; and I soon saw what they were. One, tailing out behind the rest, was a lad that had gone from the hamlet to Dr. Livesey's; the

rest were seamen officers, whom he had met by the way, and whom when he had met the messengers to return at once. Some news of the hoppy in Kitt's Hole had found its way to Supervisor Dance, and set him forth that night in our direction, and to that circumstance my mother and I owed our preservation from death.

Pew was dead, stone dead. As for my mother, when we had carried her up to the hamlet, a little cold water and fresh air soon brought her back again, and she was soon the worst for her terror, though she continued to deplore the waste of the money. In the meantime the supervisor rode on, as fast as he could, to Kitt's Hole, but his men had to descend and grope down the cliffs, leading, and sometimes supporting, their horses, and in continual fear of ambushes, so it was no great matter for surprise that when they got down to the Hole the hoppy was already under way, though still close in. He hailed her. A voice replied, telling him to keep out of the moonlight, or he would get some lead in him, and at the same time a bullet whistled close by his arm. Soon after the hoppy doubled the point and disappeared. Mr Dance stood there, as he said, "like a fish out of water," and all he could do was to dispatch a man to B—— to warn the cutter. "And that," said he, "is just about as good as nothing. They've got off clean, and there's an end. Only," he added, "I'm glad I trod on Master Pew's corpse," for by this time he had heard my story.

I went with him to the "Admiral Benbow," and you cannot imagine a house in such a state of smash; the very door had been thrown down by these fellows in their furious hunt after my mother and myself; and though nothing had actually been taken away except the captain's moneybag and a little silver from the till, I could see at once that we were ruined. Mr. Dance could make nothing of the scene.

"They got the money, you say? Well, then, Hawkins,

what in fortune were they after? More money, I suppose?"

"No, sir; not money, I think," replied I. "In fact, sir, I believe I have the thing in my breast pocket; and, to tell you the truth, I should like to get it put in safety."

"To be sure, boy; quite right," said he. "I'll take it, if you like."

"I thought, perhaps, Dr. Livesey ——" I began.

"Perfectly right," he interrupted very cheerily, "perfectly right — a gentleman and a magistrate. And, now I come to think of it, I might as well ride round there myself and report to him or squire. Master Pew's dead, when all's done; not that I regret it, but he's dead, you see, and people will make it out against an officer of his Majesty's revenue, if make it out they can. Now, I tell you, Hawkins: if you like, I'll take you along."

I thanked him heartily for the offer, and we walked back to the hamlet where the horses were. By the time I had told mother of my purpose they were all in the saddle.

"Dogger," said Mr. Dance, "you have a good horse; take up this lad behind you."

As soon as I was mounted, holding on to Dogger's belt, the supervisor gave the word, and the party struck out at a bouncing trot on to the road to Dr. Livesey's house.

CHAPTER VI

THE CAPTAIN'S PAPERS

We rode hard all the way, till we drew up before Dr. Livesey's door. The house was all dark to the front.

Mr. Dance told me to jump down and knock, and Dogger gave me a stirrup to descend by. The door was opened almost at once by the maid.

"Is Dr. Livesey in?" I asked.

No, she said; he had come home in the afternoon, but had gone up to the Hall to dine and pass the evening with the squire.

"So there we go, boys," said Mr. Dance.

This time, as the distance was short, I did not mount, but ran with Dogger's stirrup leather to the lodge gates, and up the long, leafless, moonlit avenue to where the white line of the Hall buildings looked on either hand on great old gardens. Here Mr. Dance dismounted, and, taking me along with him, was admitted at a word into the house.

The servant led us down a matted passage, and showed us at the end into a great library, all lined with bookcases and busts upon the top of them, where the squire and Dr. Livesey sat, pipe in hand, on either side of a bright fire.

I had never seen the squire so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough-and-ready face, all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and moved readily, and this gave him a look of some temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

"Come in, Mr. Dance," says he, very stately and condescending.

"Good evening, Dance," says the doctor, with a nod. "And good evening to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?"

The supervisor stood up straight and stiff, and told his story like a lesson; and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other, and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest. When they heard how my mother went back to the inn, Dr. Livesey fairly slapped his thigh, and the squire cried "Bravo!" and broke his long pipe against the grate. Long before it was done, Mr. Trelawney (that, you will remember, was

the squire's name) had got up from his seat, and was striding about the room, and the doctor, as if to hear the better, had taken off his powdered wig, and sat there, looking very strange indeed with his own close-cropped, black poll.

At last Mr. Dance finished the story.

"Mr. Dance," said the squire, "you are a very noble fellow. And as for riding down that black, atrocious miscreant, I regard it as an act of virtue, sir, like stamping on a cockroach. This lad Hawkins is a trump, I perceive. Hawkins, will you ring that bell? Mr. Dance must have some ale."

"And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were after, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the oilskin packet.

The doctor looked it all over, as if his fingers were itching to open it; but, instead of doing that, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

"Squire," said he, "when Dance has had his ale he must, of course, be off on his Majesty's service; but I mean to keep Jim Hawkins here to sleep at my house, and, with your permission, I propose we should have up the cold pie, and let him sup."

"As you will, Livesey," said the squire; "Hawkins has earned better than cold pie."

So a big pigeon pie was brought in and put on a side table, and I made a hearty supper, for I was as hungry as a hawk, while Mr. Dance was further complimented, and at last dismissed.

"And now, squire," said the doctor.

"And now, Livesey," said the squire, in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Dr. Livesey. "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

"Heard of him!" cried the squire. "Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed.

Blackbeard was a child to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him, that, I tell you, sir, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman. I've seen his topsails with these eyes, off Trinidad, and the cowardly son of a rum-puncheon that I sailed with put back — put back, sir, into Port of Spain."

"Well, I've heard of him myself, in England," said the doctor. "But the point is, had he money?"

"Money!" cried the squire. "Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money? What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcases but money?"

"That we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "But you are so confoundedly hot-headed and exclamatory that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this: Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clew to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

"Amount, sir!" cried the squire. "It will amount to this; if we have the clew you talk about, I fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Now, then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet;" and he laid it before him on the table.

The bundle was sewn together, and the doctor had to get out his instrument case, and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things — a book and a sealed paper.

"First of all we'll try the book," observed the doctor.

The squire and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it, for Dr. Livesey had kindly motioned me to come round from the side table, where I had been eating, to enjoy the sport of the search. On the first page there were only some scraps of writing, such as a man with a

pen in his hand might make for idleness or practice. One was the same as the tattoo mark, "Billy Bones his fancy;" then there was "Mr. W. Bones, mate." "No more rum." "Off Palm Key he got itt;" and some other snatches, mostly single words and unintelligible. I could not help wondering who it was that had "got itt," and what "itt" was that he got. A knife in his back as like as not.

"Not much instruction there," said Dr. Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious series of entries. There was a date at one end of the line and at the other a sum of money, as in common account books; but instead of explanatory writing, only a varying number of crosses between the two. On the 12th of June, 1745, for instance, a sum of seventy pounds had plainly become due to some one, and there was nothing but six crosses to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place would be added, as "Offe Caraccas;" or a mere entry of latitude and longitude, as "62° 17′ 20″, 19° 2′ 40″."

The record lasted over nearly twenty years, the amount of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out after five or six wrong additions, and these words appended, "Bones, his pile."

"I can't make head or tail of this," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as noonday," cried the squire. "This is the black-hearted hound's account book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered. The sums are the scoundrel's share, and where he feared an ambiguity, you see he added something clearer. 'Offe Caraccas,' now; you see, here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that manned her — coral long ago."

"Right!" said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveler. Right! And the amounts increase, you see, as he rose in rank."

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the blank leaves towards the end, and a table for reducing French, English, and Spanish moneys to a common value."

"Thrifty man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thimble, by way of seal; the very thimble perhaps, that I had found in the captain's pocket. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills, and bays and inlets, and every particular that would be needed to bring a ship to a safe anchorage upon its shores. It was about nine miles long and five across, shaped, you might say, like a fat dragon standing up, and had two fine landlocked harbors, and a hill in the center marked "The Spyglass." There were several additions of a later date; but, above all, three crosses of red ink — two on the north part of the island, one in the southwest, and, beside this last, in the same red ink, and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's tottery characters, these words: — "Bulk of treasure here."

Over on the back the same hand had written this further information: —

"Tall trees, Spyglass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.

"Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.

"Ten feet.

"The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it

by the trend of the east hummock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it.

"The arms are easy found, in the sand hill, N. point of north inlet cape, bearing E. and a quarter N. J. F."

That was all; but brief as it was, and, to me, incomprehensible, it filled the squire and Dr. Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said the squire, "you will give up this wretched practice at once. To-morrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time — three weeks! — two weeks — ten days — we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin boy. You'll make a famous cabin boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll take Redruth, Joyce, and Hunter. We'll have favorable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, and money to eat — to roll in — to play duck and drake with ever after."

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "I'll go with you; and, I'll go bail for it, so will Jim, and be a credit to the undertaking. There's only one man I'm afraid of."

"And who's that?" cried the squire. "Name the dog, sir!"

"You," replied the doctor; "for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know of this paper. These fellows who attacked the inn to-night — bold, desperate blades, for sure — and the rest who stayed aboard that lugger, and more, I dare say, not far off, are, one and all, through thick and thin, bound that they'll get that money. We must none of us go alone till we get to sea. Jim and I shall stick together in the meanwhile; you'll take Joyce and Hunter when you ride to Bristol, and, from first to last, not one of us must breathe a word of what we've found."

"Livesey," returned the squire, "you are always in the right of it. I'll be as silent as the grave."

PART II. THE SEA COOK

CHAPTER VII

I GO TO BRISTOL

It was longer than the squire imagined ere we were ready for the sea, and none of our first plans — not even Dr. Livesey's, of keeping me beside him — could be carried out as we intended. The doctor had to go to London for a physician to take charge of his practice; the squire was hard at work at Bristol; and I lived on at the Hall under the charge of old Redruth, the gamekeeper, almost a prisoner, but full of sea dreams and the most charming anticipations of strange islands and adventures. I brooded by the hour together over the map, all the details of which I well remembered. Sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room, I approached that island, in my fancy, from every possible direction; I explored every acre of its surface; I climbed a thousand times to that tall hill they call the Spyglass, and from the top enjoyed the most wonderful and changing prospects. Sometimes the isle was thick with savages, with whom we fought; sometimes full of dangerous animals that hunted us; but in all my fancies nothing occurred to me so strange and tragic as our actual adventures.

So the weeks passed on — till one fine day there came a letter addressed to Dr. Livesey, with this addition, "To be opened, in the case of his absence, by Tom Redruth, or young Hawkins." Obeying this order we found, or rather

I found — for the gamekeeper was a poor hand at reading anything but print — the following important news: —

"*Old Anchor Inn, Bristol, March* 1, 17—.

"DEAR LIVESEY, — As I do not know whether you are at the Hall or still in London, I send this in double to both places.

"The ship is bought and fitted. She lies at anchor, ready for sea. You never imagined a sweeter schooner — a child might sail her — two hundred tons; name, *Hispaniola*.

"I got her through my old friend, Blandly, who has proved himself throughout the most surprising trump. The admirable fellow literally slaved in my interest, and so, I may say, did every one in Bristol, as soon as they got wind of the port we sailed for — treasure, I mean."

"Redruth," said I, interrupting the letter, "Dr. Livesey will not like that. The squire has been talking, after all."

"Well, who's a better right?" growled the gamekeeper. "A pretty rum go if squire ain't to talk for Dr. Livesey, I should think."

At that I gave up all commentary, and read straight on: —

"Blandly himself found the *Hispaniola*, and by the most admirable management got her for the merest trifle. There is a class of men in Bristol monstrously prejudiced against Blandly. They go the length of declaring that this honest creature would do anything for money, that the *Hispaniola* belonged to him, and that he sold it me absurdly high — the most transparent calumnies. None of them dare, however, to deny the merits of the ship.

"So far there was not a hitch. The workpeople, to be

sure — riggers and what not — were most annoyingly slow; but time cured that. It was the crew that troubled me.

"I wished a round score of men — in case of natives, buccaneers, or the odious French — and I had the worry of the deuce itself to find so much as half a dozen, till the most remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required.

"I was standing on the dock, when, by the merest accident, I fell in talk with him. I found he was an old sailor, kept a public house, knew all the seafaring men in Bristol, had lost his health ashore, and wanted a good berth as cook to get to sea again. He had hobbled down there that morning, he said, to get a smell of the salt.

"I was monstrously touched — so would you have been — and, out of pure pity, I engaged him on the spot to be ship's cook. Long John Silver, he is called, and has lost a leg; but that I regarded as a recommendation, since he lost it in his country's service under the immortal Hawke. He has no pension, Livesey. Imagine the abominable age we live in!

"Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered. Between Silver and myself we got together in a few days a company of the toughest old salts imaginable — not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of the most indomitable spirit. I declare we could fight a frigate.

"Long John even got rid of two out of the six or seven I had already engaged. He showed me in a moment that they were just the freshwater swabs we had to fear in an adventure of importance.

"I am in the most magnificent health and spirits, eating like a bull, sleeping like a tree, yet I shall not enjoy a moment till I hear my old tarpaulins tramping round the capstan. Seaward ho! Hang the treasure! It's the glory of the sea

that has turned my head. So now, Livesey, come post; do not lose an hour, if you respect me.

"Let young Hawkins go at once to see his mother, with Redruth for a guard; and then both come full speed to Bristol.

"JOHN TRELAWNEY.

"*Postscript.* — I did not tell you that Blandly, who, by the way, is to send a consort after us if we don't turn up by the end of August, had found an admirable fellow for sailing master — a stiff man, which I regret, but in all other respects, a treasure. Long John Silver unearthed a very competent man for a mate, a man named Arrow. I have a boatswain who pipes, Livesey; so things shall go man-o'-war fashion on board the good ship *Hispaniola*.

"I forgot to tell you that Silver is a man of substance; I know of my own knowledge that he has a banker's account, which has never been overdrawn. He leaves his wife to manage the inn; and as she is a woman of color, a pair of old bachelors like you and I may be excused for guessing that it is the wife, quite as much as the health, that sends him back to roving.

J. T.

"P.P.S. — Hawkins may stay one night with his mother.

"J. T."

You can fancy the excitement into which that letter put me. I was half beside myself with glee; and if ever I despised a man, it was old Tom Redruth, who could do nothing but grumble and lament. Any of the under gamekeepers would gladly have changed places with him; but such was not the squire's pleasure, and the squire's pleasure was like law among them all. Nobody but old Redruth would have dared so much as even to grumble.

The next morning he and I set out on foot for the "Ad-

miral Benbow," and there I found my mother in good health and spirits. The captain, who had so long been a cause of so much discomfort, was gone where the wicked cease from troubling. The squire had had everything repaired, and the public rooms and the sign repainted, and had added some furniture — above all, a beautiful armchair for mother in the bar. He had found her a boy as an apprentice also, so that she should not want help while I was gone.

It was on seeing that boy that I understood, for the first time, my situation. I had thought up to that moment of the adventures before me, not at all of the home I was leaving; and now at the sight of this clumsy stranger, who was to stay here in my place beside my mother, I had my first attack of tears. I am afraid I led that boy a dog's life; for as he was new to the work, I had a hundred opportunities of setting him right and putting him down, and I was not slow to profit by them.

The night passed, and the next day, after dinner, Redruth and I were afoot again, and on the road. I said good-by to mother and the cove where I had lived since I was born, and the dear old "Admiral Benbow" — since he was repainted, no longer quite so dear. One of my last thoughts was of the captain, who had so often strode along the beach with his cocked hat, his saber-cut cheek, and his old brass telescope. Next moment we had turned the corner and my home was out of sight.

The mail picked us up about dusk at the "Royal George" on the heath. I was wedged in between Redruth and a stout old gentleman, and in spite of the swift motion and the cold night air, I must have dozed a great deal from the very first, and then slept like a log up hill and down dale through stage after stage; for when I was awakened at last, it was by a punch in the ribs, and I opened my eyes, to find that we were standing still before a large building

in a city street, and that the day had already broken a long time.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Bristol," said Tom. "Get down."

Mr. Trelawney had taken up his residence at an inn far down the docks, to superintend the work upon the schooner. Thither we had now to walk, and our way, to my great delight, lay along the quays and beside the great multitude of ships of all sizes and rigs and nations. In one, sailors were singing at their work; in another, there were men aloft, high over my head, hanging to threads that seemed no thicker than a spider's. Though I had lived by the shore all my life, I seemed never to have been near the sea till then. The smell of tar and salt was something new. I saw the most wonderful figureheads, that had all been far over the ocean. I saw, besides, many old sailors, with rings in their ears, and whiskers curled in ringlets, and tarry pigtails, and their swaggering, clumsy sea walk; and if I had seen as many kings or archbishops I could not have been more delighted.

And I was going to sea myself; to sea in a schooner, with a piping boatswain, and pig-tailed singing seamen; to sea, bound for an unknown island, and to seek for buried treasures!

While I was still in this delightful dream, we came suddenly in front of a large inn, and met Squire Trelawney, all dressed out like a sea officer, in stout blue cloth, coming out of the door with a smile on his face, and a capital imitation of a sailor's walk.

"Here you are," he cried, "and the doctor came last night from London. Bravo! the ship's company complete!"

"Oh, sir," cried I, "when do we sail?"

"Sail!" says he. "We sail to-morrow!"

CHAPTER VIII

AT THE SIGN OF THE "SPYGLASS"

When I had done breakfasting the squire gave me a note addressed to John Silver, at the sign of the "Spyglass," and told me I should easily find the place by following the line of the docks, and keeping a bright lookout for a little tavern with a large brass telescope for sign. I set off, overjoyed at this opportunity to see some more of the ships and seamen, and picked my way among a great crowd of people and carts and bales, for the dock was now at its busiest, until I found the tavern in question.

It was a bright enough little place of entertainment. The sign was newly painted; the windows had neat red curtains; the floor was cleanly sanded. There was a street on either side, and an open door on both, which made the large, low room pretty clear to see in, in spite of clouds of tobacco smoke.

The customers were mostly seafaring men; and they talked so loudly that I hung at the door, almost afraid to enter.

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and, at a glance, I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham — plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling. Indeed, he seemed in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as he moved about among the tables, with a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for the more favored of his guests.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had taken a

fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at the old "Benbow." But one look at the man before me was enough. I had seen the captain, and Black Dog, and the blind man Pew, and I thought I knew what a buccaneer was like — a very different creature, according to me, from this clean and pleasant-tempered landlord.

I plucked up courage at once, crossed the threshold, and walked right up to the man where he stood, propped on his crutch, talking to a customer.

"Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

"Yes, my lad," said he; "such is my name, to be sure. And who may you be?" And then as he saw the squire's letter, he seemed to me to give something almost like a start.

"Oh!" said he, quite loud, and offering his hand, "I see. You are our new cabin boy; pleased I am to see you."

And he took my hand in his large firm grasp.

Just then one of the customers at the far side rose suddenly and made for the door. It was close by him, and he was out in the street in a moment. But his hurry had attracted my notice, and I recognized him at a glance. It was the tallow-faced man, wanting two fingers, who had come first to the "Admiral Benbow."

"Oh," I cried, "stop him! it's Black Dog!"

"I don't care two coppers who he is," cried Silver. "But he hasn't paid his score. Harry, run and catch him."

One of the others who was nearest the door leaped up, and started in pursuit.

"If he were Admiral Hawke he shall pay his score," cried Silver; and then, relinquishing my hand — "Who did you say he was?" he asked. "Black what?"

"Dog, sir," said I. "Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them."

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THE SQUIRE ENGAGES LONG JOHN SILVER

"BY THE POWERS, TOM MORGAN, IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!"

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"So?" cried Silver. "In my house! Ben, run and help Harry. One of those swabs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Step up here."

The man whom he called Morgan — an old, gray-haired, mahogany-faced sailor — came forward pretty sheepishly, rolling his quid.

"Now, Morgan," said Long John, very sternly; "you never clapped your eyes on that Black — Black Dog before, did you, now?"

"Not I, sir," said Morgan, with a salute.

"You didn't know his name, did you?"

"No, sir."

"By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's good for you!" exclaimed the landlord. "If you had been mixed up with the like of that, you would never have put another foot in my house, you may lay to that. And what was he saying to you?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," answered Morgan.

"Do you call that a head on your shoulders, or a blessed dead-eye?" cried Long John. "Don't rightly know, don't you! Perhaps you don't happen to rightly know who you was speaking to, perhaps? Come, now, what was he jawing — v'yages, cap'ns, ships? Pipe up! What was it?"

"We was a-talkin' of keelhauling," answered Morgan.

"Keelhauling, was you? and a mighty suitable thing, too, and you may lay to that. Get back to your place for a lubber, Tom."

And then, as Morgan rolled back to his seat, Silver added to me in a confidential whisper, that was very flattering, as I thought: —

"He's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, on'y stupid. And now," he ran on again aloud, "let's see — Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I kind of think

I've — yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar, he used."

"That he did, you may be sure," said I. "I knew that blind man, too. His name was Pew."

"It was!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "Pew! That were his name for certain. Ah, he looked a shark, he did! If we run down this Black Dog, now, there'll be news for Cap'n Trelawney! Ben's a good runner; few seamen run better than Ben. He should run him down, hand over hand, by the powers. He talked o' keelhauling, did he? *I'll* keelhaul him!"

All the time he was jerking out these phrases he was stumping up and down the tavern on his crutch, slapping tables with his hand, and giving such a show of excitement as would have convinced an Old Bailey judge or a Bow Street runner. My suspicions had been thoroughly reawakened on finding Black Dog at the "Spyglass," and I watched the cook narrowly. But he was too deep, and too ready, and too clever for me, and by the time the two men had come back out of breath, and confessed that they had lost the track in a crowd, and been scolded like thieves, I would have gone bail for the innocence of Long John Silver.

"See here, now, Hawkins," said he, "here's a blessed hard thing on a man like me, now, ain't it? There's Cap'n Trelawney — what's he to think? Here I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house, drinking of my own rum! Here you comes and tells me of it plain; and here I let him give us all the slip before my blessed deadlights! Now, Hawkins, you do me justice with the cap'n. You're a lad, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when you first came in. Now, here it is: What could I do, with this old timber I hobble on? When I was an A B master mariner I'd have come up alongside of him, hand over hand,

and broached him to in a brace of old shakes, I would; but now ——"

And then, all of a sudden, he stopped, and his jaw dropped as though he had remembered something.

"The score!" he burst out. "Three goes o' rum! Why, shiver my timbers, if I hadn't forgotten my score!"

And, falling on a bench, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. I could not help joining; and we laughed together, peal after peal, until the tavern rang again.

"Why, what a precious old sea calf I am!" he said, at last, wiping his cheeks. "You and me should get on well, Hawkins, for I'll take my davy I should be rated ship's boy. But, come now, stand by to go about. This won't do. Dooty is dooty, messmates. I'll put on my old cocked hat, and step along of you to Cap'n Trelawney, and report this here affair. For, mind you, it's serious, young Hawkins; and neither you nor me's come out of it with what I should make so bold as to call credit. Nor you neither, says you; not smart — none of the pair of us smart. But dash my buttons! that was a good 'un about my score."

And he began to laugh again, and that so heartily, that though I did not see the joke as he did I was again obliged to join him in his mirth.

On our little walk along the quays, he made himself the most interesting companion, telling me about the different ships that we passed by, their rig, tonnage, and nationality, explaining the work that was going forward — how one was discharging, another taking in cargo, and a third making ready for sea; and every now and then telling me some little anecdote of ships or seamen, or repeating a nautical phrase till I had learned it perfectly. I began to see that here was one of the best of possible shipmates.

When we got to the inn, the squire and Dr. Livesey were seated together, finishing a quart of ale with a toast in it,

before they should go aboard the schooner on a visit of inspection.

Long John told the story from first to last, with a great deal of spirit and the most perfect truth. "That was how it were, now, weren't it, Hawkins?" he would say, now and again, and I could always bear him entirely out.

The two gentlemen regretted that Black Dog had got away; but we all agreed there was nothing to be done, and after he had been complimented, Long John took up his crutch and departed.

"All hands aboard by four this afternoon," shouted the squire after him.

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the cook, in the passage.

"Well, squire," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't put much faith in your discoveries, as a general thing; but I will say this, John Silver suits me."

"The man's a perfect trump," declared the squire.

"And now," added the doctor, "Jim may come on board with us, may he not?"

"To be sure he may," says squire. "Take your hat, Hawkins, and we'll see the ship."

CHAPTER IX

POWDER AND ARMS

The *Hispaniola* lay some way out, and we went under the figureheads and round the sterns of many other ships, and their cables sometimes grated underneath our keel, and sometimes swung above us. At last, however, we got alongside, and were met and saluted as we stepped aboard by the mate, Mr. Arrow, a brown old sailor, with earrings in his ears and a squint. He and the squire were very

thick and friendly, but I soon observed that things were not the same between Mr. Trelawney and the captain.

This last was a sharp looking man, who seemed angry with everything on board, and was soon to tell us why, for we had hardly got down into the cabin when a sailor followed us.

"Captain Smollett, sir, axing to speak with you," said he.

"I am always at the captain's orders. Show him in," said the squire.

The captain who was close behind his messenger entered at once, and shut the door behind him.

"Well, Captain Smollett, what have you to say? All well, I hope; all shipshape and seaworthy?"

"Well, sir," said the captain, "better speak plain, I believe, even at the risk of offense. I don't like this cruise; I don't like the men; and I don't like my officer. That's short and sweet."

"Perhaps, sir, you don't like the ship?" inquired the squire, very angry, as I could see.

"I can't speak as to that, sir, not having seen her tried," said the captain. "She seems a clever craft; more I can't say."

"Possibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?" says the squire.

But here Dr. Livesey cut in.

"Stay a bit," said he, "stay a bit. No use of such questions as that but to produce ill feeling. The captain has said too much or he has said too little, and I'm bound to say that I require an explanation of his words. You don't, you say, like this cruise. Now, why?"

"I was engaged, sir, on what we call sealed orders, to sail this ship for that gentleman where he should bid me," said the captain. "So far so good. But now I find that

every man before the mast knows more than I do. I don't call that fair, now, do you?"

"No," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't."

"Next," said the captain, "I learn we are going after treasure — hear it from my own hands, mind you. Now, treasure is ticklish work; I don't like treasure voyages on any account; and I don't like them, above all, when they are secret, and when (begging your pardon, Mr. Trelawney) the secret has been told to the parrot."

"Silver's parrot?" asked the squire.

"It's a way of speaking," said the captain. "Blabbed, I mean. It's my belief neither of you gentlemen know what you are about; but I'll tell you my way of it — life or death, and a close run."

"That is all clear, and, I dare say, true enough," replied Dr. Livesey. "We take the risk; but we are not so ignorant as you believe us. Next, you say you don't like the crew. Are they not good seamen?"

"I don't like them, sir," returned Captain Smollett. "And I think I should have had the choosing of my own hands, if you go to that."

"Perhaps you should," replied the doctor. "My friend should, perhaps, have taken you along with him; but the slight, if there be one, was unintentional. And you don't like Mr. Arrow?"

"I don't, sir. I believe he's a good seaman; but he's too free with the crew to be a good officer. A mate should keep himself to himself — shouldn't drink with the men before the mast!"

"Do you mean he drinks?" cried the squire.

"No, sir," replied the captain; "only that he's too familiar."

"Well, now, and the short and long of it, captain?" asked the doctor. "Tell us what you want."

"Well, gentlemen, are you determined to go on this cruise?"

"Like iron," answered the squire.

"Very good," said the captain. "Then, as you've heard me very patiently, saying things that I could not prove, hear me a few words more. They are putting the powder and the arms in the forehold. Now, you have a good place under the cabin; why not put them there? — first point. Then you are bringing four of your own people with you. and they tell me some of them are to be berthed forward, Why not give them the berths here beside the cabin? — second point."

"Any more?" asked Mr. Trelawney.

"One more," said the captain. "There's been too much blabbing already."

"Far too much," agreed the doctor.

"I'll tell you what I've heard myself," continued Captain Smollett: "that you have a map of an island; that there's crosses on the map to show where treasure is; and that the island lies ——" And then he named the latitude and longitude exactly.

"I never told that," cried the squire, "to a soul!"

"The hands know it, sir," returned the captain.

"Livesey, that must have been you or Hawkins," cried the squire.

"It doesn't much matter who it was," replied the doctor. And I could see that neither he nor the captain paid much regard to Mr. Trelawney's protestations. Neither did I, to be sure, he was so loose a talker; yet in this case I believe he was really right, and that nobody had told the situation of the island.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the captain, "I don't know who has this map; but I make it a point, it shall be kept secret even from me and Mr. Arrow. Otherwise I would ask you to let me resign."

"I see," said the doctor. "You wish us to keep this matter dark, and to make a garrison of the stern part of the ship, manned with my friend's own people, and provided with all the arms and powder on board. In other words, you fear a mutiny."

"Sir," said Captain Smollett, "with no intention to take offense, I deny your right to put words into my mouth. No captain, sir, would be justified in going to sea at all if he had ground enough to say that. As for Mr. Arrow, I believe him thoroughly honest; some of the men are the same; all may be for what I know. But I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man Jack aboard of her. I see things going, as I think, not quite right. And I ask you to take certain precautions, or let me resign my berth. And that's all."

"Captain Smollett," began the doctor, with a smile, "did ever you hear the fable of the mountain and the mouse? You'll excuse me, I dare say, but you remind me of that fable. When you came in here I'll stake my wig you meant more than this."

"Doctor," said the captain, "you are smart. When I came in here I meant to get discharged. I had no thought that Mr. Trelawney would hear a word."

"No more I would," cried the squire. "Had Livesey not been here I should have seen you to the deuce. As it is, I have heard you. I will do as you desire; but I think the worse of you."

"That's as you please, sir," said the captain. "You'll find I do my duty."

And with that he took his leave.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "contrary to all my notions, I believe you have managed to get two honest men on board with you — that man and John Silver."

"Silver, if you like," cried the squire; "but as for that

intolerable humbug, I declare I think his conduct unmanly, unsailorly, and downright un-English."

"Well," says the doctor, "we shall see."

When we came on deck, the men had begun already to take out the arms and powder, yo-ho-ing at their work, while the captain and Mr. Arrow stood by superintending.

The new arrangement was quite to my liking. The whole schooner had been overhauled; six berths had been made astern, out of what had been the after part of the main hold; and this set of cabins was only joined to the galley and forecastle by a sparred passage on the port side. It had been originally meant that the captain, Mr. Arrow, Hunter, Joyce, the doctor, and the squire were to occupy these six berths. Now, Redruth and I were to get two of them, and Mr. Arrow and the captain were to sleep on deck in the companion, which had been enlarged on each side till you might almost have called it a roundhouse. Very low it was still, of course; but there was room to swing two hammocks, and even the mate seemed pleased with the arrangement. Even he, perhaps, had been doubtful as to the crew, but that is only guess; for, as you shall hear, we had not long the benefit of his opinion.

We were all hard at work, changing the powder and the berths, when the last man or two, and Long John along with them, came off in a shore boat.

The cook came up the side like a monkey for cleverness, and, as soon as he saw what was doing, "So ho, mates!" says he, "what's this?"

"We're a-changing of the powder, Jack," answers one.

"Why, by the powers," cried Long John, "if we do, we'll miss the morning tide!"

"My orders!" said the captain shortly. "You may go below, my man. Hands will want supper."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the cook; and, touching his forelock, he disappeared at once in the direction of his galley.

"That's a good man, captain," said the doctor.

"Very likely, sir," replied Captain Smollett. "Easy with that, men — easy," he ran on, to the fellows who were shifting the powder; and then suddenly observing me examining the swivel we carried amidships, a long brass nine — "Here, you ship's boy," he cried, "out o' that! Off with you to the cook and get some work."

And then as I was hurrying off I heard him say, quite loudly, to the doctor: —

"I'll have no favorites on my ship."

I assure you I was quite of the squire's way of thinking, and hated the captain deeply.

CHAPTER X

THE VOYAGE

All that night we were in a great bustle getting things stowed in their place, and boatfuls of the squire's friends, Mr. Blandly and the like, coming off to wish him a good voyage and a safe return. We never had a night at the "Admiral Benbow" when I had half the work; and I was dog-tired when, a little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe, and the crew began to man the capstan bars. I might have been twice as weary, yet I would not have left the deck; all was so new and interesting to me — the brief commands, the shrill note of the whistle, the men bustling to their places in the glimmer of the ship's lanterns.

"Now, Barbecue, tip us a stave," cried one voice.

"The old one," cried another.

"Aye, aye, mates," said Long John, who was standing by,

with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke out in the air and words I knew so well: —

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest —"

And then the whole crew bore chorus: —

"Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

and at the third "ho!" drove the bars before them with a will.

Even at that exciting moment it carried me back to the old "Admiral Benbow" in a second; and I seemed to hear the voice of the captain piping in the chorus. But soon the anchor was short up; soon it was hanging dripping at the bows; soon the sails began to draw, and the land and shipping to flit by on either side; and before I could lie down to snatch an hour of slumber the *Hispaniola* had begun her voyage to the Isle of Treasure.

I am not going to relate that voyage in detail. It was fairly prosperous. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came the length of Treasure Island, two or three things had happened which require to be known.

Mr. Arrow, first of all, turned out even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men, and people did what they pleased with him. But that was by no means the worst of it; for after a day or two at sea he began to appear on deck with hazy eye, red cheeks, stuttering tongue, and other marks of drunkenness. Time after time he was ordered below in disgrace. Sometimes he fell and cut himself; sometimes he lay all day long in his little bunk at one side of the companion; sometimes for a day or two he would be almost sober and attend to his work at least passably.

In the meantime, we could never make out where he got the drink. That was the ship's mystery. Watch him as we pleased, we could do nothing to solve it; and when we asked him to his face, he would only laugh, if he were drunk, and if he were sober, deny solemnly that he ever tasted anything but water.

He was not only useless as an officer, and a bad influence amongst the men, but it was plain that at this rate he must soon kill himself outright; so nobody was much surprised nor very sorry when one dark night, with a head sea, he disappeared entirely and was seen no more.

"Overboard!" said the captain. "Well, gentlemen, that saves the trouble of putting him in irons."

But there we were, without a mate; and it was necessary, of course, to advance one of the men. The boatswain, Job Anderson, was the likeliest man aboard, and, though he kept his old title, he served in a way as mate. Mr. Trelawney had followed the sea, and his knowledge made him very useful, for he often took a watch himself in easy weather. And the coxswain, Israel Hands, was a careful, wily, old, experienced seaman, who could be trusted at a pinch with almost anything.

He was a great confidant of Long John Silver, and so the mention of his name leads me on to speak of our ship's cook, Barbecue, as the men called him.

Aboard ship he carried his crutch by a lanyard round his neck, to have both hands as free as possible. It was something to see him wedge the foot of the crutch against a bulkhead, and, propped against it, yielding to every movement of the ship, get on with his cooking like some one safe ashore. Still more strange was it to see him in the heaviest of weather cross the deck. He had a line or two rigged up to help him across the widest spaces — Long John's earrings, they were called; and he would hand

himself from one place to another, now using the crutch, now trailing it alongside by the lanyard, as quickly as another man could walk. Yet some of the men who had sailed with him before expressed their pity to see him so reduced.

"He's no common man, Barbecue," said the coxswain to me. "He had good schooling in his young days, and can speak like a book when so minded; and brave — a lion's nothing alongside of Long John! I seen him grapple four, and knock their heads together — him unarmed."

All the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each, and doing everybody some particular service. To me he was unweariedly kind; and always glad to see me in the galley, which he kept as clean as a new pin; the dishes hanging up burnished, and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

"Come away, Hawkins," he would say; "come and have a yarn with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down, and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint, — I calls my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous buccaneer — here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our v'yage. Wasn't you, Cap'n?"

And the parrot would say, with great rapidity, "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight; pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage.

"Now, that bird," he would say, "is, maybe, two hundred years old, Hawkins — they lives forever mostly; and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England, the great Cap'n England, the pirate. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar, and Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. She was at the fishing up of the wrecked plate ships. It's there she learned

'Pieces of eight,' and little wonder; three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em, Hawkins! She was at the boarding of the Viceroy of the Indies out of Goa, she was; and to look at her you would think she was a babby. But you smelt powder — didn't you, Cap'n?"

"Stand by to go about," the parrot would scream.

"Ah, she's a handsome craft, she is," the cook would say, and give her sugar from his pocket, and then the bird would peck at the bars and swear straight on, passing belief for wickedness. "There," John would add, "you can't touch pitch and not be mucked, lad. Here's this poor old innocent bird o' mine swearing blue fire, and none the wiser, you may lay to that. She would swear the same, in a manner of speaking, before chaplain." And John would touch his forelock with a solemn way he had, that made me think he was the best of men.

In the meantime, squire and Captain Smollett were still on pretty distant terms with one another. The squire made no bones about the matter; he despised the captain. The captain, on his part, never spoke but when he was spoken to, and then sharp and short and dry, and not a word wasted. He owned, when driven into a corner, that he seemed to have been wrong about the crew, that some of them were as brisk as he wanted to see, and all had behaved fairly well. As for the ship, he had taken a downright fancy to her. "She'll lie a point nearer the wind than a man has a right to expect of his own married wife, sir. But," he would add, "all I say is we're not home again, and I don't like the cruise."

The squire, at this, would turn away and march up and down the deck, chin in air.

"A trifle more of that man," he would say, "and I should explode."

We had some heavy weather, which only proved the

qualities of the *Hispaniola*. Every man on board seemed well content, and they must have been hard to please if they had been otherwise; for it is my belief there was never a ship's company so spoiled since Noah put to sea. Double grog was going on the least excuse; there was duff on odd days, as, for instance, if the squire heard it was any man's birthday; and always a barrel of apples standing broached in the waist, for any one to help himself that had a fancy.

"Never knew good come of it, yet," the captain said to Dr. Livesey. "Spoil foc's'le hands, make devils. That's my belief."

But good did come of the apple barrel, as you shall hear; for if it had not been for that, we should have had no note of warning, and might all have perished by the hand of treachery.

This was how it came about.

We had run up the trades to get the wind of the island we were after — I am not allowed to be more plain — and now we were running down for it with a bright lookout day and night. It was about the last day of our outward voyage, by the largest computation; sometime that night, or, at latest, before noon of the morrow, we should sight the Treasure Island. We were heading S.S.W., and had a steady breeze abeam and a quiet sea. The *Hispaniola* rolled steadily, dipping her bowsprit now and then with a whiff of spray. All was drawing alow and aloft; every one was in the bravest spirits, because we were now so near an end of the first part of our adventure. Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over, and I was on my way to my berth, it occurred to me that I should like an apple. I ran on deck. The watch was all forward looking out for the island. The man at the helm was watching the luff of the sail, and whistling away gently to himself; and that was the only sound excepting

the swish of the sea against the bows and around the sides of the ship.

In I got bodily into the apple barrel, and found there was scarce an apple left; but sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the waters and rocking movement of the ship, I had either fallen asleep, or was on the point of doing so, when a heavy man sat down with rather a clash close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it, and I was just about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and, before I had heard a dozen words, I would not have shown myself for all the world, but lay there, trembling and listening, in the extreme of fear and curiosity; for from these dozen words I understood that the lives of all the honest men aboard depended upon me alone.

CHAPTER XI

WHAT I HEARD IN THE APPLE BARREL

"No, not I," said Silver. "Flint was cap'n; I was quartermaster, along of my timber leg. The same broadside I lost my leg, old Pew lost his deadlights. It was a master surgeon, him that ampytated me — out of college and all — Latin by the bucket, and what not; but he was hanged like a dog, and sun-dried like the rest, at Corso Castle. That was Roberts' men, that was, and comed of changing names to their ships — *Royal Fortune* and so on. Now, what a ship was christened, so let her stay, I says. So it was with the *Cassandra*, as brought us all safe home from Malabar, after England took the Viceroy of the Indies; so it was with the old *Walrus*, Flint's old ship, as I've seen a-muck with the red blood and fit to sink with gold."

"Ah!" cried another voice, that of the youngest hand on

board, and evidently full of admiration, "he was the flower of the flock, was Flint!"

"Davis was a man, too, by all accounts," said Silver. "I never sailed along of him; first with England, then with Flint, that's my story; and now here on my own account, in a manner of speaking. I laid by nine hundred safe, from England, and two thousand after Flint. That ain't bad for a man before the mast — all safe in bank. 'Tain't earning now, it's saving does it, you may lay to that. Where's all England's men now? I dunno. Where's Flint's? Why, most of 'em aboard here, and glad to get the duff — been begging before that, some on 'em. Old Pew, as had lost his sight, and might have thought shame, spends twelve hundred pound in a year, like a lord in Parliament. Where is he now? Well, he's dead now and under hatches; but for two year before that, shiver my timbers! the man was starving. He begged, and he stole, and he cut throats, and starved at that, by the powers!"

"Well, it ain't much use, after all," said the young seaman.

"'Tain't much use for fools, you may lay to it — that, nor nothing," cried Silver. "But now, you look here: you're young, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when I set my eyes on you, and I'll talk to you like a man."

You may imagine how I felt when I heard this abominable old rogue addressing another in the very same words of flattery as he had used to myself. I think, if I had been able, that I would have killed him through the barrel. Meantime, he ran on, little supposing he was overheard.

"Here it is about gentlemen of fortune. They lives rough, and they risk swinging, but they eat and drink like fighting cocks, and when a cruise is done, why it's hundreds of pounds instead of hundreds of farthings in their pockets.

Now, the most goes for rum and a good fling, and to sea again in their shirts. But that's not the course I lay. I puts it all away, some here, some there, and none too much anywheres, by reason of suspicion. I'm fifty, mark you; once back from this cruise, I set up gentleman in earnest. Time enough, too, says you. Ah, but I've lived easy in the meantime; never denied myself o' nothing heart desires, and slep' soft and ate dainty all my days, but when at sea. And how did I begin? Before the mast, like you!"

"Well," said the other, "but all the other money's gone now, ain't it? You daren't show face in Bristol after this."

"Why, where might you suppose it was?" asked Silver, derisively.

"At Bristol, in banks and places," answered his companion.

"It were," said the cook; "it were when we weighed anchor. But my old missis has it all by now. And the 'Spyglass' is sold, lease and goodwill and rigging; and the old girl's off to meet me. I would tell you where, for I trust you; but it 'ud make jealousy among the mates."

"And can you trust your missis?" asked the other.

"Gentlemen of fortune," returned the cook, "usually trust little among themselves, and right they are, you may lay to it. But I have a way with me, I have. When a mate brings a slip on his cable — one as knows me, I mean — it won't be in the same world with old John. There was some that was feared of Pew, and some that was feared of Flint; and Flint his own self was feared of me. Feared he was, and proud. They was the roughest crew afloat, was Flint's; the devil himself would have been feared to go to sea with them. Well, now, I tell you, I'm not a boasting man, and you seen yourself how easy I keep company; but when I was quartermaster, *lambs* wasn't the word for Flint's old

buccaneers. Ah, you may be sure of yourself in old John's ship."

"Well, I tell you now," replied the lad, "I didn't half a quarter like the job till I had this talk with you, John; but there's my hand on it now."

"And a brave lad you were, and smart, too," answered Silver, shaking hands so heartily that all the barrel shook, "and a finer figurehead for a gentleman of fortune I never clapped my eyes on."

By this time I had begun to understand the meaning of their terms. By a "gentleman of fortune" they plainly meant neither more nor less than a common pirate, and the little scene that I had overheard was the last act in the corruption of one of the honest hands — perhaps of the last one left aboard. But on this point I was soon to be relieved, for Silver giving a little whistle, a third man strolled up and sat down by the party.

"Dick's square," said Silver.

"Oh, I know'd Dick was square," returned the voice of the coxswain, Israel Hands. "He's no fool, is Dick." And he turned his quid and spat. "But look here," he went on, "here's what I want to know, Barbecue: how long are we a-going to stand off and on like a blessed bumboat? I've had a'most enough o' Cap'n Smollett; he's hazed me long enough, by thunder! I want to go into that cabin, I do. I want their pickles and wines, and that."

"Israel," said Silver, "your head ain't much account, nor ever was. But you're able to hear, I reckon; leastways, your ears is big enough. Now, here's what I say: you'll berth forward, and you'll live hard, and you'll speak soft, and you'll keep sober, till I give the word; and you may lay to that, my son."

"Well, I don't say no, do I?" growled the coxswain. "What I say is, when? That's what I say."

"When! by the powers!" cried Silver. "Well, now, if you want to know, I'll tell you when. The last moment I can manage; and that's when. Here's a first-rate seaman, Cap'n Smollett, sails the blessed ship for us. Here's this squire and doctor with a map and such — I don't know where it is, do I? No more do you, says you. Well, then, I mean this squire and doctor shall find the stuff, and help us to get it aboard, by the powers. Then we'll see. If I was sure of you all, sons of double Dutchmen, I'd have Cap'n Smollett navigate us halfway back again before I struck."

"Why, we're all seamen aboard here, I should think," said the lad Dick.

"We're all foc's'le hands, you mean," snapped Silver. "We can steer a course, but who's to set one? That's what all you gentlemen split on, first and last. If I had my way, I'd have Cap'n Smollett work us back into the trades at least; then we'd have no blessed miscalculations and a spoonful of water a day. But I know the sort you are. I'll finish with 'em at the island, as soon's the blunt's on board, and a pity it is. But you're never happy till you're drunk. Split my sides, I've a sick heart to sail with the likes of you!"

"Easy all, Long John," cried Israel. "Who's a-crossin' of you?"

"Why, how many tall ships, think ye, now, have I seen laid aboard? and how many brisk lads drying in the sun at Execution Dock?" cried Silver, "and all for this same hurry and hurry and hurry. You hear me? I seen a thing or two at sea, I have. If you would on'y lay your course, and p'nt to windward, you would ride in carriages, you would. But not you! I know you. You'll have your mouthful of rum to-morrow, and go hang."

"Everybody know'd you was a kind of a chapling, John; but there's others as could hand and steer as well as you,"

said Israel. "They liked a bit o' fun, they did. They wasn't so high and dry, nohow, but took their fling, like jolly companions every one."

"So?" says Silver. "Well, and where are they now? Pew was that sort, and he died a beggar man. Flint was, and he died of rum at Savannah. Ah, they was a sweet crew, they was! on'y, where are they?"

"But," asked Dick, "when we do lay 'em athwart, what are we to do with 'em, anyhow?"

"There's the man for me!" cried the cook, admiringly. "That's what I call business. Well, what would you think? Put 'em ashore like maroons? That would have been England's way. Or cut 'em down like that much pork? That would have been Flint's or Billy Bones's."

"Billy was the man for that," said Israel. "'Dead men don't bite,' says he. Well, he's dead now hisself; he knows the long and short on it now; and if ever a rough hand come to port, it was Billy."

"Right you are," said Silver, "rough and ready. But mark you here: I'm an easy man — I'm quite the gentleman, says you; but this time it's serious. Dooty is dooty, mates. I give my vote — death. When I'm in Parlyment, and riding in my coach, I don't want none of these sea lawyers in the cabin a-coming home, unlooked for, like the devil at prayers. Wait is what I say; but when the time comes, why let her rip!"

"John," cries the coxswain, "you're a man!"

"You'll say so, Israel, when you see," said Silver. "Only one thing I claim — I claim Trelawney. I'll wring his calf's head off his body with these hands. Dick!" he added, breaking off, "you just jump up, like a sweet lad, and get me an apple, to wet my pipe like."

You may fancy the terror I was in! I should have leaped out and run for it, if I had found the strength; but my

limbs and heart alike misgave me. I heard Dick begin to rise, and then some one seemingly stopped him, and the voice of Hands exclaimed: —

"Oh, stow that! Don't you get sucking of that bilge, John. Let's have a go of the rum."

"Dick," said Silver, "I trust you. I've a gauge on the keg, mind. There's the key; you fill a pannikin and bring it up."

Terrified as I was, I could not help thinking to myself that this must have been how Mr. Arrow got the strong waters that destroyed him.

Dick was gone but a little while, and during his absence Israel spoke straight on in the cook's ear. It was but a word or two that I could catch, and yet I gathered some important news; for, besides other scraps that tended to the same purpose, this whole clause was audible: "Not another man of them 'll jine." Hence there were still faithful men on board.

When Dick returned, one after another of the trio took the pannikin and drank — one "To luck;" another with a "Here's to old Flint;" and Silver himself saying, in a kind of song, "Here's to ourselves, and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff."

Just then a sort of brightness fell upon me in the barrel, and, looking up, I found the moon had risen, and was silvering the mizzen top and shining white on the luff of the foresail; and almost at the same time the voice of the lookout shouted "Land ho!"

CHAPTER XII

COUNCIL OF WAR

There was a great rush of feet across the deck. I could hear people tumbling up from the cabin and the foc's'le; and, slipping in an instant outside my barrel, I dived behind

the foresail, made a double towards the stern, and came out upon the open deck in time to join Hunter and Dr. Livesey in the rush for the weather bow.

There all hands were already congregated. A belt of fog had lifted almost simultaneously with the appearance of the moon. Away to the southwest of us we saw two low hills, about a couple of miles apart, and rising behind one of them a third and higher hill, whose peak was still buried in the fog. All three seemed sharp and conical in figure.

So much I saw, almost in a dream, for I had not yet recovered from my horrid fear of a minute or two before. And then I heard the voice of Captain Smollett issuing orders. The *Hispaniola* was laid a couple of points nearer the wind, and now sailed a course that would just clear the island on the east.

"And now, men," said the captain, when all was sheeted home, "has any one of you ever seen that land ahead?"

"I have, sir," said Silver. "I've watered there with a trader I was cook in."

"The anchorage is on the south, behind an islet, I fancy?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; Skeleton Island they calls it. It were a main place for pirates once, and a hand we had on board knowed all their names for it. That hill to the nor'ard they calls the Foremast Hill; there are three hills in a row running south'ard — fore, main, and mizzen, sir. But the main — that's the big 'un with the cloud on it — they usually calls the Spyglass, by reason of a lookout they kept when they was in the anchorage cleaning; for it's there they cleaned their ships, sir, asking your pardon."

"I have a chart here," says Captain Smollett. "See if that's the place."

Long John's eyes burned in his head as he took the chart;

but, by the fresh look of the paper, I knew he was doomed to disappointment. This was not the map we found in Billy Bones's chest, but an accurate copy, complete in all things — names and heights and soundings — with the single exception of the red crosses and the written notes. Sharp as must have been this annoyance, Silver had the strength of mind to hide it.

"Yes, sir," said he, "this is the spot to be sure; and very prettily drawed out. Who might have done that, I wonder? The pirates were too ignorant, I reckon. Aye, here it is: 'Capt. Kidd's Anchorage' — just the name my shipmate called it. There's a strong current runs along the south, and then away nor'ard up the west coast. Right you was, sir," says he, "to haul your wind and keep the weather of the island. Leastways, if such was your intention as to enter and careen, and there ain't no better place for that in these waters."

"Thank you, my man," says Captain Smollett. "I'll ask you, later on, to give us a help. You may go."

I was surprised at the coolness with which John avowed his knowledge of the island; and I own I was half frightened when I saw him drawing nearer to myself. He did not know, to be sure, that I had overheard his council from the apple barrel, and yet I had, by this time, taken such a horror of his cruelty, duplicity, and power, that I could scarce conceal a shudder when he laid his hand upon my arm.

"Ah," says he, "this here is a sweet spot, this island — a sweet spot for a lad to get ashore on. You'll bathe, and you'll climb trees, and you'll hunt goats, you will; and you'll get aloft on them hills like a goat yourself. Why, it makes me young again. I was going to forget my timber leg, I was. It's a pleasant thing to be young, and have ten toes, and you may lay to that. When you want to go a bit of exploring, you just ask old John, and he'll put up a snack for you to take along."

And clapping me in the friendliest way upon the shoulder, he hobbled off forward and went below.

Captain Smollett, the squire, and Dr. Livesey were talking together on the quarter-deck, and, anxious as I was to tell them my story, I durst not interrupt them openly. While I was still casting about in my thoughts to find some probable excuse, Dr. Livesey called me to his side. He had left his pipe below, and being a slave to tobacco, had meant that I should fetch it; but as soon as I was near enough to speak and not to be overheard, I broke out immediately: "Doctor, let me speak. Get the captain and squire down to the cabin, and then make some pretence to send for me. I have terrible news."

The doctor changed countenance a little, but next moment he was master of himself.

"Thank you, Jim," said he, quite loudly, "that was all I wanted to know," as if he had asked me a question.

And with that he turned on his heel and rejoined the other two. They spoke together for a little, and though none of them started, or raised his voice, or so much as whistled, it was plain enough that Dr. Livesey had communicated my request; for the next thing that I heard was the captain giving an order to Job Anderson, and all hands were piped on deck.

"My lads," said Captain Smollett, "I've a word to say to you. This land that we have sighted is the place we have been sailing to. Mr. Trelawney, being a very open-handed gentleman, as we all know, has just asked me a word or two, and as I was able to tell him that every man on board had done his duty, alow and aloft, as I never ask to see it done better, why, he and I and the doctor are going below to the cabin to drink *your* health and luck, and you'll have grog served out for you to drink *our* health and luck. I'll tell you what I think of this: I think it handsome. And

if you think as I do, you'll give a good sea cheer for the gentleman that does it."

The cheer followed — that was a matter of course; but it rang out so full and hearty, that I confess I could hardly believe these same men were plotting for our blood.

"One more cheer for Cap'n Smollett," cried Long John, when the first had subsided.

And this also was given with a will.

On the top of that the three gentlemen went below, and not long after, word was sent forward that Jim Hawkins was wanted in the cabin.

I found them all three seated round the table, a bottle of Spanish wine and some raisins before them, and the doctor smoking away, with his wig on his lap, and that, I knew, was a sign that he was agitated. The stern window was open, for it was a warm night, and you could see the moon shining behind on the ship's wake.

"Now, Hawkins," said the squire, "you have something to say. Speak up."

I did as I was bid, and, as short as I could make it, told the whole details of Silver's conversation. Nobody interrupted me till I was done, nor did any one of the three of them make so much as a movement, but they kept their eyes upon my face from first to last.

"Jim," said Dr. Livesey, "take a seat."

And they made me sit down at the table beside them, poured me out a glass of wine, filled my hands with raisins, and all three, one after the other, and each with a bow, drank my good health, and their service to me, for my luck and courage.

"Now, captain," said the squire, "you were right, and I was wrong. I own myself an ass, and I await your orders."

"No more an ass than I, sir," returned the captain. "I never heard of a crew that meant to mutiny but what showed

signs before, for any man that had an eye in his head to see the mischief and take steps according. But this crew," he added, "beats me."

"Captain," said the doctor, "with your permission, that's Silver. A very remarkable man."

"He'd look remarkably well from a yardarm, sir," returned the captain. "But this is talk; this don't lead to anything. I see three or four points, and with Mr. Trelawney's permission, I'll name them."

"You, sir, are the captain. It is for you to speak," says Mr. Trelawney, grandly.

"First point," began Mr. Smollett. "We must go on, because we can't turn back. If I gave the word to go about, they would rise at once. Second point, we have time before us — at least, until this treasure's found. Third point, there are faithful hands. Now, sir, it's got to come to blows sooner or later; and what I propose is, to take time by the forelock, as the saying is, and come to blows some fine day when they least expect it. We can count, I take it, on your own home servants, Mr. Trelawney?"

"As upon myself," declared the squire.

"Three," reckoned the captain, "ourselves make seven, counting Hawkins, here. Now, about the honest hands?"

"Most likely Trelawney's own men," said the doctor; "those he had picked up for himself, before he lit on Silver."

"Nay," replied the squire, "Hands was one of mine."

"I did think I could have trusted Hands," added the captain.

"And to think that they're all Englishmen!" broke out the squire. "Sir, I could find it in my heart to blow the ship up."

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "the best that I can say is not much. We must lay to, if you please, and keep a bright lookout. It's trying on a man, I know

It would be pleasanter to come to blows. But there's no help for it till we know our men. Lay to, and whistle for a wind, that's my view."

"Jim here," said the doctor, "can help us more than any one. The men are not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad."

"Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you," added the squire.

I began to feel pretty desperate at this, for I felt altogether helpless; and yet, by an odd train of circumstances, it was indeed through me that safety came. In the meantime, talk as we pleased, there were only seven out of the twenty-six on whom we knew we could rely; and out of these seven one was a boy, so that the grown men on our side were six to their nineteen.

PART III. MY SHORE ADVENTURE

CHAPTER XIII

HOW MY SHORE ADVENTURE BEGAN

The appearance of the island when I came on deck next morning was altogether changed. Although the breeze had now utterly failed, we had made a great deal of way during the night, and were now lying becalmed about half a mile to the southeast of the low eastern coast. Gray-colored woods covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow sand-bank in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, outtopping the others — some singly, some in clumps; but the general coloring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the Spyglass, which was by three or four hundred feet the tallest on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running up sheer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on.

The *Hispaniola* was rolling scuppers under in the ocean swell. The booms were tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship creaking, groaning, and jumping like a manufactory. I had to cling tight to the backstay, and the world turned giddily before my eyes; for though I was a good enough sailor when there

was way on, this standing still and being rolled about like a bottle was a thing I never learned to stand without a qualm or so, above all in the morning, on an empty stomach.

Perhaps it was this — perhaps it was the look of the island with its gray, melancholy woods, and wild stone spires, and the surf that we could both see and hear foaming and thundering on the steep beach — at least, although the sun shone bright and hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought any one would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots; and from that first look onward, I hated the very thought of Treasure Island.

We had a dreary morning's work before us, for there was no sign of any wind, and the boats had to be got out and manned, and the ship warped three or four miles round the corner of the island, and up the narrow passage to the haven behind Skeleton Island. I volunteered for one of the boats, where I had, of course, no business. The heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely over their work. Anderson was in command of my boat, and instead of keeping the crew in order, he grumbled as loud as the worst.

"Well," he said, with an oath, "it's not forever."

I thought this was a very bad sign; for, up to that day, the men had gone briskly and willingly about their business; but the very sight of the island had relaxed the cords of discipline.

All the way in, Long John stood by the steersman and conned the ship. He knew the passage like the palm of his hand; and though the man in the chains got everywhere more water than was down in the chart, John never hesitated once.

"There's a strong scour with the ebb," he said, "and this here passage has been dug out, in a manner of speaking, with a spade."

We brought up just where the anchor was in the chart, about a third of a mile from either shore, the mainland on one side and Skeleton Island on the other. The bottom was clean sand. The plunge of our anchor sent up clouds of birds wheeling and crying over the woods; but in less than a minute they were down again, and all was once more silent.

The place was entirely landlocked, buried in woods, the trees coming right down to high-water mark, the shores mostly flat, and the hilltops standing round at a distance in a sort of amphitheater, one here, one there. Two little rivers, or, rather, two swamps, emptied out into this pond, as you might call it; and the foliage round that part of the shore had a kind of poisonous brightness. From the ship, we could see nothing of the house or stockade, for they were quite buried among the trees; and if it had not been for the chart on the companion, we might have been the first that had ever anchored there since the island arose out of the seas.

There was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound but that of the surf booming half a mile away along the beaches and against the rocks outside. A peculiar stagnant smell hung over the anchorage — a smell of sodden leaves and rotting tree trunks. I observed the doctor sniffing and sniffing, like some one tasting a bad egg.

"I don't know about treasure," he said, "but I'll stake my wig there's fever here."

If the conduct of the men had been alarming in the boat, it became truly threatening when they had come aboard. They lay about the deck growling together in talk. The slightest order was received with a black look, and grudg-

ingly and carelessly obeyed. Even the honest hands must have caught the infection, for there was not one man aboard to mend another. Mutiny, it was plain, hung over us like a thundercloud.

And it was not only we of the cabin party who perceived the danger. Long John was hard at work going from group to group, spending himself in good advice, and as for example no man could have shown a better. He fairly outstripped himself in willingness and civility; he was all smiles to every one. If an order were given, John would be on his crutch in an instant, with the cheeriest "Aye, aye, sir!" in the world; and when there was nothing else to do, he kept up one song after another, as if to conceal the discontent of the rest.

Of all the gloomy features of that gloomy afternoon, this obvious anxiety on the part of Long John appeared the worst.

We held a council in the cabin.

"Sir," said the captain, "if I risk another order, the whole ship'll come about our ears by the run. You see, sir, here it is. I get a rough answer, do I not? Well, if I speak back, pikes will be going in two shakes; if I don't, Silver will see there's something under that, and the game's up. Now, we've only one man to rely on."

"And who is that?" asked the squire.

"Silver, sir," returned the captain; "he's as anxious as you and I to smother things up. This is a tiff; he'd soon talk 'em out of it if he had the chance, and what I propose to do is to give him the chance. Let's allow the men an afternoon ashore. If they all go, why, we'll fight the ship. If they none of them go, well, then, we hold the cabin, and God defend the right. If some go, you mark my words, sir, Silver'll bring 'em aboard again as mild as lambs."

It was so decided; loaded pistols were served out to all the sure men; Hunter, Joyce, and Redruth were taken into our confidence, and received the news with less surprise and a better spirit than we had looked for, and then the captain went on deck and addressed the crew.

"My lads," said he, "we've had a hot day, and are all tired and out of sorts. A turn ashore 'll hurt nobody — the boats are still in the water; you can take the gigs, and as many as please can go ashore for the afternoon. I'll fire a gun half an hour before sundown."

I believe the silly fellows must have thought they would break their shins over treasure as soon as they were landed; for they all came out of their sulks in a moment, and gave a cheer that started the echo in a far-away hill, and sent the birds once more flying and squalling round the anchorage.

The captain was too bright to be in the way. He whipped out of sight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party, and I fancy it was as well he did so. Had he been on deck, he could no longer so much as have pretended not to understand the situation. It was as plain as day. Silver was the captain, and a mighty rebellious crew he had of it. The honest hands — and I was soon to see it proved that there were such on board — must have been very stupid fellows. Or, rather, I suppose the truth was this, that all hands were disaffected by the example of the ringleaders — only some more, some less; and a few, being good fellows in the main, could neither be led nor driven any further. It is one thing to be idle and skulk, and quite another to take a ship and murder a number of innocent men.

At last, however, the party was made up. Six fellows were to stay on board, and the remaining thirteen, including Silver, began to embark.

Then it was that there came into my head the first of the mad notions that contributed so much to save our lives.

If six men were left by Silver, it was plain our party could not take and fight the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that the cabin party had no present need of my assistance. It occurred to me at once to go ashore. In a jiffy I had slipped over the side, and curled up in the foresheets of the nearest boat, and almost at the same moment she shoved off.

No one took notice of me, only the bow oar saying, "Is that you, Jim? Keep your head down." But Silver, from the other boat, looked sharply over and called out to know if that were me; and from that moment I began to regret what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach; but the boat I was in, having some start, and being at once the lighter and the better manned, shot far ahead of her consort, and the bow had struck among the shoreside trees, and I had caught a branch and swung myself out, and plunged into the nearest thicket, while Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind.

"Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting.

But you may suppose I paid no heed; jumping, ducking, and breaking through, I ran straight before my nose, till I could run no longer.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FIRST BLOW

I was so pleased at having given the slip to Long John, that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in.

I had crossed a marshy tract full of willows, bulrushes, and odd, outlandish, swampy trees; and I had now come out upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy

country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines, and a great number of contorted trees not unlike the oak in growth, but pale in the foliage, like willows. On the far side of the open stood one of the hills, with two quaint, craggy peaks, shining vividly in the sun.

I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither among the trees. Here and there were flowering plants, unknown to me; here and there I saw snakes, and one raised his head from a ledge of rock and hissed at me with a noise not unlike the spinning of a top. Little did I suppose that he was a deadly enemy, and that the noise was the famous rattle.

Then I came to a long thicket of these oak-like trees — live, or evergreen, oaks, I heard afterwards they should be called — which grew low along the sand like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact, like thatch. The thicket stretched down from the top of one of the sandy knolls, spreading and growing taller as it went, until it reached the margin of the broad, reedy fen, through which the nearest of the little rivers soaked its way into the anchorage. The marsh was steaming in the strong sun, and the outline of the Spyglass trembled through the haze.

All at once there began to go a sort of bustle among the bulrushes; a wild duck flew up with a quack, another followed, and soon over the whole surface of the marsh a great cloud of birds hung screaming and circling in the air. I judged at once that some of my shipmates must be drawing near along the borders of the fen. Nor was I deceived; for soon I heard the very distant and low tones of a human voice, which, as I continued to give ear, grew steadily louder and nearer.

This put me in a great fear, and I crawled under cover

of the nearest live oak, and squatted there, hearkening, as silent as a mouse.

Another voice answered; and then the first voice, which I now recognized to be Silver's, once more took up the story, and ran on for a long while in a stream, only now and again interrupted by the other. By the sound they must have been talking earnestly, and almost fiercely; but no distinct word came to my hearing.

At last the speakers seemed to have paused, and perhaps to have sat down; for not only did they cease to draw any nearer, but the birds themselves began to grow more quiet, and to settle again to their places in the swamp.

And now I began to feel that I was neglecting my business; that since I had been so foolhardy as to come ashore with these desperadoes, the least I could do was to overhear them at their councils; and that my plain and obvious duty was to draw as close as I could manage, under the favorable ambush of the crouching trees.

I could tell the direction of the speakers pretty exactly, not only by the sound of their voices, but by the behavior of the few birds that still hung in alarm above the heads of the intruders.

Crawling on all fours, I made steadily but slowly towards them; till at last, raising my head to an aperture among the leaves, I could see clear down into a little green dell beside the marsh, and closely set about with trees, where Long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face in conversation.

The sun beat full upon them. Silver had thrown his hat beside him on the ground, and his great smooth, blond face, all shining with heat, was lifted to the other man's in a kind of appeal.

"Mate," he was saying, "it's because I thinks gold dust of you — gold dust, and you may lay to that! If I hadn't

took to you like pitch, do you think I'd have been here a-warning of you? All's up — you can't make nor mend; it's to save your neck that I'm a-speaking, and if one of the wild 'uns knew it, where 'ud I be, Tom — now, tell me, where 'ud I be?"

"Silver," said the other man — and I observed he was not only red in the face, but spoke as hoarse as a crow, and his voice shook, too, like a taut rope — "Silver," says he, "you're old, and you're honest, or has the name for it; and you've money, too, which lots of poor sailors hasn't; and you're brave, or I'm mistook. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that kind of a mess of swabs? not you! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn agin my dooty ——"

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise. I had found one of the honest hands — well, here, at that same moment, came news of another. Far away out in the marsh there arose, all of a sudden, a sound like the cry of anger, then another on the back of it; and then one horrid, long-drawn scream. The rocks of the Spyglass re-echoed it a score of times; the whole troop of marsh birds rose again, darkening heaven, with a simultaneous whir; and long after that death yell was still ringing in my brain, silence had reëstablished its empire, and only the rustle of the redescending birds and the boom of the distant surges disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

Tom had leaped at the sound, like a horse at the spur; but Silver had not winked an eye. He stood where he was, resting lightly on his crutch, watching his companion like a snake about to spring.

"John!" said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

"Hands off!" cried Silver, leaping back a yard, as it seemed to me, with the speed and security of a trained gymnast.

"Hands off, if you like, John Silver," said the other. "It's a black conscience that can make you feared of me. But, in heaven's name, tell me what was that?"

"That?" returned Silver, smiling away, but warier than ever, his eye a mere pin point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass. "That? Oh, I reckon that'll be Alan."

And at this poor Tom flashed out like a hero.

"Alan!" he cried. "Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you, John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine, but you're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die in my dooty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can. But I defies you."

And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook, and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry, John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and set that uncouth missile hurtling through the air. It struck poor Tom, point foremost, and with stunning violence, right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp, and fell.

Whether he were injured much or little, none could ever tell. Like enough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot. But he had no time given him to recover. Silver, agile as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on the top of him next moment, and had twice buried his knife up to the hilt in that defenseless body. From my place of ambush, I could hear him pant aloud as he struck the blows.

I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next little while the whole world swam away from before me in a whirling mist; Silver and the birds, and the tall Spyglass hilltop, going round and round and topsy-turvy before my eyes, and all manner of bells ringing and distant voices shouting in my ear.

When I came again to myself, the monster had pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay motionless upon the sward; but the murderer minded him not a whit, cleansing his blood-stained knife the while upon a wisp of grass. Everything else was unchanged, the sun still shining mercilessly on the steaming marsh and the tall pinnacle of the mountain, and I could scarce persuade myself that murder had been actually done, and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since, before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle, and blew upon it several modulated blasts, that rang far across the heated air. I could not tell, of course, the meaning of the signal; but it instantly awoke my fears. More men would be coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people; after Tom and Alan, might not I come next?

Instantly I began to extricate myself and crawl back again, with what speed and silence I could manage, to the more open portion of the wood. As I did so, I could hear hails coming and going between the old buccaneer and his comrades, and this sound of danger lent me wings. As soon as I was clear of the thicket, I ran as I never ran before, scarce minding the direction of my flight, so long as it led me from the murderers; and as I ran, fear grew and grew upon me, until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Indeed, could any one be more entirely lost than I? When the gun fired, how should I dare to go down to the boats amongst those fiends, still smoking from their crime? Would not the first of them who saw me wring my neck like a snipe's? Would not my absence itself be an evidence to them of my alarm, and therefore of my fatal knowledge? It was all over, I thought. Good-by to the *Hispaniola;* good-by to the squire, the doctor, the captain! There was nothing left for

me but death by starvation, or death by the hands of the mutineers.

All this while, as I say, I was still running, and, without taking any notice, I had drawn near to the foot of the little hill with the two peaks, and had got into a part of the island where the live oaks grew more widely apart, and seemed more like forest trees in their bearing and dimensions. Mingled with these were a few scattered pines, some fifty, some nearer seventy, feet high. The air, too, smelt more freshly than down beside the marsh.

And here a fresh alarm brought me to a standstill with a thumping heart.

CHAPTER XV

THE MAN OF THE ISLAND

From the side of the hill, which was here steep and stony, a spout of gravel was dislodged and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. My eyes turned instinctively in that direction, and I saw a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear or man or monkey, I could in no wise tell. It seemed dark and shaggy; more I knew not. But the terror of this new apparition brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, cut off upon both sides; behind me the murderers, before me this lurking nondescript. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible in contrast with this creature of the woods, and I turned on my heel, and, looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to retrace my steps in the direction of the boats.

Instantly the figure reappeared, and, making a wide circuit, began to head me off. I was tired, at any rate; but had I been as fresh as when I rose, I could see it was

in vain for me to contend in speed with such an adversary. From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running manlike on two legs, but unlike any man that I had ever seen, stooping almost double as it ran. Yet a man it was, I could no longer be in doubt about that.

I began to recall what I had heard of cannibals. I was within an ace of calling for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I stood still therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenseless, courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly towards him.

He was concealed by this time, behind another tree trunk; but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back, came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw himself on his knees, and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

At that I once more stopped.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christain these three years."

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burnt by the sun; even his lips were black; and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar men that I had seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and old sea cloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incon-

gruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accouterment.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"Nay, mate," said he — "marooned."

I had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common enough among the buccaneers, in which the offender is put ashore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

"Marooned three years agone," he continued, "and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. Wherever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese — toasted, mostly — and woke up again, and here I were."

"If ever I can get on board again," said I, "you shall have cheese by the stone."

All this time he had been feeling the stuff of my jacket, smoothing my hands, looking at my boots, and generally, in the intervals of his speech, showing a childish pleasure in the presence of a fellow-creature. But at my last words he perked up into a kind of startled shyness.

"If ever you can get on board again, says you?" he repeated. "Why, now, who's to hinder you?"

"Not you, I know," was my reply.

"And right you was," he cried. "Now you — what do you call yourself, mate?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Jim, Jim," says he, quite pleased apparently. "Well, now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had had a pious mother — to look at me?" he asked.

"Why, no, not in particular," I answered.

"Ah, well," said he, "but I had — *re*markable pious. And I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast, as you couldn't tell one word from another. And here's what it come to, Jim, and it begun with chuck-farthen on the blessed gravestones! That's what it begun with, but it went further'n that; and so my mother told me, and predicked the whole, she did, the pious woman! But it were Providence that put me here. I've thought it all out in this here lonely island, and I'm back on piety. You don't catch me tasting rum so much; but just a thimbleful for luck, of course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way to. And, Jim" — looking all round him, and lowering his voice to a whisper — "I'm rich."

I now felt sure that the poor fellow had gone crazy in his solitude, and I suppose I must have shown the feeling in my face; for he repeated the statement hotly: —

"Rich! rich! I says. And I'll tell you what: I'll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me!"

And at this there came suddenly a lowering shadow over his face, and he tightened his grasp upon my hand, and raised a forefinger threateningly before my eyes.

"Now, Jim, you tell me true; that ain't Flint's ship?" he asked.

At this I had a happy inspiration. I began to believe that I had found an ally, and I answered him at once.

"It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you ask me — there are some of Flint's hands aboard; worse luck for the rest of us."

"Not a man with one leg?" he gasped.

"Silver?" I asked.

"Ah, Silver!" says he; "that were his name."

"He's the cook; and the ringleader, too."

He was still holding me by the wrist, and at that he gave it quite a wring.

"If you was sent by Long John," he said, "I'm as good as pork, and I know it. But where was you, do you suppose?"

I had made my mind up in a moment, and by way of answer told him the whole story of our voyage, and the predicament in which we found ourselves. He heard me with the keenest interest, and when I had done he patted me on the head.

"You're a good lad, Jim," he said, "and you're all in a clove hitch, ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn — Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think it likely, now, that your squire would prove a liberal-minded one in case of help — him being in a clove hitch, as you remark?"

I told him the squire was the most liberal of men.

"Ay, but you see," returned Ben Gunn, "I didn't mean giving me a gate to keep, and a shuit of livery clothes, and such; that's not my mark, Jim. What I mean is, would he be likely to come down to the toon of, say one thousand pounds out of the money that's as good as a man's own already?"

"I am sure he would," said I. "As it was, all hands were to share."

"*And* a passage home?" he added, with a look of great shrewdness.

"Why," I cried, "the squire's a gentleman. And, besides, if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help work the vessel home."

"Ah," said he, "so you would." And he seemed very much relieved.

"Now, I'll tell you what," he went on. "So much I'll

tell you, and no more. I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure; he and six along — six strong seamen. They were ashore nigh on a week, and us standing off and on in the old *Walrus*. One fine day up went the signal, and here come Flint by himself in a little boat, and his head done up in a blue scarf. The sun was getting up, and mortal white he looked about the cutwater. But, there he was, you mind, and the six all dead — dead and buried. How he done it, not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder, and sudden death, leastways — him against six. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked him where the treasure was. 'Ah,' says he, 'you can go ashore, if you like, and stay,' he says; 'but as for the ship, she'll beat up for more, by thunder!' That's what he said.

"Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it.' The cap'n was displeased at that; but my messmates were all of a mind, and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worse word for me, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. 'As for you, Benjamin Gunn,' says they, 'here's a musket,' they says, 'and a spade, and pickax. You can stay here, and find Flint's money for yourself,' they says.

"Well, Jim, three years have I been here, and not a bite of Christian diet from that day to this. But now, you look here; look at me. Do I look like a man before the mast? No, says you. Nor I weren't neither, I says."

With that he winked and pinched me hard.

"Just you mention them words to your squire, Jim" — he went on: "Nor he weren't, neither — that's the words. Three years he were the man of this island, light and dark, fair and rain; and sometimes he would, maybe, think upon a prayer (says you), and sometimes he would, maybe, think of his old mother, so be as she's alive (you'll say); but the

most part of Gunn's time (this is what you'll say) — the most part of his time was took up with another matter. And then you'll give him a nip, like I do."

And he pinched me again in the most confidential manner.

"Then," he continued — "then you'll up, and you'll say this: Gunn is a good man (you'll say), and he puts a precious sight more confidence — a precious sight, mind that — in a gen'leman born than in these gen'lemen of fortune, having been one hisself."

"Well," I said, "I don't understand one word that you've been saying. But that's neither here nor there; for how am I to get on board?"

"Ah," said he, "that's the hitch, for sure. Well, there's my boat, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worst comes to the worst, we might try that after dark. Hi!" he broke out, "what's that?"

For just then, although the sun had still an hour or two to run, all the echoes of the island awoke and bellowed to the thunder of a cannon.

"They have begun to fight!" I cried. "Follow me."

And I began to run towards the anchorage, my terrors all forgotten; while, close at my side, the marooned man in his goatskins trotted easily and lightly.

"Left, left," says he; "keep to your left hand, mate Jim! Under the trees with you! Theer's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here now; they're all mastheaded on them mountings for the fear of Benjamin Gunn. Ah! and there's the cetemery" — cemetery he must have meant. "You see the mounds? I come here and prayed, nows and thens, when I thought maybe Sunday would be about doo. It weren't quite a chapel, but it seemed more solemn-like; and then, says you, Ben Gunn was short-handed — no chapling, nor so much as a Bible and a flag, you says."

So he kept talking as I ran, neither expecting nor receiving any answer.

The cannon shot was followed, after a considerable interval, by a volley of small arms.

Another pause, and then, not a quarter of a mile in front of me, I beheld the Union Jack flutter in the air above a wood.

A PIECE OF EIGHT

So called because it was stamped 8 R (eight reals). This piece was found in the house of an old sea captain on Cape Cod

PART IV. THE STOCKADE

CHAPTER XVI

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR: HOW THE SHIP WAS ABANDONED

It was about half-past one — three bells in the sea phrase — that the two boats went ashore from the *Hispaniola*. The captain, the squire, and I were talking matters over in the cabin. Had there been a breath of wind we should have fallen on the six mutineers who were left aboard with us, slipped our cable, and away to sea. But the wind was wanting; and, to complete our helplessness, down came Hunter with the news that Jim Hawkins had slipped into a boat and was gone ashore with the rest.

It never occurred to us to doubt Jim Hawkins; but we were alarmed for his safety. With the men in the temper they were in, it seemed an even chance if we should see the lad again. We ran on deck. The pitch was bubbling in the seams; the nasty stench of the place turned me sick; if ever man smelt fever and dysentery, it was in that abominable anchorage. The six scoundrels were sitting grumbling under a sail in the forecastle; ashore we could see the gigs made fast, and a man sitting in each, hard by where the river runs in. One of them was whistling "Lillibullero."

Waiting was a strain; and it was decided that Hunter and I should go ashore with the jolly-boat, in quest of information. The gigs had leaned to their right; but Hunter

and I pulled straight in, in the direction of the stockade upon the chart. The two who were left guarding their boats seemed in a bustle at our appearance; "Lillibullero" stopped off, and I could see the pair discussing what they ought to do. Had they gone and told Silver, all might have turned out differently; but they had their orders, I suppose, and decided to sit quietly where they were and hark back again to "Lillibullero."

There was a slight bend in the coast, and I steered so as to put it between us; even before we landed we had thus lost sight of the gigs. I jumped out, and came as near running as I durst, with a big silk handkerchief under my hat for coolness' sake, and a brace of pistols ready primed for safety.

I had not gone a hundred yards when I came on the stockade.

This was how it was: a spring of clear water rose almost at the top of a knoll. Well, on the knoll, and inclosing the spring, they had clapped a stout log house, fit to hold twoscore people on a pinch, and loopholed for musketry on every side. All round this they had cleared a wide space, and then the thing was completed by a palling six feet high, without door or opening, too strong to pull down without time and labor, and too open to shelter the besiegers. The people in the log house had them in every way; they stood quiet in shelter and shot the others like partridges. All they wanted was a good watch and food; for, short of a complete surprise, they might have held the place against a regiment.

What particularly took my fancy was the spring. For, though we had a good enough place of it in the cabin of the *Hispaniola*, with plenty of arms and ammunition, and things to eat, and excellent wines, there had been one thing overlooked — we had no water. I was thinking this over, when there came ringing over the island the cry of a man at the

point of death. I was not new to violent death — I have served his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and got a wound myself at Fontenoy — but I know my pulse went dot and carry one. "Jim Hawkins is gone" was my first thought. It is something to have been an old soldier, but more still to have been a doctor. There is no time to dillydally in our work. And so now I made up my mind instantly, and with no time lost returned to the shore, and jumped on board the jolly-boat.

By good fortune Hunter pulled a good oar. We made the water fly; and the boat was soon alongside, and I aboard the schooner.

I found them all shaken, as was natural. The squire was sitting down, as white as a sheet, thinking of the harm he had led us to, the good soul! and one of the six forecastle hands was little better.

"There's a man," says Captain Smollett, nodding towards him, "new to this work. He came nigh-hand fainting, doctor, when he heard the cry. Another touch of the rudder and that man would join us."

I told my plan to the captain, and between us we settled on the details of its accomplishment.

We put old Redruth in the gallery between the cabin and the forecastle, with three or four loaded muskets and a mattress for protection. Hunter brought the boat round under the stern port, and Joyce and I set to work loading her with powder tins, muskets, bags of biscuits, kegs of pork, a cask of cognac, and my invaluable medicine chest.

In the meantime, the squire and the captain stayed on deck, and the latter hailed the coxswain, who was the principal man aboard.

"Mr. Hands," he said, "here are two of us with a brace of pistols each. If any one of you six make a signal of any description, that man's dead."

They were a good deal taken aback; and, after a little consultation, one and all tumbled down the fore companion, thinking, no doubt, to take us on the rear. But when they saw Redruth waiting for them in the sparred gallery, they went about ship at once, and a head popped out again on deck.

"Down, dog!" cries the captain.

And the head popped back again; and we heard no more, for a time, of these six very faint-hearted seamen.

By this time, tumbling things in as they came, we had the jolly-boat loaded as much as we dared. Joyce and I got out through the stern-port, and we made for shore again, as fast as oars could take us.

This second trip fairly aroused the watchers along shore. "Lillibullero" was dropped again; and just before we lost sight of them behind the little point, one of them whipped ashore and disappeared. I had half a mind to change my plan and destroy their boats, but I feared that Silver and the others might be close at hand, and all might very well be lost by trying for too much.

We had soon touched land in the same place as before, and set to provision the blockhouse. All three made the first journey, heavily laden, and tossed our stores over the palisade. Then, leaving Joyce to guard them — one man, to be sure, but with half a dozen muskets — Hunter and I returned to the jolly-boat, and loaded ourselves once more. So we proceeded without pausing to take breath, till the whole cargo was bestowed, when the two servants took up their position in the blockhouse, and I, with all my power, sculled back to the *Hispaniola*.

That we should have risked a second boatload seems more daring than it really was. They had the advantage of numbers, of course, but we had the advantage of arms. Not one of the men ashore had a musket, and before they

could get within range of pistol shooting, we flattered ourselves we should be able to give a good account of half a dozen at least.

The squire was waiting for me at the stern window, all his faintness gone from him. He caught the painter and made it fast, and we fell to loading the boat for our very lives. Pork, powder, and biscuit was the cargo, with only a musket and a cutlass apiece for squire and me and Redruth and the captain. The rest of the arms and powder we dropped overboard in two fathoms and a half of water, so that we could see the bright steel shining far below us in the sun, on the clean, sandy bottom.

By this time the tide was beginning to ebb, and the ship was swinging round to her anchor. Voices were heard faintly halloaing in the direction of the two gigs; and though this reassured us for Joyce and Hunter, who were well to the eastward, it warned our party to be off.

Redruth retreated from his place in the gallery, and dropped into the boat, which we then brought round to the ship's counter, to be handier for Captain Smollett.

"Now, men," said he, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer from the forecastle.

"It's to you, Abraham Gray — it's to you I am speaking."

Still no reply.

"Gray," resumed Mr. Smollett, a little louder, "I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at bottom, and I dare say not one of the lot of you's as bad as he makes out. I have my watch here in my hand; I give you thirty seconds to join me in."

There was a pause.

"Come, my fine fellow," continued the captain, "don't hang so long in stays. I'm risking my life, and the lives of these good gentlemen every second."

There was a sudden scuffle, a sound of blows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife-cut on the side of the cheek, and came running to the captain, like a dog to the whistle.

"I'm with you, sir," said he.

And the next moment he and the captain had dropped aboard of us, and we had shoved off and given way.

We were clear out of the ship; but not yet ashore in our stockade.

CHAPTER XVII

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR: THE JOLLY-BOAT'S LAST TRIP

This fifth trip was quite different from any of the others. In the first place, the little gallipot of a boat that we were in was gravely overloaded. Five grown men, and three of them — Trelawney, Redruth, and the captain — over six feet high, was already more than she was meant to carry. Add to that the powder, pork, and bread bags. The gunwale was lipping astern. Several times we shipped a little water, and my breeches and the tails of my coat were all soaking wet before we had gone a hundred yards.

The captain made us trim the boat, and we got her to lie a little more evenly. All the same, we were afraid to breathe.

In the second place, the ebb was now making — a strong rippling current running westward, through the basin, and then south'ard and seaward down the straits by which we had entered in the morning. Even the ripples were a danger to our overloaded craft; but the worst of it was that we were swept out of our true course, and away from our proper landing place behind the point. If we let the current have its way we should come ashore beside the gigs, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

"I cannot keep her head for the stockade, sir," said I to the captain. I was steering, while he and Redruth, two fresh men, were at the oars. "The tide keeps washing her down. Could you pull a little stronger?"

"Not without swamping the boat," said he. "You must bear up, sir, if you please — bear up until you see you're gaining."

I tried, and found by experiment that the tide kept sweeping us westward until I had laid her head due east, or just about right angles to the way we ought to go.

"We'll never get ashore at this rate," said I.

"If it's the only course that we can lie, sir, we must even lie it," returned the captain. "We must keep upstream. You see, sir," he went on, "if once we dropped to leeward of the landing-place, it's hard to say where we should get ashore, besides the chance of being boarded by the gigs; whereas, the way we go the current must slacken, and then we can dodge back along the shore."

"The current's less a'ready, sir," said the man Gray, who was sitting in the fore-sheets; "you can ease her off a bit."

"Thank you, my man," said I, quite as if nothing had happened: for we had all quietly made up our minds to treat him like one of ourselves.

Suddenly the captain spoke up again, and I thought his voice was a little changed.

"The gun!" said he.

"I have thought of that," said I, for I made sure he was thinking of a bombardment of the fort. "They could never get the gun ashore, and if they did, they could never haul it through the woods."

"Look astern, doctor," replied the captain.

We had entirely forgotten the long nine; and there, to our horror, were the five rogues busy about her, getting off

her jacket, as they called the stout tarpaulin cover under which she sailed. Not only that, but it flashed into my mind at the same moment that the round shot and the powder for the gun had been left behind, and a stroke with an ax would put it all into the possession of the evil ones aboard.

"Israel was Flint's gunner," said Gray, hoarsely.

At any risk, we put the boat's head direct for the landing-place. By this time we had got so far out of the run of the current that we kept steerage way even at our necessarily gentle rate of rowing, and I could keep her steady for the goal. But the worst of it was, that with the course I now held, we turned our broadside instead of our stern to the *Hispaniola*, and offered a target like a barn door.

I could hear, as well as see, that brandy-faced rascal, Israel Hands, plumping down a round shot on the deck.

"Who's the best shot?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Trelawney, out and away," said I.

"Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick me off one of these men, sir? Hands, if possible," said the captain.

Trelawney was as cool as steel. He looked to the priming of his gun.

"Now," cried the captain, "easy with that gun, sir, or you'll swamp the boat. All hands stand by to trim her when he aims."

The squire raised his gun, the rowing ceased, and we leaned over to the other side to keep the balance, and all was so nicely contrived that we did not ship a drop.

They had the gun, by this time, slewed round upon the swivel, and Hands, who was at the muzzle with the rammer, was, in consequence, the most exposed. However, we had no luck; for just as Trelawney fired, down he stooped, the ball whistled over him, and it was one of the other four who fell.

The cry he gave was echoed, not only by his companions on board, but by a great number of voices from the shore, and looking in that direction I saw the other pirates trooping out from among the trees and tumbling into their places in the boats.

"Here come the gigs, sir," said I.

"Give way then," cried the captain. "We mustn't mind if we swamp her now. If we can't get ashore, all's up."

"Only one of the gigs is being manned, sir," I added, "the crew of the other most likely going round by shore to cut us off."

"They'll have a hot run, sir," returned the captain. "Jack ashore, you know. It's not them I mind; it's the round-shot. Carpet bowls! My lady's maid couldn't miss. Tell us, squire, when you see the match, and we'll hold water."

In the meanwhile we had been making headway at a good pace for a boat so overloaded, and we had shipped but little water in the process. We were now close in; thirty or forty strokes and we should beach her; for the ebb had already disclosed a narrow belt of sand below the clustering trees. The gig was no longer to be feared; the little point had already concealed it from our eyes. The ebb tide, which had so cruelly delayed us, was now making reparation, and delaying our assailants. The one source of danger was the gun.

"If I durst," said the captain, "I'd stop and pick off another man."

But it was plain that they meant nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to crawl away.

"Ready!" cried the squire.

"Hold!" cried the captain, quick as an echo.

And he and Redruth backed with a great heave that sent her stern bodily under water. The report fell in at the same instant of time. This was the first that Jim heard, the sound of the squire's shot not having reached him. Where the ball passed, not one of us precisely knew; but I fancy it must have been over our heads, and that the wind of it may have contributed to our disaster.

At any rate the boat sank by the stern, quite gently, in three feet of water, leaving the captain and myself, facing each other, on our feet. The other three took complete headers, and came up again, drenched and bubbling.

So far there was no great harm. No lives were lost, and we could wade ashore in safety. But there were all our stores at the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two guns out of five remained in a state for service. Mine I had snatched from my knees and held over my head, by a sort of instinct. As for the captain, he had carried his over his shoulder by a bandoleer, and, like a wise man, lock uppermost. The other three had gone down with the boat.

To add to our concern we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods alongshore; and we had not only the danger of being cut off from the stockade in our half-crippled state, but the fear before us whether, if Hunter and Joyce were attacked by half a dozen, they would have the sense and conduct to stand firm. Hunter was steady, that we knew; Joyce was a doubtful case — a pleasant, polite man for a valet, and to brush one's clothes, but not entirely fitted for a man of war.

With all this in our minds, we waded ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind us the poor jolly-boat, and a good half of all our powder and provisions.

CHAPTER XVIII

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR: END OF THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING

We made our best speed across the strip of wood that now divided us from the stockade; and at every step we took the voices of the buccaneers rang nearer. Soon we could hear their footfalls as they ran, and the cracking of the branches as they breasted across a bit of thicket.

I began to see we should have a brush for it in earnest, and looked to my priming.

"Captain," said I, "Trelawney is the dead shot. Give him your gun; his own is useless."

They exchanged guns, and Trelawney, silent and cool as he had been since the beginning of the bustle, hung a moment on his heel to see that all was fit for service. At the same time, observing Gray to be unarmed, I handed him my cutlass. It did all our hearts good to see him spit in his hand, knit his brows, and make the blade sing through the air. It was plain from every line of his body that our new hand was worth his salt.

Forty paces farther we came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We struck the inclosure about the middle of the south side, and, almost at the same time, seven mutineers — Job Anderson, the boatswain, at their head — appeared in full cry at the southwestern corner.

They paused, as if taken aback; and before they recovered, not only the squire and I, but Hunter and Joyce from the blockhouse, had time to fire. The four shots came in rather a scattering volley; but they did the business; one of the enemy actually fell, and the rest, without hesitation, turned and plunged into the trees.

After reloading, we walked down the outside of the pali-

sade to see the fallen enemy. He was stone dead — shot through the heart.

We began to rejoice over our good success, when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my ear, and poor Tom Redruth stumbled, and fell his length on the ground. Both the squire and I returned the shot; but as we had nothing to aim at, it is probable we only wasted powder. Then we reloaded, and turned our attention to poor Tom.

The captain and Gray were already examining him; and I saw with half an eye that all was over.

I believe the readiness of our return volley had scattered the mutineers once more, for we were suffered without further molestation to get the poor old gamekeeper hoisted over the stockade, and carried, groaning and bleeding, into the log house.

Poor old fellow, he had not uttered one word of surprise, complaint, fear, or even acquiescence, from the very beginning of our troubles till now, when we had laid him down in the log house to die. He had lain like a Trojan behind his mattress in the gallery; he had followed every order silently, doggedly, and well; he was the oldest of our party by a score of years; and now, sullen, old, serviceable servant, it was he that was to die.

The squire dropped down beside him on his knees and kissed his hand, crying like a child.

"Be I going, doctor?" he asked.

"Tom, my man," said I, "you're going home."

"I wish I had had a lick at them with the gun first," he replied.

"Tom," said the squire, "say you forgive me, won't you?"

"Would that be respectful like, from me to you, squire?" was the answer. "Howsoever, so be it, amen!"

After a little while of silence, he said he thought somebody might read a prayer. "It's the custom, sir," he added, apologetically. And not long after, without another word, he passed away.

In the meantime the captain, whom I had observed to be wonderfully swollen about the chest and pockets, had turned out a great many various stores — the British colors, a Bible, a coil of stoutish rope, pen, ink, the log book, and pounds of tobacco. He had found a longish fir tree lying felled and cleared in the inclosure, and with the help of Hunter he had set it up at the corner of the log house where the trunks crossed and made an angle. Then, climbing on the roof, he had with his own hand bent and run up the colors.

This seemed mightily to relieve him. He reëntered the log house, and set about counting up the stores, as if nothing else existed. But he had an eye on Tom's passage for all that; and as soon as all was over, came forward with another flag, and reverently spread it on the body.

"Don't you take on, sir," he said, shaking the squire's hand. "All's well with him; no fear for a hand that's been shot down in his duty to captain and owner. It mayn't be good divinity, but it's a fact."

Then he pulled me aside.

"Dr. Livesey," he said, "in how many weeks do you and squire expect the consort?"

I told him it was a question, not of weeks, but of months; that if we were not back by the end of August, Blandly was to send to find us; but neither sooner nor later. "You can calculate for yourself," I said.

"Why, yes," returned the captain, scratching his head, "and making a large allowance, sir, for all the gifts of Providence, I should say we were pretty close hauled."

"Have the guns come?" I asked.

"Ah! a pity we are not that second kind. That's what I mean," replied the captain. "But the powder and shot, we've got that, plenty and more than plenty. — Mr. Hawkins, the cabin, I dare say, perhaps, as well without that table, if agreeable."

And as he spoke he had the chart open and was busy.

"Now, then," he went on, "there's the course. Steer so-and-so. Quicksand to the north, and the Spy-glass shelter on the south side. Ought to lie there snug enough, even with the wind as it is. Time of tide, we'll say, about noon. Then in with a good full, and we'll beach her high and dry, as nice as you please."

"Why," said the captain, "that's all plain sailing. I'll have the best watch aboard, and you may be certain of that. But there's one thing troubles me. Why should they scuttle the ship?"

"Captain," said the squire, "you leave that to me. You've given your orders, and there's my answer for you."

"Very well," said the captain. "I'll do that, sir, I'll keep a guard over the men. I think we've all hands to answer for, as it is. But I'll do my duty, sir, if I should be forced to break off the whole cruise and return home."

All through the evening they kept wondering away. Both of them had now come to believe in the captain's story, and were frankly interested in the adventure. But they kept on busy with the arms, and the sun had sunk and the dusk had fallen when they finished. We had our supper by lamplight, and talked long and low about the new aspect of things. The squire was for putting out to sea at once, and beating back to the place where we had left the men; but that, as the captain said, was only to put off the trouble a few hours, unless we were willing to give in right away. And as for sailing the ship with a crew who hated the sight of us, and three of whom we knew to be perfect villains, it was not to be thought of.

"There is one thing good about all this," observed the captain; "the men in front of us is likely clear. The only

has made a good while; our stores should be uncovered. Volunteers to go and bring in pork."

Gray and Hunter were the first to come forward. Well armed, they stole out of the stockade; but it proved a useless mission. The mutineers were bolder than we fancied, or they put more trust in Israel's gunnery. For four or five of them were busy carrying off our stores, and wading out with them to one of the gigs that lay close by, pulling an oar or so to hold her steady against the current. Silver was in the stern sheets in command; and every man of them was now provided with a musket from some secret magazine of their own.

The captain sat down to his log, and here is the beginning of the entry: —

"Alexander Smollett, master; David Livesey, ship's doctor; Abraham Gray, carpenter's mate; John Trelawney, owner; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants, landsmen — being all that is left faithful of the ship's company — with stores for ten days at short rations, came ashore this day, and flew British colors on the log house in Treasure Island. Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, landsman, shot by the mutineers; James Hawkins, cabin boy ——"

And at the same time I was wondering over poor Jim Hawkins's fate.

A hail on the land side.

"Somebody hailing us," said Hunter, who was on guard.

"Doctor! squire! captain! Hullo, Hunter, is that you?" came the cries.

And I ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins, safe and sound, come climbing over the stockade.

CHAPTER XIX

NARRATIVE RESUMED BY JIM HAWKINS: THE GARRISON IN THE STOCKADE

As soon as Ben Gunn saw the colors he came to a halt, stopped me by the arm, and sat down.

"Now," said he, "there's your friends, sure enough."

"Far more likely it's the mutineers," I answered.

"That!" he cried. "Why, in a place like this, where nobody puts in but gen'lemen of fortune, Silver would fly the Jolly Roger, you don't make no doubt of that. No; that's your friends. There's been blows, too, and I reckon your friends has had the best of it; and here they are ashore in the old stockade, as was made years and years ago by Flint. Ah, he was the man to have a headpiece, was Flint! Barring rum, his match were never seen. He was afraid of none, not he; on'y Silver — Silver was that genteel."

"Well," said I, "that may be so, and so be it; all the more reason that I should hurry on and join my friends."

"Nay, mate," returned Ben, "not you. You're a good boy, or I'm mistook; but you're on'y a boy, all told. Now, Ben Gunn is fly. Rum wouldn't bring me there, where you're going — not rum wouldn't, till I see your born gen'leman, and gets it on his word of honor. And you won't forget my words! 'A precious sight (that's what you'll say), a precious sight more confidence' — and then nips him."

And he pinched me the third time with the same air of cleverness.

"And when Ben Gunn is wanted, you know where to find him, Jim. Just where you found him to-day. And him that comes is to have a white thing in his hand: and he's to come alone. Oh! and you'll say this: 'Ben Gunn,' says you, 'has reasons of his own.'"

"Well," said I, "I believe I understand. You have something to propose, and you wish to see the squire or the doctor; and you're to be found where I found you. Is that all?"

"And when? says you," he added. "Why, from about noon observation to about six bells."

"Good," said I, "and now may I go?"

"You won't forget?" he inquired, anxiously. "Precious sight, and reasons of his own, says you. Reasons of his own; that's the mainstay; as between man and man. Well, then" — still holding me — "I reckon you can go, Jim. And, Jim, if you was to see Silver, you wouldn't go for to sell Ben Gunn? wild horses wouldn't draw it from you? No, says you. And if them pirates camp ashore, Jim, what would you say but there'd be widders in the morning?"

Here he was interrupted by a loud report, and a cannon ball came tearing through the trees and pitched in the sand, not a hundred yards from where we two were talking. The next moment each of us had taken to his heels in a different direction.

For a good hour to come frequent reports shook the island, and balls kept crashing through the woods. I moved from hiding place to hiding place, always pursued, or so it seemed to me, by these terrifying missiles. But towards the end of the bombardment, though still I durst not venture in the direction of the stockade, where the balls fell oftenest, I had begun, in a manner, to pluck up my heart again; and after a long détour to the east, crept down among the shoreside trees.

The sun had just set, the sea breeze was rustling and tumbling in the woods, and ruffling the gray surface of the anchorage; the tide, too, was far out, and great tracts of sand lay uncovered; the air, after the heat of the day, chilled me through my jacket.

The *Hispaniola* still lay where she had anchored; but, sure enough, there was the Jolly Roger — the black flag of piracy — flying from her peak. Even as I looked, there came another red flash and another report, that sent the echoes clattering, and one more round-shot whistled through the air. It was the last of the cannonade.

I lay for some time, watching the bustle which succeeded the attack. Men were demolishing something with axes on the beach near the stockade; the poor jolly-boat, I afterwards discovered. Away, near the mouth of the river, a great fire was glowing among the trees, and between that point and the ship one of the gigs kept coming and going, the men, whom I had seen so gloomy, shouting at the oars like children. But there was a sound in their voices which suggested rum.

At length I thought I might return towards the stockade. I was pretty far down on the low, sandy spit that incloses the anchorage to the east, and is joined at half water to Skeleton Island; and now, as I rose to my feet, I saw, some distance further down the spit, and rising from among low bushes, an isolated rock, pretty high, and peculiarly white in color. It occurred to me that this might be the white rock of which Ben Gunn had spoken, and that some day or other a boat might be wanted, and I should know where to look for one.

Then I skirted among the woods until I had regained the rear, or shoreward side, of the stockade, and was soon warmly welcomed by the faithful party.

I had soon told my story, and began to look about me. The log house was made of unsquared trunks of pine — roof, walls, and floor. The latter stood in several places as much as a foot or a foot and a half above the surface of the sand. There was a porch at the door, and under this porch the little spring welled up into an artificial basin of

a rather odd kind — no other than a great ship's kettle of iron, with the bottom knocked out, and sunk "to her bearings," as the captain said, among the sand.

Little had been left beside the framework of the house; but in one corner there was a stone slab laid down by way of hearth, and an old rusty iron basket to contain the fire.

The slopes of the knoll and all the inside of the stockade had been cleared of timber to build the house, and we could see by the stumps what a fine and lofty grove had been destroyed. Most of the soil had been washed away or buried in drift after the removal of the trees; only where the streamlet ran down from the kettle a thick bed of moss and some ferns and little creeping bushes were still green among the sand. Very close around the stockade — too close for defense, they said — the wood still flourished high and dense, all of fir on the land side, but towards the sea with a large admixture of live oaks.

The cold evening breeze, of which I have spoken, whistled through every chink of the rude building, and sprinkled the floor with a continual rain of fine sand. There was sand in our eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our suppers, sand dancing in the spring at the bottom of the kettle, for all the world like porridge beginning to boil. Our chimney was a square hole in the roof: it was but a little part of the smoke that found its way out, and the rest eddied about the house, and kept us coughing and piping the eye.

Add to this that Gray, the new man, had his face tied up in a bandage for a cut he had got in breaking away from the mutineers; and that poor old Tom Redruth, still unburied, lay along the wall, stiff and stark, under the Union Jack.

If we had been allowed to sit idle, we should all have fallen into the blues, but Captain Smollett was never the man for that. All hands were called up before him, and

he divided us into watches. The doctor, and Gray, and I, for one; the squire, Hunter, and Joyce upon the other. Tired as we all were, two were sent out for firewood; two more were set to dig a grave for Redruth; the doctor was named cook; I was put sentry at the door; and the captain himself went from one to another, keeping up our spirits, and lending a hand wherever it was wanted.

From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest his eyes, which were almost smoked out of his head; and whenever he did so, he had a word for me.

"That man Smollett," he said, "is a better man than I am. And when I say that it means a deal, Jim."

Another time he came and was silent for a while. Then he put his head on one side, and looked at me.

"Is this Ben Gunn a man?" he asked.

"I do not know, sir," said I. "I am not very sure whether he's sane."

"If there's any doubt about the matter, he is," returned the doctor. "A man who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane as you or me. It doesn't lie in human nature. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?"

"Yes, sir, cheese," I answered.

"Well, Jim," says he, "just see the good that comes of being dainty in your food. You've seen my snuffbox, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff; the reason being that in my snuffbox I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese — a cheese made in Italy, very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben Gunn!"

Before supper was eaten we buried old Tom in the sand, and stood round him for a while bareheaded in the breeze. A good deal of firewood had been got in, but not enough for the captain's fancy; and he shook his head over it,

and told us we "must get back to this to-morrow rather livelier." Then, when we had eaten our pork, and each had a good stiff glass of brandy grog, the three chiefs got together in a corner to discuss our prospects.

It appears they were at their wits' end what to do, the stores being so low that we must have been starved into surrender long before help came. But our best hope, it was decided, was to kill off the buccaneers until they either hauled down their flag or ran away with the *Hispaniola*. From nineteen they were already reduced to fifteen, two others were wounded, and one, at least — the man shot beside the gun — severely wounded, if he were not dead. Every time we had a crack at them, we were to take it, saving our own lives, with the extremest care. And, besides that, we had two able allies — rum and the climate.

As for the first, though we were about half a mile away, we could hear them roaring and singing late into the night; and as for the second, the doctor staked his wig that, camped where they were in the marsh and unprovided with remedies, the half of them would be on their backs before a week.

"So," he added, "if we are not all shot down first they'll be glad to be packing in the schooner. It's always a ship, and they can get to buccaneering again, I suppose."

"First ship that ever I lost," said Captain Smollett.

I was dead tired, as you may fancy; and when I got to sleep, which was not till after a great deal of tossing, I slept like a log of wood.

The rest had long been up, and had already breakfasted and increased the pile of firewood by about half as much again, when I was awakened by a bustle and the sound of voices.

"Flag of truce!" I heard some one say; and then, immediately after, with a cry of surprise, "Silver himself!"

And, at that, up I jumped, and, rubbing my eyes, ran to a loophole in the wall.

CHAPTER XX

SILVER'S EMBASSY

Sure enough, there were two men just outside the stockade, one of them waving a white cloth; the other, no less a person than Silver himself, standing placidly by.

It was still quite early, and the coldest morning that I think I ever was abroad in; a chill that pierced into the marrow. The sky was bright and cloudless overhead, and the tops of the trees shone rosily in the sun. But where Silver stood with his lieutenant all was still in shadow, and they waded knee-deep in a low, white vapor, that had crawled during the night out of the morass. The chill and the vapor taken together told a poor tale of the island. It was plainly a damp, feverish, unhealthy spot.

"Keep indoors, men," said the captain. "Ten to one this is a trick."

Then he hailed the buccaneer.

"Who goes? Stand, or we fire."

"Flag of truce," cried Silver.

The captain was in the porch, keeping himself carefully out of the way of a treacherous shot should any be intended. He turned and spoke to us: —

"Doctor's watch on the lookout. Dr. Livesey, take the north side, if you please; Jim, the east; Gray, west. The watch below, all hands to load muskets. Lively, men, and careful."

And then he turned again to the mutineers.

"And what do you want with your flag of truce?" he cried.

This time it was the other man who replied.

"Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms," he shouted.

"Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain. And we could hear him adding to himself: "Cap'n, is it? My heart, and here's promotion!"

Long John answered for himself.

"Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your desertion, sir" — laying a particular emphasis upon the word "desertion." "We're willing to submit, if we can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe and sound out of this here stockade, and one minute to get out o' shot before a gun is fired."

"My man," said Captain Smollett, "I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all. If there's any treachery, it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you."

"That's enough, cap'n," shouted Long John, cheerily. "A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that."

We could see the man who carried the flag of truce attempting to hold Silver back. Nor was that wonderful, seeing how cavalier had been the captain's answer. But Silver laughed at him aloud, and slapped him on the back, as if the idea of alarm had been absurd. Then he advanced to the stockade, threw over his crutch, got a leg up, and with great vigor and skill succeeded in surmounting the fence and dropping safely to the other side.

I will confess that I was far too much taken up with what was going on to be of the slightest use as sentry; indeed, I had already deserted my eastern loophole, and crept up behind the captain, who had now seated himself on the threshold, with his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, and his eyes fixed on the water, as it bubbled out of the old iron kettle in the sand. He was whistling to himself, "Come, Lassies and Lads."

Silver had terrible hard work getting up the knoll. What with the steepness of the incline, the thick tree stumps, and the soft sand, he and his crutch were as helpless as a ship in stays. But he stuck to it like a man in silence, and at last arrived before the captain, whom he saluted in the handsomest style. He was tricked out in his best; an immense blue coat, thick with brass buttons, hung as low as to his knees, and a fine laced hat was set on the back of his head.

"Here you are, my man," said the captain, raising his head. "You had better sit down."

"You ain't a-going to let me inside, cap'n?" complained Long John. "It's a main cold morning, to be sure, sir, to sit outside upon the sand."

"Why, Silver," said the captain, "if you had pleased to be an honest man, you might have been sitting in your galley. It's your own doing. You're either my ship's cook — and then you were treated handsome — or Cap'n Silver, a common mutineer and pirate, and then you can go hang!"

"Well, well, cap'n," returned the sea cook, sitting down as he was bidden on the sand, "you'll have to give me a hand up again, that's all. A sweet pretty place you have of it here. Ah, there's Jim! The top of the morning to you, Jim. Doctor, here's my service. Why, there you all are together like a happy family, in a manner of speaking."

"If you have anything to say, my man, better say it," said the captain.

"Right you were, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "Dooty is dooty, to be sure. Well, now, you look here, that was a good lay of yours last night. I don't deny it was a good lay. Some of you pretty handy with a handspike end. And I'll not deny neither but what some of my people was shook — maybe all was shook; maybe I was shook myself; maybe that's why I'm here for terms. But you mark me, cap'n, it won't do twice, by thunder! We'll have to do

sentry-go, and ease off a point or so on the rum. Maybe you think we were all a sheet in the wind's eye. But I'll tell you I was sober; I was on'y dog tired; and if I'd awoke a second sooner I'd 'a' caught you at the act, I would. He wasn't dead when I got round to him, not he."

"Well?" says Captain Smollett, as cool as can be.

All that Silver said was a riddle to him, but you would never have guessed it from his tone. As for me, I began to have an inkling. Ben Gunn's last words came back to my mind. I began to suppose that he had paid the buccaneers a visit while they all lay drunk together round their fire, and I reckoned up with glee that we had only fourteen enemies to deal with.

"Well, here it is," said Silver. "We want that treasure, and we'll have it — that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon; and that's yours. You have a chart, haven't you?"

"That's as may be," replied the captain.

"Oh, well, you have, I know that," returned Long John. "You needn't be so husky with a man; there ain't a particle of service in that, and you may lay to it. What I mean is, we want your chart. Now, I never meant you no harm, myself."

"That won't do with me, my man," interrupted the captain. "We know exactly what you meant to do, and we don't care; for now, you see, you can't do it."

And the captain looked at him calmly, and proceeded to fill a pipe.

"If Abe Gray ——" Silver broke out.

"Avast there!" cried Mr. Smollett. "Gray told me nothing, and I asked him nothing; and what's more I would see you and him and this whole island blown clean out of the water into blazes first. So there's my mind for you, my man, on that."

This little whiff of temper seemed to cool Silver down. He had been growing nettled before, but now he pulled himself together.

"Like enough," said he. "I would set no limits to what gentlemen might consider shipshape, or might not, as the case were. And, seein' as how you are about to take a pipe, cap'n, I'll make so free as do likewise."

And he filled a pipe and lighted it; and the two men sat silently smoking for quite a while, now looking each other in the face, now stopping their tobacco, now leaning forward to spit. It was as good as the play to see them.

"Now," resumed Silver, "here it is. You give us the chart to get the treasure by, and drop shooting poor seamen, and stoving of their heads in while asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come aboard along of us, once the treasure shipped, and then I'll give you my affy-davy, upon my word of honor, to clap you somewhere safe ashore. Or, if that ain't to your fancy, some of my hands being rough, and having old scores, on account of hazing, then you can stay here, you can. We'll divide stores with you, man for man; and I'll give my affy-davy, as before, to speak the first ship I sight, and send 'em here to pick you up. Now you'll own that's talking. Handsomer you couldn't look to get, not you. And I hope" — raising his voice — "that all hands in this here blockhouse will overhaul my words, for what is spoke to one is spoke to all."

Captain Smollett rose from his seat, and knocked out the ashes of his pipe in the palm of his left hand.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Every last word, by thunder!" answered John. "Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me but musket balls."

"Very good," said the captain. "Now you'll hear me, If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in Eng-

land. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colors, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship — there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship. You can't fight us — Gray, there, got away from five of you. Your ship's in irons, Master Silver; you're on a lee shore, and so you'll find. I stand here and tell you so; and they're the last good words you'll get from me, for, in the name of heaven, I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle out of this, please, hand over hand, and double-quick."

Silver's face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath. He shook the fire out of his pipe.

"Give me a hand up!" he cried.

"Not I," returned the captain.

"Who'll give me a hand up?" he roared.

Not a man among us moved. Growling the foulest imprecations, he crawled along the sand till he got hold of the porch and could hoist himself again upon his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

"There," he cried, "that's what I think of ye. Before an hour's out, I'll stove in your old blockhouse like a rum-puncheon. Laugh, by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Them that die'll be the lucky ones."

And with a dreadful oath he stumbled off, plowed down the sand, was helped across the stockade, after four or five failures, by the man with the flag of truce, and disappeared in an instant afterwards among the trees.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ATTACK

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watching him, turned towards the interior of the house, and found not a man of us at his post but Gray. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.

"Quarters!" he roared. And then, as we all slunk back to our places, "Gray," he said, "I'll put your name in the log; you've stood by your duty like a seaman. Mr. Trelawney, I'm surprised at you, sir. Doctor, I thought you had worn the king's coat! If that was how you served at Fontenoy, sir, you'd have been better in your berth."

The doctor's watch were all back at their loopholes, the rest were busy loading the spare muskets, and every one with a red face, you may be certain, and a flea in his ear, as the saying is.

The captain looked on for a while in silence. Then he spoke.

"My lads," said he, "I've given Silver a broadside. I pitched it in red-hot on purpose; and before the hour's out, as he said, we shall be boarded. We're outnumbered, I needn't tell you that, but we fight in shelter; and, a minute ago, I should have said we fought with discipline. I've no manner of doubt that we can drub them, if you choose."

Then he went the rounds, and saw, as he said, that all was clear.

On the two short sides of the house, east and west, there were only two loopholes; on the south side where the porch was, two again; and on the north side, five. There was a round score of muskets for the seven of us; the firewood had been built into four piles — tables, you might say — one about the middle of each side, and on each of these tables some am-

munition and four loaded muskets were laid ready to the hand of the defenders. In the middle, the cutlasses lay ranged.

"Toss out the fire," said the captain; "the chill is past, and we mustn't have smoke in our eyes."

The iron fire basket was carried bodily out by Mr. Trelawney, and the embers smothered among sand.

"Hawkins hasn't had his breakfast. Hawkins, help yourself, and back to your post to eat it," continued Captain Smollett. "Lively, now, my lad; you'll want it before you've done. Hunter, serve out a round of brandy to all hands."

And while this was going on, the captain completed, in his own mind, the plan of the defense.

"Doctor, you will take the door," he resumed. "See, and don't expose yourself; keep within, and fire through the porch. Hunter, take the east side, there. Joyce, you stand by the west, my man. Mr. Trelawney, you are the best shot — you and Gray will take this long north side, with the five loopholes; it's there the danger is. If they can get up to it, and fire in upon us through our own ports, things would begin to look dirty. Hawkins, neither you nor I are much account at the shooting; we'll stand by to load and bear a hand."

As the captain had said, the chill was past. As soon as the sun had climbed above our girdle of trees, it fell with all its force upon the clearing, and drank up the vapors at a draught. Soon the sand was baking, and the resin melting in the logs of the blockhouse. Jackets and coats were flung aside; shirts thrown open at the neck, and rolled up to the shoulders; and we stood there, each at his post, in a fever of heat and anxiety.

An hour passed away.

"Hang them!" said the captain. "This is as dull as the doldrums. Gray, whistle for a wind."

And just at that moment came the first news of the attack.

"If you please, sir," said Joyce, "if I see any one am I to fire?"

"I told you so!" cried the captain.

"Thank you, sir," returned Joyce, with the same quiet civility.

Nothing followed for a time; but the remark had set us all on the alert, straining ears and eyes — the musketeers with their pieces balanced in their hands, the captain out in the middle of the blockhouse, with his mouth very tight and a frown on his face.

So some seconds passed, till suddenly Joyce whipped up his musket and fired. The report had scarcely died away ere it was repeated and repeated from without in a scattering volley, shot behind shot, like a string of geese, from every side of the inclosure. Several bullets struck the log house, but not one entered; and, as the smoke cleared away and vanished, the stockade and the woods around it looked as quiet and empty as before. Not a bough waved, not a gleam of a musket barrel betrayed the presence of our foes.

"Did you hit your man?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," replied Joyce. "I believe not, sir."

"Next best thing to tell the truth," muttered Captain Smollett. "Load his gun, Hawkins. How many should you say there were on your side, doctor?"

"I know, precisely," said Dr. Livesey. "Three shots were fired on this side. I saw the three flashes — two close together — one farther to the west."

"Three!" repeated the captain. "And how many on yours, Mr. Trelawney?"

But this was not so easily answered. There had come many from the north — seven, by the squire's computation; eight or nine, according to Gray. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. It was plain, therefore,

that the attack would be developed from the north, and that on the other three sides we were only to be annoyed by a show of hostilities. But Captain Smollett made no change in his arrangements. If the mutineers succeeded in crossing the stockade, he argued, they would take possession of any unprotected loophole, and shoot us down like rats in our own stronghold.

Nor had we much time left to us for thought. Suddenly, with a loud huzza, a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side, and ran straight on the stockade. At the same moment, the fire was once more opened from the woods, and a rifle ball sang through the doorway, and knocked the doctor's musket into bits.

The boarders swarmed over the fence like monkeys. Squire and Gray fired again and yet again; three men fell, one forwards into the inclosure, two back on the outside. But of these, one was evidently more frightened than hurt, for he was on his feet again in a crack, and instantly disappeared among the trees.

Two had bit the dust, one had fled, four had made good their footing inside our defenses; while from the shelter of the woods seven or eight men, each evidently supplied with several muskets, kept up a hot though useless fire on the log house.

The four who had boarded made straight before them for the building, shouting as they ran, and the men among the trees shouted back to encourage them. Several shots were fired; but, such was the hurry of the marksmen, that not one appears to have taken effect. In a moment, the four pirates had swarmed up the mound and were upon us.

The head of Job Anderson, the boatswain, appeared at the middle loophole.

"At 'em, all hands — all hands!" he roared, in a voice of thunder.

At the same moment, another pirate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loophole, and, with one stunning blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unharmed all round the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and fell with his cutlass on the doctor.

Our position was utterly reversed. A moment since we were firing, under cover, at an exposed enemy; now it was we who lay uncovered, and could not return a blow.

The log house was full of smoke, to which we owed our comparative safety. Cries and confusion, the flashes and reports of pistol shots, and one loud groan, rang in my ears.

"Out, lads, out, and fight 'em in the open! Cutlasses!" cried the captain.

I snatched a cutlass from the pile, and some one, at the same time snatching another, gave me a cut across the knuckles which I hardly felt. I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight. Some one was close behind, I knew not whom. Right in front, the doctor was pursuing his assailant down the hill, and, just as my eyes fell upon him, beat down his guard, and sent him sprawling on his back, with a great slash across the face.

"Round the house, lads! round the house!" cried the captain; and even in the hurly-burly I perceived a change in his voice.

Mechanically I obeyed, turned eastwards, and with my cutlass raised, ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Anderson. He roared aloud, and his hanger went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had not time to be afraid, but, as the blow still hung impending, leaped in a trice upon one side, and missing my foot in the soft sand, rolled headlong down the slope.

When I had first sallied from the door, the other muti-

neers had been already swarming up the palisade to make an end of us. One man, in a red nightcap, with his cutlass in his mouth, had even got upon the top and thrown a leg across. Well, so short had been the interval, that when I found my feet again all was in the same posture, the fellow with the red nightcap still halfway over, another still just showing his head above the top of the stockade. And yet, in this breath of time, the fight was over, and the victory was ours.

Gray, following close behind me, had cut down the big boatswain ere he had time to recover from his lost blow. Another had been shot at a loophole in the very act of firing into the house, and now lay in agony, the pistol still smoking in his hand. A third, as I had seen, the doctor had disposed of at a blow. Of the four who had scaled the palisade, one only remained unaccounted for, and he, having left his cutlass on the field, was now clambering out again with the fear of death upon him.

"Fire — fire from the house!" cried the doctor. "And you, lads, back into cover."

But his words were unheeded, no shot was fired, and the last boarder made good his escape, and disappeared with the rest into the wood. In three seconds nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who had fallen, four on the inside, and one on the outside, of the palisade.

The doctor and Gray and I ran full speed for shelter. The survivors would soon be back where they had left their muskets, and at any moment the fire might recommence.

The house was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and we saw at a glance the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay beside his loophole, stunned; Joyce by his, shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the center, the squire was supporting the captain, one as pale as the other.

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THE VICTORY AT THE STOCKADE

Photograph by White, N.Y.

THE FIGHT IN THE RIGGING

(See page 158)

"The captain's wounded," said Mr. Trelawney.

"Have they run?" asked Mr. Smollett.

"All that could, you may be bound," returned the doctor; "but there's five of them will never run again."

"Five!" cried the captain. "Come, that's better. Five against three leaves us four to nine. That's better odds than we had at starting. We were seven to nineteen then, or thought we were, and that's as bad to bear." [1]

[1] The mutineers were soon only eight in number, for the man shot by Mr. Trelawney on board the schooner died that same evening of his wound. But this was, of course, not known till after by the faithful party.

PART V. MY SEA ADVENTURE

CHAPTER XXII

HOW MY SEA ADVENTURE BEGAN

There was no return of the mutineers — not so much as another shot out of the woods. They had "got their rations for that day," as the captain put it, and we had the place to ourselves and a quiet time to overhaul the wounded and get dinner. Squire and I cooked outside in spite of the danger, and even outside we could hardly tell what we were at, for horror of the loud groans that reached us from the doctor's patients.

Out of the eight men who had fallen in the action, only three still breathed — that one of the pirates who had been shot at the loophole, Hunter, and Captain Smollett; and of these the first two were as good as dead; the mutineer, indeed, died under the doctor's knife, and Hunter, do what we could, never recovered consciousness in this world. He lingered all day, breathing loudly like the old buccaneer at home in his apoplectic fit; but the bones of his chest had been crushed by the blow and his skull fractured in falling, and some time in the following night, without sign or sound, he went to his Maker.

As for the captain, his wounds were grievous indeed, but not dangerous. No organ was fatally injured. Anderson's ball — for it was Job that shot him first — had broken his shoulder blade and touched the lung, not badly; the

second had only torn and displaced some muscles in the calf. He was sure to recover, the doctor said, but, in the meantime and for weeks to come, he must not walk nor move his arm, nor so much as speak when he could help it.

My own accidental cut across the knuckles was a flea-bite. Dr. Livesey patched it up with plaster, and pulled my ears for me into the bargain.

After dinner the squire and the doctor sat by the captain's side awhile in consultation; and when they had talked to their heart's content, it being then a little past noon, the doctor took up his hat and pistols, girt on a cutlass, put the chart in his pocket, and with a musket on his shoulder, crossed the palisade on the north side, and set off briskly through the trees.

Gray and I were sitting together at the far end of the blockhouse, to be out of earshot of our officers consulting; and Gray took his pipe out of his mouth and fairly forgot to put it back again, so thunderstruck he was at this occurrence.

"Why, in the name of Davy Jones," said he, "is Dr. Livesey mad?"

"Why, no," says I. "He's about the last of this crew for that, I take it!"

"Well, shipmate," said Gray, "mad he may not be; but if *he's* not, you mark my words, *I* am."

"I take it," replied I, "the doctor has his idea; and if I am right, he's going now to see Ben Gunn."

I was right, as appeared later; but, in the meantime, the house being stifling hot, and the little patch of sand inside the palisade ablaze with midday sun, I began to get another thought into my head, which was not by any means so right. What I began to do was to envy the doctor, walking in the cool shadow of the woods, with the birds about

him, and the pleasant smell of the pines, while I sat grilling, with my clothes stuck to the hot resin, and so much blood about me, and so many poor dead bodies lying all around, that I took a disgust of the place that was almost as strong as fear.

All the time I was washing out the blockhouse, and then washing up the things from dinner, this disgust and envy kept growing stronger and stronger, till at last, being near a bread bag, and no one then observing me, I took the first step towards my escapade, and filled both pockets of my coat with biscuit.

I was a fool, if you like, and certainly I was going to do a foolish, overbold act; but I was determined to do it with all the precautions in my power. These biscuits, should anything befall me, would keep me, at least, from starving till far on in the next day.

The next thing I laid hold of was a brace of pistols, and as I already had a powder-horn and bullets, I felt myself well supplied with arms.

As for the scheme I had in my head, it was not a bad one in itself. I was to go down the sandy spit that divides the anchorage on the east from the open sea, find the white rock I had observed last evening, and ascertain whether it was there or not that Ben Gunn had hidden his boat; a thing quite worth doing, as I still believe. But as I was certain I should not be allowed to leave the inclosure, my only plan was to take French leave, and slip out when nobody was watching; and that was so bad a way of doing it as made the thing itself wrong. But I was only a boy, and I had made my mind up.

Well, as things at last fell out, I found an admirable opportunity. The squire and Gray were busy helping the captain with his bandages; the coast was clear; I made a bolt for it over the stockade and into the thickest of the

trees, and before my absence was observed I was out of cry of my companions.

This was my second folly, far worse than my first, as I left but two sound men to guard the house; but, like the first, it was a help towards saving all of us.

I took my way straight for the east coast of the island, for I was determined to go down the sea side of the spit to avoid all chance of observation from the anchorage. It was already late in the afternoon, although still warm and sunny. As I continued to thread the tall woods I could hear from far before me not only the continuous thunder of the surf, but a certain tossing of foliage and grinding of boughs which showed me the sea breeze had set in higher than usual. Soon cool draughts of air began to reach me; and a few steps farther I came forth into the open borders of the grove, and saw the sea lying blue and sunny to the horizon, and the surf tumbling and tossing its foam along the beach.

I have never seen the sea quiet round Treasure Island. The sun might blaze overhead, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running along all the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night; and I scarce believe there is one spot in the island where a man would be out of earshot of their noise.

I walked along beside the surf with great enjoyment, till, thinking I was now got far enough to the south, I took the cover of some thick bushes, and crept warily up to the ridge of the spit.

Behind me was the sea, in front the anchorage. The sea breeze, as though it had the sooner blown itself out by its unusual violence, was already at an end; it had been succeeded by light, variable airs from the south and southeast, carrying great banks of fog; and the anchorage, under lee of Skeleton Island, lay still and leaden as when first we

entered it. The *Hispaniola*, in that unbroken mirror, was exactly portrayed from the truck to the water line, the Jolly Roger hanging from her peak.

Alongside lay one of the gigs, Silver in the stern sheets — him I could always recognize — while a couple of men were leaning over the stern bulwarks, one of them with a red cap — the very rogue that I had seen some hours before stride-legs upon the palisade. Apparently they were talking and laughing, though at that distance — upwards of a mile — I could, of course, hear no word of what was said. All at once, there began the most horrid, unearthly screaming, which at first startled me badly, though I soon had remembered the voice of Captain Flint, and even thought I could make out the bird by her bright plumage as she sat perched upon her master's wrist.

Soon after the jolly-boat shoved off and pulled for shore, and the man with the red cap and his comrade went below by the cabin companion.

Just about the same time the sun had gone down behind the Spyglass, and as the fog was collecting rapidly, it began to grow dark in earnest. I saw I must lose no time if I were to find the boat that evening.

The white rock, visible enough above the brush, was still some eighth of a mile farther down the spit, and it took me a goodish while to get up with it, crawling, often on all fours, among the scrub. Night had almost come when I laid my hand on its rough sides. Right below it there was an exceedingly small hollow of green turf, hidden by banks and a thick underwood about knee-deep, that grew there very plentifully; and in the center of the dell, sure enough, a little tent of goatskins, like what the gypsies carry about with them in England.

I dropped into the hollow, lifted the side of the tent, and there was Ben Gunn's boat — home-made if ever any-

thing was home-made; a rude, lopsided framework of tough wood, and stretched upon that a covering of goatskin, with the hair inside. The thing was extremely small, even for me, and I can hardly imagine that it could have floated with a full-sized man. There was one thwart set as low as possible, a kind of stretcher in the bows, and a double paddle for propulsion.

I had not then seen a coracle, such as the ancient Britons made, but I have seen one since, and I can give you no fairer idea of Ben Gunn's boat than by saying it was like the first and the worst coracle ever made by man. But the great advantage of the coracle it certainly possessed, for it was exceedingly light and portable.

Well, now that I had found the boat, you would have thought I had had enough of truantry for once; but, in the meantime, I had taken another notion, and became so obstinately fond of it, that I would have carried it out, I believe, in the teeth of Captain Smollett himself. This was to slip out under cover of the night, cut the *Hispaniola* adrift, and let her go ashore where she fancied. I had quite made up my mind that the mutineers, after their repulse of the morning, had nothing nearer their hearts than to up anchor and away to sea; this, I thought, it would be a fine thing to prevent; and now that I had seen how they left their watchmen unprovided with a boat, I thought it might be done with little risk.

Down I sat to wait for darkness, and made a hearty meal of biscuit. It was a night out of ten thousand for my purpose. The fog had now buried all heaven. As the last rays of daylight dwindled and disappeared, absolute blackness settled down on Treasure Island. And when at last I shouldered the coracle, and groped my way stumblingly out of the hollow where I had supped, there were but two points visible on the whole anchorage.

One was the great fire on shore, by which the defeated pirates lay carousing in the swamp. The other, a mere blur of light upon the darkness, indicated the position of the anchored ship. She had swung round to the ebb — her bow was now towards me — the only lights on board were in the cabin; and what I saw was merely a reflection on the fog of the strong rays that flowed from the stern window.

The ebb had already run some time, and I had to wade through a long belt of swampy sand, where I sank several times above the ankle, before I came to the edge of the retreating water, and wading a little way in, with some strength and dexterity, set my coracle, keel downwards, on the surface.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE EBB TIDE RUNS

The coracle — as I had ample reason to know before I was done with her — was a very safe boat for a person of my height and weight, both buoyant and clever in a seaway; but she was the most cross-grained, lopsided craft to manage. Do as you please, she always made more leeway than anything else, and turning round and round was the maneuver she was best at. Even Ben Gunn himself has admitted that she was "queer to handle till you knew her way."

Certainly I did not know her way. She turned in every direction but the one I was bound to go; the most part of the time we were broadside on, and I am very sure I never should have made the ship at all but for the tide. By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down; and there lay the *Hispaniola* right in the fair way, hardly to be missed.

First she loomed before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness, then her spars and hull began to

take shape, and the next moment, as it seemed (for the further I went, the brisker grew the current of the ebb), I was alongside of her hawser, and had laid hold.

The hawser was as taut as a bowstring — so strong she pulled upon her anchor. All round the hull, in the blackness, the rippling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One cut with my sea gully, and the *Hispaniola* would go humming down the tide.

So far so good; but it next occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. Ten to one, if I were so foolhardy as to cut the *Hispaniola* from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

This brought me to a full stop, and if fortune had not again particularly favored me, I should have had to abandon my design. But the light airs which had begun blowing from the southeast and south had hauled round after nightfall into the southwest. Just while I was meditating, a puff came, caught the *Hispaniola*, and forced her up into the current; and to my great joy, I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp, and the hand by which I held it dip for a second under water.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my teeth, and cut one strand after another, till the vessel only swung by two. Then I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when the strain should be once more lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin; but, to say truth, my mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts that I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to do, I began to pay more heed.

One I recognized for the coxswain's, Israel Hands, that had been Flint's gunner in former days. The other was,

of course, my friend of the red nightcap. Both men were plainly the worse of drink, and they were still drinking; for, even while I was listening, one of them, with a drunken cry, opened the stern window and threw out something, which I divined to be an empty bottle. But they were not only tipsy; it was plain that they were furiously angry. Oaths flew like hailstones, and every now and then there came forth such an explosion as I thought was sure to end in blows. But each time the quarrel passed off, and the voices grumbled lower for a while, until the next crisis came, and, in its turn, passed away without result.

On shore, I could see the glow of the great camp fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Some one was singing, a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words: —

"But one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five."

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from what I saw, all these buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark; I felt the hawser slacken once more, and with a good, tough effort, cut the last fibers through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I was almost instantly swept against the bows of the *Hispaniola*. At the same time the schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end, across the current.

I wrought like a fiend, for I expected every moment to be swamped; and since I found I could not push the coracle directly off, I now shoved straight astern. At length I was

clear of my dangerous neighbor; and just as I gave the last impulsion, my hands came across a light cord that was trailing overboard across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct; but once I had it in my hands, and found it fast, curiosity began to get the upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin window.

I pulled in hand over hand on the cord, and, when I judged myself near enough, rose at infinite risk to about half my height, and thus commanded the roof and a slice of the interior of the cabin.

By this time the schooner and her little consort were gliding pretty swiftly through the water; indeed, we had fetched up level with the camp fire. The ship was talking, as sailors say, loudly, treading the innumerable ripples with an incessant weltering splash; and until I got my eye above the window-sill I could not comprehend why the watchmen had taken no alarm. One glance, however, was sufficient; and it was only one glance that I durst take from that unsteady skiff. It showed me Hands and his companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand upon the other's throat.

I dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment but these two furious, encrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the camp fire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often: —

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest —
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest —
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the *Hispaniola*, when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All round me were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The *Hispaniola* herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp fire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through twenty degrees; and almost at the same moment one shout followed another from on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder; and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly recommended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we must fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be ended speedily; and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional

stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors; until sleep at last supervened, and in my sea-tossed coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old "Admiral Benbow."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spyglass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters — soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness — two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head, the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape — Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart — buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to

find her head again, and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually baled out the coracle with my sea cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two towards land." No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green treetops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousandfold reflection from the waves, the sea water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my

throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the *Hispaniola* under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The *Hispaniola* was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing; she was lying a course about northwest; and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile, the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly-flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk, or had deserted her, I thought, and

perhaps if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle, I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water beaker beside the fore companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose; and set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the unsteered *Hispaniola*. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bale, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me — standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of

the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the *Hispaniola* revolved slowly round her center, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still, but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was towards joy. Round she came, till she was broadside on to me — round still till she had covered a half, and then two thirds, and then three quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think — scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came swooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the *Hispaniola*.

CHAPTER XXV

I STRIKE THE JOLLY ROGER

I had scarce gained a position on the bowsprit, when the flying jib flapped and filled upon the other tack, with a report like a gun. The schooner trembled to her keel under the reverse; but next moment, the other sails still drawing, the jib flapped back again, and hung idle.

This had nearly tossed me off into the sea; and now I lost no time, crawled back along the bowsprit, and tumbled head-foremost on the deck.

I was on the leeside of the forecastle, and the mainsail, which was still drawing, concealed from me a certain portion of the after deck. Not a soul was to be seen. The planks, which had not been swabbed since the mutiny, bore the print of many feet; and an empty bottle, broken by the neck, tumbled to and fro like a live thing in the scuppers.

Suddenly the *Hispaniola* came right into the wind. The jibs behind me cracked aloud; the rudder slammed to; the whole ship gave a sickening heave and shudder, and at the same moment the main boom swung inboard, the sheet groaning in the blocks, and showed me the lee after deck.

There were the two watchmen, sure enough; redcap on his back, as stiff as a handspike, with his arms stretched out like those of a crucifix, and his teeth showing through his open lips; Israel Hands propped against the bulwarks, his chin on his chest, his hands lying open before him on the deck, his face as white, under its tan, as a tallow candle.

For a while the ship kept bucking and sidling like a vicious horse, the sails filling, now on one tack, now on another, and the boom swinging to and fro till the mast groaned aloud under the strain. Now and again, too, there would come a cloud of light sprays over the bulwark, and a heavy blow

of the ship's bows against the swell; so much heavier weather was made of it by this great rigged ship than by my home-made, lopsided coracle, now gone to the bottom of the sea.

At every jump of the schooner, redcap slipped to and fro; but — what was ghastly to behold — neither his attitude nor his fixed teeth-disclosing grin was anyway disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump, too, Hands appeared still more to sink into himself and settle down upon the deck, his feet sliding ever the farther out, and the whole body canting towards the stern, so that his face became, little by little, hid from me; and at last I could see nothing beyond his ear and the frayed ringlet of one whisker.

And at the same time, I observed around both of them, splashes of dark blood upon the planks, and began to feel sure that they had killed each other in their drunken wrath.

While I was thus looking and wondering, in a calm moment, when the ship was still, Israel Hands turned partly round, and, with a low moan, writhed himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The moan, which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his jaw hung open, went right to my heart. But when I remembered the talk I had overheard from the apple barrel, all pity left me.

I walked aft until I reached the mainmast.

"Come aboard, Mr. Hands," I said ironically.

He rolled his eyes round heavily; but he was too far gone to express surprise. All he could do was to utter one word, "Brandy."

It occurred to me there was no time to lose; and, dodging the boom as it once more lurched across the deck, I slipped aft, and down the companion stairs into the cabin.

It was such a scene of confusion as you can hardly fancy. All the lock-fast places had been broken open in quest of the chart. The floor was thick with mud, where ruffians

had sat down to drink or consult after wading in the marshes round their camp. The bulkheads, all painted in clear white, and beaded round with gilt, bore a pattern of dirty hands. Dozens of empty bottles clinked together in corners to the rolling of the ship. One of the doctor's medical books lay open on the table, half of the leaves gutted out, I suppose, for pipe lights. In the midst of all this the lamp still cast a smoky glow, obscure and brown as umber.

I went into the cellar; all the barrels were gone, and of the bottles a most surprising number had been drunk out and thrown away. Certainly, since the mutiny began, not a man of them could ever have been sober.

Foraging about, I found a bottle with some brandy left, for Hands; and for myself I routed out some biscuit, some pickled fruits, a great bunch of raisins, and a piece of cheese. With these I came on deck, put down my own stock behind the rudderhead, and well out of the coxswain's reach, went forward to the water beaker, and had a good deep drink of water, and then, and not till then, gave Hands the brandy.

He must have drunk a gill before he took the bottle from his mouth.

"Aye," said he, "by thunder, but I wanted some o' that!"

I had sat down already in my own corner and begun to eat.

"Much hurt?" I asked him.

He grunted, or rather I might say, he barked.

"If that doctor was aboard," he said, "I'd be right enough in a couple of turns; but I don't have no manner of luck, you see, and that's what's the matter with me. As for that swab, he's good as dead, he is," he added, indicating the man with the red cap. "He warn't no seaman, anyhow. And where mought you have come from?"

"Well," said I, "I've come aboard to take possession of

this ship, Mr. Hands; and you'll please regard me as your captain until further notice."

He looked at me sourly enough, but said nothing. Some of the color had come back into his cheeks, though he still looked very sick, and still continued to slip out and settle down as the ship banged about.

"By the bye," I continued, "I can't have these colors, Mr. Hands; and, by your leave, I'll strike 'em. Better none than these."

And, again dodging the boom, I ran to the color lines, handed down their cursed black flag, and chucked it overboard.

"God save the king!" said I, waving my cap; "and there's an end to Captain Silver!"

He watched me keenly and slyly, his chin all the while on his breast.

"I reckon," he said at last — "I reckon, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll kind of want to get ashore, now. S'pose we talks."

"Why, yes," says I, "with all my heart, Mr. Hands. Say on." And I went back to my meal with a good appetite.

"This man," he began, nodding feebly at the corpse — "O'Brien were his name — a rank Irelander — this man and me got the canvas on her, meaning for to sail her back. Well, *he's* dead now, he is — as dead as bilge; and who's to sail this ship, I don't see. Without I gives you a hint, you ain't that man, as far's I can tell. Now, look here, you gives me food and drink, and a old scarf or ankecher to tie my wound up, you do; and I'll tell you how to sail her; and that's about square all round, I take it."

"I'll tell you one thing," says I: "I'm not going back to Captain Kidd's anchorage. I mean to get into North Inlet, and beach her quietly there."

"To be sure you did," he cried. "Why, I ain't sich an infernal lubber, after all. I can see, can't I? I've tried

my fling, I have, and I've lost, and it's you has the wind of me. North Inlet? Why, I haven't no ch'ice, not I! I'd help you sail her up to Execution Dock, by thunder! so I would."

Well, as it seemed to me, there was some sense in this. We struck our bargain on the spot. In three minutes I had the *Hispaniola* sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island, with good hopes of turning the northern point ere noon, and beating down again as far as North Inlet before high water, when we might beach her safely, and wait till the subsiding tide permitted us to land.

Then I lashed the tiller and went below to my own chest, where I got a soft silk handkerchief of my mother's. With this, and with my aid, Hands bound up the great bleeding stab he had received in the thigh, and after he had eaten a little and had a swallow or two more of the brandy, he began to pick up visibly, sat straighter up, spoke louder and clearer, and looked in every way another man.

The breeze served us admirably. We skimmed before it like a bird, the coast of the island flashing by, and the view changing every minute. Soon we were past the high lands and bowling beside low, sandy country, sparsely dotted with dwarf pines, and soon we were beyond that again, and had turned the corner of the rocky hill that ends the island on the north.

I was greatly elated with my new command, and pleased with the bright, sunshiny weather and these different prospects of the coast. I had now plenty of water and good things to eat, and my conscience, which had smitten me hard for my desertion, was quieted by the great conquest I had made. I should, I think, have had nothing left me to desire but for the eyes of the coxswain as they followed me derisively about the deck, and the odd smile that appeared continually on his face. It was a smile that had in

it something both of pain and weakness — a haggard, old man's smile; but there was, besides that, a grain of derision, a shadow of treachery, in his expression as he craftily watched, and watched, and watched me at my work.

CHAPTER XXVI

ISRAEL HANDS

The wind, serving us to a desire, now hauled into the west. We could run so much the easier from the northeast corner of the island to the mouth of the North Inlet. Only, as we had no power to anchor, and dared not beach her till the tide had flowed a good deal farther, time hung on our hands. The coxswain told me how to lay the ship to; after a good many trials I succeeded, and we both sat in silence, over another meal.

"Cap'n," said he, at length, with that same uncomfortable smile, "here's my old shipmate, O'Brien; s'pose you was to heave him overboard. I ain't partic'lar as a rule, and I don't take no blame for settling his hash; but I don't reckon him ornamental, now, do you?"

"I'm not strong enough, and I don't like the job; and there he lies, for me," said I.

"This here's an unlucky ship — this *Hispaniola*, Jim," he went on, blinking. "There's a power of men been killed in this *Hispaniola* — a sight o' poor seamen dead and gone since you and me took ship to Bristol. I never seen sich dirty luck, not I. There was this here O'Brien, now — he's dead, ain't he? Well, now, I'm no scholar, and you're a lad as can read and figure; and to put it straight, do you take it as a dead man is dead for good, or do he come alive again?"

"You can kill the body, Mr. Hands, but not the spirit;

you must know that already," I replied. "O'Brien there is in another world, and maybe watching us."

"Ah!" says he. "Well, that's unfort'nate — appears as if killing parties was a waste of time. Howsomever, sperrits don't reckon for much, by what I've seen. I'll chance it with the sperrits, Jim. And now, you've spoke up free, and I'll take it kind if you'd step down into that there cabin and get me a — well, a — shiver my timbers! I can't hit the name on't; well, you get me a bottle of wine, Jim — this here brandy's too strong for my head."

Now, the coxswain's hesitation seemed to be unnatural; and as for the notion of his preferring wine to brandy, I entirely disbelieved it. The whole story was a pretext. He wanted me to leave the deck — so much was plain; but with what purpose I could in no way imagine. His eyes never met mine; they kept wandering to and fro, up and down, now with a look to the sky, now with a flitting glance upon the dead O'Brien. All the time he kept smiling, and putting his tongue out in the most guilty, embarrassed manner, so that a child could have told that he was bent on some deception. I was prompt with my answer, however, for I saw where my advantage lay; and that with a fellow so densely stupid I could easily conceal my suspicions to the end.

"Some wine?" I said. "Far better. Will you have white or red?"

"Well, I reckon it's about the blessed same to me, shipmate," he replied; "so it's strong, and plenty of it, what's the odds?"

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring you port, Mr. Hands. But I'll have to dig for it."

With that I scuttled down the companion with all the noise I could, slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along the sparred gallery, mounted the forecastle ladder, and popped

my head out of the fore companion. I knew he would not expect to see me there; yet I took every precaution possible; and certainly the worst of my suspicions proved too true.

He had risen from his position to his hands and knees; and, though his leg obviously hurt him pretty sharply when he moved — for I could hear him stifle a groan — yet it was at a good, rattling rate that he trailed himself across the deck. In half a minute he had reached the port scuppers, and picked, out of a coil of rope, a long knife, or rather a short dirk, discolored to the hilt with blood. He looked upon it for a moment, thrusting forth his underjaw, tried the point upon his hand, and then, hastily concealing it in the bosom of his jacket, trundled back again into his old place against the bulwark.

This was all that I required to know. Israel could move about; he was now armed; and if he had been at so much trouble to get rid of me, it was plain that I was meant to be the victim. What he would do afterwards — whether he would try to crawl right across the island from North Inlet to the camp among the swamps, or whether he would fire Long Tom, trusting that his own comrades might come first to help him, was, of course, more than I could say.

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in one point, since in that our interests jumped together, and that was in the disposition of the schooner. We both desired to have her stranded safe enough, in a sheltered place, and so that, when the tide came, she could be got off again with as little labor and danger as might be; and until that was done I considered that my life would certainly be spared.

While I was thus turning the business over in my mind, I had not been idle with my body. I had stolen back to the cabin, slipped once more into my shoes, and laid my

hand at random on a bottle of wine, and now, with this for an excuse, I made my reappearance on the deck.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together in a bundle, and with his eyelids lowered, as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked up, however, at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle, like a man who had done the same thing often, and took a good swig, with his favorite toast of "Here's luck!" Then he lay quiet for a little, and then, pulling out a stick of tobacco, begged me to cut him a quid.

"Cut me a junk o' that," says he, "for I haven't no knife, and hardly strength enough, so be as I had. Ah, Jim, Jim, I reckon I've missed stays! Cut me a quid, as'll likely be the last, lad; for I'm for my long home, and no mistake."

"Well," said I, "I'll cut you some tobacco; but if I was you and thought myself so badly, I would go to my prayers, like a Christian man."

"Why?" said he. "Now, you tell me why."

"Why?" I cried. "You were asking me just now about the dead. You've broken your trust; you've lived in sin and lies and blood; there's a man you killed lying at your feet this moment; and you ask me why! For God's mercy, Mr. Hands, that's why."

I spoke with a little heat, thinking of the bloody dirk he had hidden in his pocket, and designed, in his ill thoughts, to end me with. He, for his part, took a great draft of the wine, and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty years," he said, "I've sailed the seas, and seen good and bad, better and worse, fair weather and foul, provisions running out, knives going, and what not. Well, now I tell you, I never seen good come o' goodness yet. Him as strikes first is my fancy; dead men don't bite; them's my views — amen, so be it. And now, you look here," he added, suddenly changing his tone, "we've

had about enough of this foolery. The tide's made good enough by now. You just take my orders, Cap'n Hawkins, and we'll sail slap in and be done with it."

All told, we had scarce two miles to run; but the navigation was delicate, the entrance to this northern anchorage was not only narrow and shoal, but lay east and west, so that the schooner must be nicely handled to be got in. I think I was a good, prompt subaltern, and I am very sure that Hands was an excellent pilot; for we went about and about, and dodged in, shaving the banks, with a certainty and a neatness that were a pleasure to behold.

Scarcely had we passed the heads before the land closed around us. The shores of North Inlet were as thickly wooded as those of the southern anchorage; but the space was longer and narrower, and more like, what in truth it was, the estuary of a river. Right before us, at the southern end, we saw the wreck of a ship in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a great vessel of three masts, but had lain so long exposed to the injuries of the weather, that it was hung about with great webs of dripping seaweed, and on the deck of it shore bushes had taken root, and now flourished thick with flowers. It was a sad sight, but it showed us that the anchorage was calm.

"Now," said Hands, "look there; there's a pet bit for to beach a ship in. Fine flat sand, never a catspaw, trees all around of it, and flowers a-blowing like a garding on that old ship."

"And once beached," I inquired, "how shall we get her off again?"

"Why, so," he replied; "you take a line ashore there on the other side at low water: take a turn about one o' them big pines; bring it back, take a turn round the capstan, and lie-to for the tide. Come high water, all hands take a pull upon the line, and off she comes as sweet as natur'.

And now, boy, you stand by. We're near the bit now, and she's too much way on her. Starboard a little — so — steady — starboard — larboard a little — steady — steady!"

So he issued his commands, which I breathlessly obeyed; till, all of a sudden, he cried, "Now, my hearty, luff!" And I put the helm hard up, and the *Hispaniola* swung round rapidly, and ran stem on for the low wooded shore.

The excitement of these last maneuvers had somewhat interfered with the watch I had kept hitherto, sharply enough, upon the coxswain. Even then I was still so much interested, waiting for the ship to touch, that I had quite forgot the peril that hung over my head, and stood craning over the starboard bulwarks and watching the ripples spreading wide before the bows. I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had not a sudden disquietude seized upon me, and made me turn my head. Perhaps I had heard a creak, or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was an instinct like a cat's; but, sure enough, when I looked round, there was Hands, already halfway towards me, with the dirk in his right hand.

We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met; but while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At the same instant he threw himself forward, and I leapt sideways towards the bows. As I did so, I left hold of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward; and I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest, and stopped him, for the moment, dead.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the corner where he had me trapped, with all the deck to dodge about. Just forward of the mainmast I stopped, drew a pistol from my pocket, took a cool aim, though he had already turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the trigger. The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound; the priming was useless with sea water. I

cursed myself for my neglect. Why had not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons? Then I should not have been, as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher.

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face itself as red as a red ensign with his haste and fury. I had no time to try my other pistol, nor, indeed, much inclination, for I was sure it would be useless. One thing I saw plainly: I must not simply retreat before him, or he would speedily hold me boxed into the bows, as a moment since he had so nearly boxed me in the stern. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the blood-stained dirk would be my last experience on this side of eternity. I placed my palms against the mainmast, which was of a goodish bigness, and waited, every nerve upon the stretch.

Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also paused; and a moment or two passed in feints on his part, and corresponding movements upon mine. It was such a game as I had often played at home about the rocks of Black Hill Cove; but never before, you may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's game, and I thought I could hold my own at it, against an elderly seaman with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high, that I allowed myself a few darting thoughts on what would be the end of the affair; and while I saw certainly that I could spin it out for long, I saw no hope of any ultimate escape.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand, and then, swift as a blow, canted over to the port side, till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about a puncheon of water splashed into the scupper holes, and lay, in a pool, between the deck and bulwark.

We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us

rolled, almost together, into the scuppers; the dead red-cap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against the coxswain's foot with a crack that made my teeth rattle. Blow and all, I was the first afoot again; for Hands had got involved with the dead body. The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought I sprang into the mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the crosstrees.

I had been saved by being prompt; the dirk had struck not half a foot below me, as I pursued my upward flight; and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of surprise and disappointment.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the priming of my pistol, and then, having one ready for service, and to make assurance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the load of the other, and recharge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap; he began to see the dice going against him; and after an obvious hesitation, he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and, with the dirk in his teeth, began slowly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him; and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out! Dead men don't bite, you know," I added, with a chuckle.

He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that, in my new-found security, I laughed aloud. At last, with a swallow or two, he spoke, his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but in all else he remained unmoved.

"Jim," says he, "I reckon we're fouled, you and me, and we'll have to sign articles. I'd have had you but for that there lurch; but I don't have no luck, not I; and I reckon I'll have to strike, which comes hard, you see, for a master mariner, to a ship's younker like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words and smiling away, as conceited as a cock upon a wall, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment — I scarce can say it was by my own volition, and I am sure it was without a conscious aim — both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry, the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds, and plunged head first into the water.

CHAPTER XXVII

"PIECES OF EIGHT"

Owing to the cant of the vessel, the masts hung far out over the water, and from my perch on the crosstrees I had nothing below me but the surface of the bay. Hands, who was not so far up, was, in consequence, nearer to the ship and fell between me and the bulwarks. He rose once to the surface in a lather of foam and blood, and then sank

again for good. As the water settled I could see him lying huddled together on the clean, bright sand in the shadow of the vessel's sides. A fish or two whipped past his body. Sometimes, by the quivering of the water, he appeared to move a little, as if he were trying to rise. But he was dead enough, for all that, being both shot and drowned, and was food for fish in the very place where he had designed my slaughter.

I was no sooner certain of this than I began to feel sick, faint, and terrified. The hot blood was running over my back and chest. The dirk, where it had pinned my shoulder to the mast, seemed to burn like a hot iron; yet it was not so much these real sufferings that distressed me, for these, it seemed to me, I could bear without a murmur; it was the horror I had upon my mind of falling from the crosstrees into that still green water, beside the body of the coxswain.

I clung with both hands till my nails ached, and I shut my eyes as if to cover up the peril. Gradually my mind came back again, my pulses quieted down to a more natural time, and I was once more in possession of myself.

It was my first thought to pluck forth the dirk; but either it stuck too hard or my nerve failed me; and I desisted with a violent shudder. Oddly enough, that very shudder did the business. The knife, in fact, had come the nearest in the world to missing me altogether; it held me by a mere pinch of skin, and this the shudder tore away. The blood ran down the faster, to be sure; but I was my own master again, and only tacked to the mast by my coat and shirt.

These last I broke through with a sudden jerk, and then regained the deck by the starboard shrouds. For nothing in the world would I have again ventured, shaken as I was, upon the overhanging port shrouds, from which Israel had so lately fallen.

I went below, and did what I could for my wound; it pained me a good deal, and still bled freely; but it was neither deep nor dangerous, nor did it greatly gall me when I used my arm. Then I looked around me, and as the ship was now, in a sense, my own, I began to think of clearing it from its last passenger — the dead man O'Brien.

He had pitched, as I have said, against the bulwarks, where he lay like some horrible, ungainly sort of puppet; life-sized, indeed, but how different from life's color or life's comedies! In that position, I could easily have my way with him; and as the habit of tragical adventures had worn off almost all my terror for the dead, I took him by the waist as if he had been a sack of bran, and, with one good heave, tumbled him overboard. He went in with a sounding plunge; the red cap came off, and remained floating on the surface; and as soon as the splash subsided, I could see him and Israel lying side by side, both wavering with the tremulous movement of the water. O'Brien, though still quite a young man, was very bald. There he lay, with that bald head across the knees of the man who had killed him, and the quick fishes steering to and fro over both.

I was now alone upon the ship; the tide had just turned. The sun was within so few degrees of setting that already the shadow of the pines upon the western shore began to reach right across the anchorage, and fall in patterns on the deck. The evening breeze had sprung up, and though it was well warded off by the hill with the two peaks upon the east, the cordage had begun to sing a little softly to itself and the idle sails to rattle to and fro.

I began to see a danger to the ship. The jibs I speedily doused and brought tumbling to the deck; but the mainsail was a harder matter. Of course, when the schooner canted over, the boom had swung outboard, and the cap of it and a foot or two of sail hung even under water. I

thought this made it still more dangerous; yet the strain was so heavy that I half feared to meddle. At last, I got my knife and cut the halyards. The peak dropped instantly, a great belly of loose canvas floated broad upon the water; and since, pull as I liked, I could not budge the downhaul, that was the extent of what I could accomplish. For the rest, the *Hispaniola* must trust to luck, like myself.

By this time the whole anchorage had fallen into shadow — the last rays, I remember, falling through a glade of the wood, and shining bright as jewels, on the flowery mantle of the wreck. It began to be chill; the tide was rapidly fleeting seaward, the schooner settling more and more on her beam ends.

I scrambled forward and looked over. It seemed shallow enough, and holding the cut hawser in both hands for a last security, I let myself drop softly overboard. The water scarcely reached my waist; the sand was firm and covered with ripple marks, and I waded ashore in great spirits, leaving the *Hispaniola* on her side, with her mainsail trailing wide upon the surface of the bay. About the same time the sun went fairly down, and the breeze whistled low in the dusk among the tossing pines.

At least, and at last, I was off the sea, nor had I returned thence empty-handed. There lay the schooner, clear at last from buccaneers and ready for our own men to board and get to sea again. I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get home to the stockade and boast of my achievements. Possibly I might be blamed a bit for my truantry, but the recapture of the *Hispaniola* was a clenching answer, and I hoped that even Captain Smollett would confess I had not lost my time.

So thinking, and in famous spirits, I began to set my face homeward for the blockhouse and my companions. I remembered that the most easterly of the rivers which

drain into Captain Kidd's anchorage ran from the two-peaked hill upon my left; and I bent my course in that direction that I might pass the stream while it was small. The wood was pretty open, and keeping along the lower spurs, I had soon turned the corner of that hill, and not long after waded to the mid calf across the watercourse.

This brought me near to where I had encountered Ben Gunn, the maroon; and I walked more circumspectly, keeping an eye on every side. The dusk had come nigh hand completely, and, as I opened out the cleft between the two peaks, I became aware of a wavering glow against the sky, where, as I judged, the man of the island was cooking his supper before a roaring fire. And yet I wondered, in my heart, that he should show himself so careless. For if I could see this radiance, might it not reach the eyes of Silver himself where he camped upon the shore among the marshes?

Gradually the night fell blacker; it was all I could do to guide myself even roughly towards my destination; the double hill behind me and the Spyglass on my right hand loomed faint and fainter; the stars were few and pale; and in the low ground where I wandered I kept tripping among bushes and rolling into sandy pits.

Suddenly a kind of brightness fell about me. I looked up; a pale glimmer of moonbeams had alighted on the summit of the Spyglass, and soon after I saw something broad and silvery moving low down behind the trees, and knew the moon had risen.

With this to help me, I passed rapidly over what remained to me of my journey; and, sometimes walking, sometimes running, impatiently drew near to the stockade. Yet, as I began to thread the grove that lies before it, I was not so thoughtless but that I slacked my pace and went a trifle warily. It would have been a poor end of my adventures to get shot down by my own party in mistake.

The moon was climbing higher and higher; its light began to fall here and there in masses through the more open districts of the wood; and right in front of me a glow of a different color appeared among the trees. It was red and hot, and now and again it was a little darkened — as it were the embers of a bonfire smoldering.

For the life of me, I could not think what it might be.

At last I came right down upon the borders of the clearing. The western end was already steeped in moonshine; the rest, and the blockhouse itself, still lay in a black shadow, checkered with long, silvery streaks of light. On the other side of the house an immense fire had burned itself into clear embers and shed a steady, red reverberation, contrasted strongly with the mellow paleness of the moon. There was not a soul stirring, nor a sound besides the noises of the breeze.

I stopped, with much wonder in my heart, and perhaps a little terror also. It had not been our way to build great fires; we were, indeed, by the captain's orders, somewhat niggardly of firewood; and I began to fear that something had gone wrong while I was absent.

I stole round by the eastern end, keeping close in shadow, and at a convenient place, where the darkness was thickest, crossed the palisade.

To make assurance surer, I got upon my hands and knees, and crawled, without a sound, towards the corner of the house. As I drew nearer, my heart was suddenly and greatly lightened. It is not a pleasant noise in itself, and I have often complained of it at other times; but just then it was like music to hear my friends snoring together so loud and peaceful in their sleep. The sea cry of the watch, that beautiful "All's well," never fell more reassuringly on my ear.

In the meantime, there was no doubt of one thing; they kept an infamous bad watch. If it had been Silver and his

lads that were now creeping in on them, not a soul would have seen daybreak. That was what it was, thought I, to have the captain wounded; and again I blamed myself sharply for leaving them in that danger with so few to mount guard.

By this time I had got to the door and stood up. All was dark within, so that I could distinguish nothing by the eye. As for sounds, there was the steady drone of the snorers, and a small occasional noise, a flickering or pecking that I could in no way account for.

With my arms before me I walked steadily in. I should lie down in my own place (I thought, with a silent chuckle) and enjoy their faces when they found me in the morning.

My foot struck something yielding — it was a sleeper's leg; and he turned and groaned, but without awaking.

And then, all of a sudden, a shrill voice broke forth out of the darkness:—

"Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" and so forth, without pause or change, like the clacking of a tiny mill.

Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint! It was she whom I had heard pecking at a piece of bark; it was she, keeping better watch than any human being, who thus announced my arrival with her wearisome refrain.

I had no time left me to recover. At the sharp, clipping tone of the parrot, the sleepers awoke and sprang up; and with a mighty oath, the voice of Silver cried:—

"Who goes?"

I turned to run, struck violently against one person, recoiled, and ran full into the arms of a second, who, for his part, closed upon and held me tight.

"Bring a torch, Dick," said Silver, when my capture was thus assured.

And one of the men left the log house and presently returned with a lighted brand.

PART VI. CAPTAIN SILVER

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP

The red glare of the torch, lighting up the interior of the blockhouse, showed me the worst of my apprehensions realized. The pirates were in possession of the house and stores; there was the cask of cognac, there were the pork and bread, as before; and, what tenfold increased my horror, not a sign of any prisoner. I could only judge that all had perished, and my heart smote me sorely that I had not been there to perish with them.

There were six of the buccaneers, all told; not another man was left alive. Five of them were on their feet, flushed and swollen, suddenly called out of the first sleep of drunkenness. The sixth had only risen upon his elbow: he was deadly pale, and the bloodstained bandage round his head told that he had recently been wounded, and still more recently dressed. I remembered the man who had been shot and had run back among the woods in the great attack, and doubted not that this was he.

The parrot sat, preening her plumage, on Long John's shoulder. He himself, I thought, looked somewhat paler and more stern than I was used to. He still wore the fine broadcloth suit in which he had fulfilled his mission, but it was bitterly the worse for wear, daubed with clay and torn with the sharp briers of the wood.

"So," said he, "here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! dropped in, like, eh? Well, come, I take that friendly."

And thereupon he sat down across the brandy cask, and began to fill a pipe.

"Give me a loan of the link, Dick," said he; and then, when he had a good light, "that'll do, lad," he added; "stick the glim in the wood heap; and you, gentlemen, bring yourselves to! — you needn't stand up for Mr. Hawkins; *he'll* excuse you, you may lay to that. And so, Jim" — stopping the tobacco — "here you were, and quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I see you were smart when first I set my eyes on you; but this here gets away from me clean, it do."

To all this, as may be well supposed, I made no answer. They had set me with my back against the wall; and I stood there looking Silver in the face, pluckily enough, I hope, to all outward appearance, but with black despair in my heart.

Silver took a whiff or two of his pipe, with great composure, and then ran on again.

"Now, you see, Jim, so be as you *are* here," says he, "I'll give you a piece of my mind. I've always liked you, I have, for a lad of spirit, and the picter of my own self when I was young and handsome. I always wanted you to jine and take your share, and die a gentleman, and now, my cock, you've got to. Cap'n Smollett's a fine seaman, as I'll own up to any day, but stiff on discipline. 'Dooty is dooty,' says he, and right he is. Just you keep clear of the cap'n. The doctor himself is gone dead again you — 'ungrateful scamp' was what he said; and the short and the long of the whole story is about here: you can't go back to your own lot, for they won't have you; and, without you start a third ship's company all by yourself, which might be lonely, you'll have to jine with Cap'n Silver."

So far so good. My friends, then, were still alive, and

though I partly believed the truth of Silver's statement, that the cabin party were incensed at me for my desertion, I was more relieved than distressed by what I heard.

"I don't say nothing as to your being in our hands," continued Silver, "though there you are, and you may lay to it. I'm all for argyment; I never seen good come out o' threatening. If you like the service, well, you'll jine; and if you don't, Jim, why, you're free to answer no — free and welcome, shipmate; and if fairer can be said by mortal seaman, shiver my sides!"

"Am I to answer, then?" I asked, with a very tremulous voice. Through all this sneering talk, I was made to feel the threat of death that overhung me, and my cheeks burned and my heart beat painfully in my breast.

"Lad," said Silver, "no one's a-pressing of you. Take your bearings. None of us won't hurry you, mate; time goes so pleasant in your company, you see."

"Well," says I, growing a bit bolder, "if I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are."

"Wot's wot?" repeated one of the buccaneers, in a deep growl. "Ah, he'd be a lucky one as knowed that!"

"You'll, perhaps, batten down your hatches till you're spoke, my friend," cried Silver truculently to this speaker. And then, in his first gracious tones, he replied to me: "Yesterday morning, Mr. Hawkins," said he, "in the dogwatch, down came Dr. Livesey with a flag of truce. Says he, 'Cap'n Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone.' Well, maybe we'd been taking a glass, and a song to help it round. I won't say no. Leastways none of us had looked out. We looked out, and, by thunder! the old ship was gone. I never seen a pack of fools look fishier; and you may lay to that, if I tells you that looked the fishiest. 'Well,' says the doctor, 'let's bargain.' We bargained, him and I, and here we are: stores,

brandy, blockhouse, the firewood you was thoughtful enough to cut, and in a manner of speaking, the whole blessed boat, from crosstrees to kelson. As for them, they've tramped; I don't know where's they are."

He drew again quietly at his pipe.

"And lest you should take it into that head of yours," he went on, "that you was included in the treaty, here's the last word that was said: 'How many are you,' says I, 'to leave?' 'Four,' says he — 'four, and one of us wounded. As for that boy, I don't know where he is, confound him,' says he, 'nor I don't much care. We're about sick of him.' These was his words."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Well, it's all that you're to hear, my son," returned Silver.

"And now I am to choose?"

"And now you are to choose, and you may lay to that," said Silver.

"Well," said I, "I am not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have to look for. Let the worst come to the worst, it's little I care. I've seen too many die since I fell in with you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you," I said, and by this time I was quite excited; "and the first is this: here you are in a bad way: ship lost, treasure lost, men lost; your whole business gone to wreck; and if you want to know who did it — it was I! I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land, and I heard you, John, and you, Dick Johnson, and Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea, and told every word you said before the hour was out. And as for the schooner, it was I who cut her cable, and it was I that killed the men you had aboard of her, and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her more, not one of you. The laugh's on my side; I've had the top of this business from the first; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me, if you please, or spare me. But one thing I'll say, and no

more; if you spare me, bygones are bygones, and when you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll save you all I can. It is for you to choose. Kill another and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows."

I stopped, for, I tell you, I was out of breath, and, to my wonder, not a man of them moved, but all sat staring at me like as many sheep. And while they were still staring, I broke out again: —

"And now, Mr. Silver," I said, "I believe you're the best man here, and if things go the worst, I'll take it kind of you to let the doctor know the way I took it."

"I'll bear it in mind," said Silver, with an accent so curious that I could not, for the life of me, decide whether he were laughing at my request, or had been favorably affected by my courage.

"I'll put one to that," cried the old mahogany-faced seaman — Morgan by name — whom I had seen in Long John's public house upon the quays of Bristol. "It was him that knowed Black Dog."

"Well, and see here," added the sea cook. "I'll put another again to that, by thunder! for it was this same boy that faked the chart from Billy Bones. First and last, we've split upon Jim Hawkins!"

"Then here goes!" said Morgan, with an oath.

And he sprang up, drawing his knife as if he had been twenty.

"Avast there!" cried Silver. "Who are you, Tom Morgan? Maybe you thought you was cap'n here, perhaps. By the powers, but I'll teach you better! Cross me, and you'll go where many a good man's gone before you, first and last, these thirty year back — some to the yardarm, shiver my sides! and some by the board, and all to feed the fishes. There's never a man looked me between

the eyes and seen a good day a'terwards, Tom Morgan, you may lay to that."

Morgan paused; but a hoarse murmur rose from the others.

"Tom's right," said one.

"I stood hazing long enough from one," added another. "I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver."

"Did any of you gentlemen want to have it out with *me?*" roared Silver, bending far forward from his position on the keg, with his pipe still glowing in his right hand. "Put a name on what you're at; you ain't dumb, I reckon. Him that wants shall get it. Have I lived this many years, and a son of a rum puncheon cock his hat athwart my hawse at the latter end of it? You know the way; you're all gentlemen o' fortune, by your account. Well, I'm ready. Take a cutlass, him that dares, and I'll see the color of his inside, crutch and all, before that pipe's empty."

Not a man stirred; not a man answered.

"That's your sort, is it?" he added, returning his pipe to his mouth. "Well, you're a gay lot to look at, anyway. Not much worth to fight, you ain't. P'r'aps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here by 'lection. I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man by a long sea mile. You won't fight as gentlemen o' fortune should; then, by thunder, you'll obey, and you may lay to it! I like that boy, now; I never seen a better boy than that. He's more a man than any pair of rats of you in this here house, and what I say is this: let me see him that'll lay a hand on him — that's what I say, and you may lay to it."

There was a long pause after this. I stood straight up against the wall, my heart still going like a sledge hammer, but with a ray of hope now shining in my bosom. Silver leant back against the wall, his arms crossed, his pipe in the corner of his mouth, as calm as though he had been in

church; yet his eye kept wandering furtively, and he kept the tail of it on his unruly followers. They, on their part, drew gradually together towards the far end of the block-house, and the low hiss of their whispering sounded in my ear continuously like a stream. One after another they would look up, and the red light of the torch would fall for a second on their nervous faces; but it was not towards me, it was towards Silver that they turned their eyes.

"You seem to have a lot to say," remarked Silver, spitting far into the air. "Pipe up and let me hear it, or lay to."

"Ax your pardon, sir," returned one of the men, "you're pretty free with some of the rules; maybe you'll kindly keep an eye upon the rest. This crew's dissatisfied; this crew don't vally bullying a marlinspike; this crew has its rights like other crews, I'll make so free as that; and by your own rules, I take it we can talk together. I ax your pardon, sir, acknowledging you to be capting at this present; but I claim my right, and steps outside for a council."

And with an elaborate sea salute, this fellow, a long, ill-looking, yellow-eyed man of five-and-thirty, stepped coolly towards the door and disappeared out of the house. One after another, the rest followed his example; each making a salute as he passed; each adding some apology. "According to rules," said one. "Fo'c's'le council," said Morgan. And so with one remark or another, all marched out, and left Silver and me alone with the torch.

The sea cook instantly removed his pipe.

"Now, look you here, Jim Hawkins," he said, in a steady whisper, that was no more than audible, "you're within half a plank of death, and, what's a long sight worse, of torture. They're going to throw me off. But, you mark, I stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to; no, not till you spoke up. I was about desperate to lose that much blunt, and be hanged into the bargain. But I see you

was the right sort. I says to myself: You stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you. You're his last card, and, by the living thunder, John, he's yours! Back to back, says I. You save your witness, and he'll save your neck!"

I began dimly to understand.

"You mean all's lost?" I asked.

"Aye, by gum, I do!" he answered. "Ship gone, neck gone — that's the size of it. Once I looked into that bay, Jim Hawkins, and seen no schooner — well, I'm tough, but I gave out. As for that lot and their council, mark me, they're outright fools and cowards. I'll save your life — if so be as I can — from them. But, see here, Jim — tit for tat — you save Long John from swinging."

I was bewildered; it seemed a thing so hopeless he was asking — he, the old buccaneer, the ringleader throughout.

"What I can do, that I'll do," I said.

"It's a bargain!" cried Long John. "You speak up plucky, and, by thunder! I've a chance."

He hobbled to the torch, where it stood propped among the firewood, and took a fresh light to his pipe.

"Understand me, Jim," he said, returning. "I've a head on my shoulder, I have. I'm on squire's side now. I know you've got that ship safe somewheres. How you done it, I don't know, but safe it is. I guess Hands and O'Brien turned soft. I never much believed in neither of *them*. Now you mark me. I ask no questions, nor I won't let others. I know when a game's up, I do; and I know a lad that's stanch. Ah, you that's young — you and me might have done a power of good together!"

He drew some cognac from the cask into a tin cannikin.

"Will you taste, messmate?" he asked; and when I had refused: "Well, I'll take a drain myself, Jim," said he. "I need a calker, for there's trouble on hand. And,

talking o' trouble, why did that doctor give me the chart, Jim?"

My face expressed a wonder so unaffected that he saw the needlessness of further questions.

"Ah, well, he did, though," said he. "And there's something under that, no doubt — something, surely, under that, Jim — bad or good."

And he took another swallow of the brandy, shaking his great fair head like a man who looks forward to the worst.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE BLACK SPOT AGAIN

The council of the buccaneers had lasted some time when one of them reëntered the house, and with a repetition of the same salute, which had in my eyes an ironical air, begged for a moment's loan of the torch. Silver briefly agreed; and this emissary retired again, leaving us together in the dark.

"There's a breeze coming, Jim," said Silver, who had, by this time, adopted quite a friendly and familiar tone.

I turned to the loophole nearest me and looked out. The embers of the great fire had so far burned themselves out, and now glowed so low and duskily, that I understood why these conspirators desired a torch. About halfway down the slope to the stockade, they were collected in a group; one held the light; another was on his knees in their midst, and I saw the blade of an open knife shine in his hand with varying colors, in the moon and torchlight. The rest were all somewhat stooping, as though watching the maneuvers of this last. I could just make out that he had a book as well as a knife in his hand; and was still wondering how anything so incongruous had come in their possession, when the kneeling figure

rose once more to his feet, and the whole party began to move together towards the house.

"Here they come," said I; and I returned to my former position, for it seemed beneath my dignity that they should find me watching them.

"Well, let 'em come, lad — let 'em come," said Silver, cheerily. "I've still a shot in my locker."

The door opened, and the five men, standing huddled together just inside, pushed one of their number forward. In any other circumstances it would have been comical to see his slow advance, hesitating as he set down each foot, but holding his closed right hand in front of him.

"Step up, lad," cried Silver. "I won't eat you. Hand it over, lubber. I know the rules, I do; I won't hurt a depytation."

Thus encouraged, the buccaneer stepped forth more briskly, and having passed something to Silver, from hand to hand, slipped yet more smartly back again to his companions.

The sea cook looked at what had been given him.

"The black spot! I thought so," he observed. "Where might you have got the paper? Why, hillo! look here, now: this ain't lucky! You've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?"

"Ah, there!" said Morgan — "there! Wot did I say? No good'll come o' that, I said."

"Well, you've about fixed it now among you," continued Silver. "You'll all swing now, I reckon. What soft-headed lubber had a Bible?"

"It was Dick," said one.

"Dick, was it? Then Dick can get to prayers," said Silver. "He's seen his slice of luck, has Dick, and you may lay to that."

But here the long man with the yellow eyes struck in.

"Belay that talk, John Silver," he said. "This crew has tipped you the black spot in full council, as in dooty bound; just you turn it over, as in dooty bound, and see what's wrote there. Then you can talk."

"Thanky, George," replied the sea cook. "You always was brisk for business, and has the rules by heart, George, as I'm pleased to see. Well, what is it, anyway? Ah! 'Deposed' — that's it, is it? Very pretty wrote, to be sure; like print, I swear. Your hand o' write, George? Why, you was gettin' quite a leadin' man in this here crew. You'll be cap'n next, I shouldn't wonder. Just oblige me with that torch again, will you? this pipe don't draw."

"Come, now," said George, "you don't fool this crew no more. You're a funny man, by your account; but you're over now, and you'll maybe step down off that barrel and help vote."

"I thought you said you knowed the rules," returned Silver, contemptuously. "Leastways, if you don't, I do; and I wait here — and I'm still your cap'n, mind — till you outs with your grievances, and I reply; in the meantime, your black spot ain't worth a biscuit. After that, we'll see."

"Oh," replied George, "you don't be under no kind of apprehension; *we're* all square, we are. First, you've made a hash of this cruise — you'll be a bold man to say no to that. Second, you let the enemy out o' this here trap for nothing. Why did they want out? I dunno; but it's pretty plain they wanted it. Third, you wouldn't let us go at them upon the march. Oh, we see through you, John Silver; you want to play booty, that's what's wrong with you. And then, fourth, there's this here boy."

"Is that all?" asked Silver quietly.

"Enough, too," retorted George. "We'll all swing and sun-dry for your bungling."

"Well, now, look here, I'll answer these four p'ints; one after another I'll answer 'em. I made a hash o' this cruise, did I? Well, now, you all know what I wanted: and you all know, if that had been done, that we'd 'a' been aboard the *Hispaniola* this night as ever was, every man of us alive, and fit, and full of good plum duff, and the treasure in the hold of her, by thunder! Well, who crossed me? Who forced my hand, as the lawful cap'n? Who tipped me the black spot the day we landed, and began this dance? Ah, it's a fine dance — I'm with you there — and looks mighty like a hornpipe in a rope's end at Execution Dock by London town, it does. But who done it? Why, it was Anderson, and Hands, and you, George Merry! And you're the last above board of that same meddling crew; and you have the Davy Jones's insolence to up and stand for cap'n over me — you, that sank the lot of us! By the powers; but this tops the stiffest yarn to nothing."

Silver paused, and I could see by the faces of George and his late comrades that these words had not been said in vain.

"That's for number one," cried the accused, wiping the sweat from his brow, for he had been talking with a vehemence that shook the house. "Why, I give you my word, I'm sick to speak to you. You've neither sense nor memory, and I leave it to fancy where your mothers was that let you come to sea. Sea! Gentlemen o' fortune! I reckon tailors is your trade."

"Go on, John," said Morgan. "Speak up to the others."

"Ah, the others!" returned John. "They're a nice lot, ain't they? You say this cruise is bungled. Ah! by gum, if you could understand how bad it's bungled, you would see! We're that near the gibbet that my neck's stiff with thinking on it. You've seen 'em, maybe, hanged in chains, birds about 'em, seamen p'inting 'em out as they

go down with the tide. 'Who's that?' says one. 'That! Why, that's John Silver. I knowed him well,' says another. And you can hear the chains a-jangle as you go about and reach for the other buoy. Now that's about where we are, every mother's son of us, thanks to him, and Hands, and Anderson, and other ruination fools of you. And if you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver my timbers! isn't he a hostage? Are we a-going to waste a hostage? No, not us; he might be our last chance, and I shouldn't wonder. Kill that boy? not me, mates! And number three? Ah, well, there's a deal to say to number three. Maybe you don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor come to see you every day — you, John, with your head broke — or you, George Merry, that had the ague shakes upon you not six hours agone, and has your eyes the color of lemon peel to this same moment on the clock? And maybe, perhaps, you didn't know there was a consort coming, either? But there is; and not so long till then; and we'll see who'll be glad to have a hostage when it comes to that. And as for number two, and why I made a bargain — well, you came crawling on your knees to me to make it — on your knees you came, you was that downhearted — and you'd have starved, too, if I hadn't — but that's a trifle! you look there — that's why!"

And he cast down upon the floor a paper that I instantly recognized — none other than the chart on yellow paper, with the three red crosses, that I had found in the oilcloth at the bottom of the captain's chest. Why the doctor had given it to him was more than I could fancy.

But if it were inexplicable to me, the appearance of the chart was incredible to the surviving mutineers. They leaped upon it like cats upon a mouse. It went from hand to hand, one tearing it from another; and by the oaths and the cries and the childish laughter with which they

accompanied their examination, you would have thought, not only they were fingering the very gold, but were at sea with it, besides, in safety.

"Yes," said one, "that's Flint, sure enough. J. F., and a score below with a clove hitch to it; so he done ever."

"Mighty pretty," said George. "But how are we to get away with it, and us no ship?"

Silver suddenly sprang up, and supporting himself with a hand against the wall: "Now I give you warning, George," he cried. "One more word of your sauce, and I'll call you down and fight you. How? Why, how do I know? You had ought to tell me that — you and the rest, that lost me my schooner, with your interference, burn you! But not you, you can't; you hain't got the invention of a cockroach. But civil you can speak, and shall, George Merry, you may lay to that."

"That's fair enow," said the old man Morgan.

"Fair! I reckon so," said the sea cook. "You lost the ship; I found the treasure. Who's the better man at that? And now I resign, by thunder! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n now; I'm done with it."

"Silver!" they cried. "Barbecue forever! Barbecue for cap'n!"

"So that's the toon, is it?" cried the cook. "George, I reckon you'll have to wait another turn, friend; and lucky for you as I'm not a revengeful man. But that was never my way. And now, shipmates, this black spot? 'Tain't much good now, is it? Dick's crossed his luck and spoiled his Bible, and that's about all."

"It'll do to kiss the book on still, won't it?" growled Dick, who was evidently uneasy at the curse he had brought upon himself.

"A Bible with a bit cut out!" returned Silver derisively. "Not it. It don't bind no more'n a ballad book."

"Don't it, though?" cried Dick, with a sort of joy. "Well, I reckon that's worth having, too."

"Here, Jim — here's a cur'osity for you," said Silver; and he tossed me the paper.

It was a round about the size of a crown piece. One side was blank, for it had been the last leaf; the other contained a verse or two of Revelation — these words among the rest, which struck sharply home upon my mind: "Without are dogs and murderers." The printed side had been blackened with wood ash, which already began to come off and soil my fingers; on the blank side had been written with the same material the one word "Deposed." I have that curiosity beside me at this moment; but not a trace of writing now remains beyond a single scratch, such as a man might make with his thumb-nail.

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, with a drink all round, we lay down to sleep, and the outside of Silver's vengeance was to put George Merry up for sentinel and threaten him with death if he should prove unfaithful.

It was long ere I could close an eye, and Heaven knows I had matter enough for thought in the man whom I had slain that afternoon, in my own most perilous position, and, above all, in the remarkable game that I saw Silver now engaged upon — keeping the mutineers together with one hand, and grasping with the other, after every means, possible and impossible, to make his peace and save his miserable life. He himself slept peacefully, and snored aloud; yet my heart was sore for him, wicked as he was, to think on the dark perils that environed, and the shameful gibbet that awaited him.

CHAPTER XXX

ON PAROLE

I was wakened — indeed, we were all wakened, for I could see even the sentinel shake himself together from where he had fallen against the doorpost — by a clear, hearty voice hailing us from the margin of the wood: —

"Blockhouse, ahoy!" it cried. "Here's the doctor."

And the doctor it was. Although I was glad to hear the sound, yet my gladness was not without admixture. I remembered with confusion my insubordinate and stealthy conduct; and when I saw where it had brought me — among what companions and surrounded by what dangers — I felt ashamed to look him in the face.

He must have risen in the dark, for the day had hardly come; and when I ran to a loophole and looked out, I saw him standing, like Silver once before, up to the mid leg in creeping vapor.

"You, doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir!" cried Silver, broad awake and beaming with good nature in a moment. "Bright and early, to be sure; and it's the early bird, as the saying goes, that gets the rations. George, shake up your timbers, son, and help Dr. Livesey over the ship's side. All a-doin' well, your patients was — all well and merry."

So he pattered on, standing on the hilltop, with his crutch upon his elbow, and one hand upon the side of the log house — quite the old John in voice, manner, and expression.

"We've quite a surprise for you, too, sir," he continued. "We've a little stranger here — he! he! A noo boarder and lodger, sir, and looking fit and taut as a fiddle; slep' like a supercargo, he did, right alongside of John — stem to stem, we was, all night."

Dr. Livesey was by this time across the stockade and pretty near the cook; and I could hear the alteration in his voice as he said —

"Not Jim?"

"The very same Jim as ever was," says Silver.

The doctor stopped outright, although he did not speak, and it was some seconds before he seemed able to move on.

"Well, well," he said, at last, "duty first and pleasure afterwards, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let us overhaul these patients of yours."

A moment afterwards he had entered the blockhouse, and, with one grim nod to me, proceeded with his work among the sick. He seemed under no apprehension, though he must have known that his life, among these treacherous demons, depended on a hair; and he rattled on to his patients as if he were paying an ordinary professional visit in a quiet English family. His manner, I suppose, reacted on the men; for they behaved to him as if nothing had occurred — as if he were still ship's doctor, and they still faithful hands before the mast.

"You're doing well, my friend," he said to the fellow with the bandaged head; "and if ever any person had a close shave, it was you; your head must be as hard as iron. Well, George, how goes it? You're a pretty color, certainly; why, your liver, man, is upside down. Did you take that medicine? Did he take that medicine, men?"

"Aye, aye, sir, he took it, sure enough," returned Morgan.

"Because, you see, since I am mutineers' doctor, or prison doctor, as I prefer to call it," says Dr. Livesey, in his pleasantest way, "I make it a point of honor not to lose a man for King George (God bless him!) and the gallows."

The rogues looked at each other, but swallowed the home thrust in silence.

"Dick don't feel well, sir," said one.

"Don't he?" replied the doctor. "Well, step up here, Dick, and let me see your tongue. No, I should be surprised if he did! the man's tongue is fit to frighten the French. Another fever."

"Ah, there," said Morgan, "that comed of sp'iling Bibles."

"That comed — as you call it — of being arrant asses," retorted the doctor, "and not having sense enough to know honest air from poison, and the dry land from a vile, pestiferous slough. I think it most probable — though, of course, it's only an opinion — that you'll all have the deuce to pay before you get that malaria out of your systems. Camp in a bog, would you? Silver, I'm surprised at you. You're less of a fool than many, take you all round; but you don't appear to me to have the rudiments of a notion of the rules of health."

"Well," he added, after he had dosed them round, and they had taken his prescriptions, with really laughable humility, more like charity school children than bloodguilty mutineers and pirates — "well, that's done for to-day. And now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please."

And he nodded his head in my direction carelessly.

George Merry was at the door, spitting and spluttering over some bad-tasting medicine; but at the first word of the doctor's proposal he swung round with a deep flush, and cried, "No!" and swore.

Silver struck the barrel with his open hand.

"Si-lence!" he roared, and looked about him positively like a lion. "Doctor," he went on, in his usual tones, "I was a-thinking of that, knowing as how you had a fancy for the boy. We're all humbly grateful for your kindness, and, as you see, puts faith in you, and takes the drugs down like that much grog. And I take it, I've found a way as'll suit all. Hawkins, will you give me your word of honor as a young gentleman — for a young gentleman you are, al-

though poor born — your word of honor not to slip your cable?"

I readily gave the pledge required.

"Then, doctor," said Silver, "you just step outside o' that stockade, and once you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and I reckon you can yarn through the spars. Good day to you, sir, and all our dooties to the Squire and Cap'n Smollett."

The explosion of disapproval, which nothing but Silver's black looks had restrained, broke out immediately the doctor had left the house. Silver was roundly accused of playing double — of trying to make a separate peace for himself — of sacrificing the interests of his accomplices and victims; and, in one word, of the identical, exact thing that he was doing. It seemed to me so obvious, in this case, that I could not imagine how he was to turn their anger. But he was twice the man the rest were; and his last night's victory had given him a huge preponderance on their minds. He called them all the fools and dolts you can imagine, said it was necessary I should talk to the doctor, fluttered the chart in their faces, asked them if they could afford to break the treaty the very day they were bound a-treasure-hunting.

"No, by thunder!" he cried, "it's us must break the treaty when the times come; and till then I'll gammon that doctor, if I have to ile his boots with brandy."

And then he bade them get the fire lit, and stalked out upon his crutch, with his hand on my shoulder, leaving them in a disarray, and silenced by his volubility rather than convinced.

"Slow, lad, slow," he said. "They might round upon us in a twinkle of an eye, if we was seen to hurry."

Very deliberately, then, did we advance across the sand to where the doctor awaited us on the other side of the

stockade, and as soon as we were within easy speaking distance, Silver stopped.

"You'll make a note of this here also, doctor," says he, "and the boy'll tell you how I saved his life, and were deposed for it, too, and you may lay to that. Doctor, when a man's steering as near the wind as me — playing chuck-farthing with the last breath in his body, like — you wouldn't think it too much, mayhap, to give him one good word? You'll please bear in mind it's not my life only now — it's that boy's into the bargain; and you'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on, for the sake of mercy."

Silver was a changed man once he was out there and had his back to his friends and the blockhouse; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in, his voice trembled; never was a soul more dead in earnest.

"Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Dr. Livesey.

"Doctor, I'm no coward! no, no I — not *so* much!" and he snapped his fingers. "If I was I wouldn't say it. But I'll own up fairly, I've the shakes upon me for the gallows. You're a good man and a true; I never seen a better man! And you'll not forget what I done good, not any more than you'll forget the bad, I know. And I step aside — see here — and leave you and Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me, too, for it's a long stretch, is that!"

So saying, he stepped back a little way, till he was out of earshot, and there sat down upon a tree stump and began to whistle; spinning round now and again upon his seat so as to command a sight, sometimes of me and the doctor, and sometimes of his unruly ruffians as they went to and fro in the sand, between the fire — which they were busy rekindling — and the house, from which they brought forth pork and bread to make the breakfast.

"So, Jim," said the doctor sadly, "here you are. As you have brewed, so shall you drink, my boy. Heaven

knows, I cannot find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind: when Captain Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off, and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cowardly!"

I will own that I here began to weep. "Doctor," I said, "you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; my life's forfeit anyway, and I should have been dead by now, if Silver hadn't stood for me; and doctor, believe this, I can die — and I dare say I deserve it — but what I fear is torture. If they come to torture me ——"

"Jim," the doctor interrupted, and his voice was quite changed, "Jim, I can't have this. Whip over, and we'll run for it."

"Doctor," said I, "I passed my word."

"I know, I know," he cried. "We can't help that, Jim, now. I'll take it on my shoulders, holus bolus, blame and shame, my boy; but stay here, I cannot let you. Jump! One jump, and you're out, and we'll run for it like antelopes."

"No," I replied, "you know right well you wouldn't do the thing yourself; neither you, nor squire, nor captain; and no more will I. Silver trusted me; I passed my word, and back I go. But, doctor, you did not let me finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the ship is; for I got the ship, part by luck and part by risking, and she lies in North Inlet, on the southern beach, and just below high water. At half tide she must be high and dry."

"The ship!" exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly I described to him my adventures, and he heard me out in silence.

"There is a kind of fate in this," he observed, when I had done. "Every step, it's you that saves our lives; and do you suppose by any chance that we are going to let you lose

yours? That would be a poor return, my boy. You found the plot; you found Ben Gunn — the best deed that ever you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. Oh, by Jupiter, and talking of Ben Gunn! why, this is the mischief in person. Silver!" he cried, "Silver! — I'll give you a piece of advice," he continued as the cook drew near again; "don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure."

"Why, sir, I do my possible, which that ain't," said Silver. "I can only, asking your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure; and you may lay to that."

"Well, Silver," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further: look out for squalls when you find it."

"Sir," said Silver, "as between man and man, that's too much and too little. What you're after, why you left the blockhouse, why you given me that there chart, I don't know, now, do I? and yet I done your bidding with my eyes shut and never a word of hope! But, no, this here's too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so, and I'll leave the helm."

"No," said the doctor, musingly, "I've no right to say more; it's not my secret, you see, Silver, or, I give you my word, I'd tell it you. But I'll go as far with you as I dare go, and a step beyond; for I'll have my wig sorted by the captain or I'm mistaken. And, first, I'll give you a bit of hope: Silver, if we both get alive out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you, short of perjury."

Silver's face was radiant. "You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir, not if you was my mother," he cried.

"Well, that's my first concession," added the doctor. "My second is a piece of advice: Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. I'm off to seek it for you, and that itself will show you if I speak at random. Good-bye, Jim."

And Dr. Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to Silver, and set off at a brisk pace into the wood.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE TREASURE HUNT — FLINT'S POINTER

"Jim," said Silver, when we were alone, "if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run for it — with the tail of my eye, I did; and I seen you say no, as plain as hearing. Jim, that's one to you. This is the first glint of hope I had since the attack failed, and I owe it you. And now, Jim, we're to go in for this here treasure-hunting, with sealed orders, too, and I don't like it; and you and me must stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite o' fate and fortune."

Just then a man hailed us from the fire that breakfast was ready, and we were soon seated here and there about the sand over biscuit and fried junk. They had lit a fire fit to roast an ox; and it was now grown so hot that they could only approach it from the windward, and even there not without precaution. In the same wasteful spirit, they had cooked, I suppose, three times more than we could eat; and one of them, with an empty laugh, threw what was left into the fire, which blazed and roared again over this unusual fuel. I never in my life saw men so careless of the morrow; hand to mouth is the only word that can describe their way of doing; and what with wasted food and sleeping sentries, though they were bold enough for a brush and be done with it, I could see their entire unfitness for anything like a prolonged campaign.

Even Silver, eating away, with Captain Flint upon his shoulder, had not a word of blame for their recklessness.

And this the more surprised me, for I thought he had never shown himself so cunning as he did then.

"Aye, mates," said he, "it's lucky you have Barbecue to think for you with this here head. I got what I wanted, I did. Sure enough, they have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet; but once we hit the treasure, we'll have to jump about and find out. And then, mates, us that has the boats, I reckon, has the upper hand."

Thus he kept running on, with his mouth full of the hot bacon; thus he restored their hope and confidence, and, I more than suspect, repaired his own at the same time.

"As for hostage," he continued, "that's his last talk, I guess, with them he loves so dear. I've got my piece o' news, and thanky to him for that; but it's over and done. I'll take him in a line when we go treasure-hunting, for we'll keep him like so much gold, in case of accidents, you mark, and in the meantime. Once we got the ship and treasure both, and off to sea like jolly companions, why, then, we'll talk Mr. Hawkins over, we will, and we'll give him his share, to be sure, for all his kindness."

It was no wonder the men were in a good humor now. For my part, I was horribly cast down. Should the scheme he had now sketched prove feasible, Silver, already doubly a traitor, would not hesitate to adopt it. He had still a foot in either camp, and there was no doubt he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates to a bare escape from hanging, which was the best he had to hope on our side.

Nay, and even if things so fell out that he was forced to keep his faith with Dr. Livesey, even then what danger lay before us! What a moment that would be when the suspicions of his followers turned to certainty, and he and I should have to fight for dear life — he, a cripple, and I, a boy — against five strong and active seamen!

Add to this double apprehension, the mystery that still

hung over the behavior of my friends; their unexplained desertion of the stockade; their inexplicable cession of the chart; or, harder still to understand, the doctor's last warning to Silver, "Look out for squalls when you find it;" and you will readily believe how little taste I found in my breakfast, and with how uneasy a heart I set forth behind my captors on the quest for treasure.

We made a curious figure, had any one been there to see us; all in soiled sailor clothes, and all but me armed to the teeth. Silver had two guns slung about him — one before and one behind — besides the great cutlass at his waist, and a pistol in each pocket of his square-tailed coat. To complete his strange appearance, Captain Flint sat perched upon his shoulder and gabbling odds and ends of purposeless sea talk. I had a line about my waist, and followed obediently after the sea cook, who held the loose end of the rope, now in his free hand, now between his powerful teeth. For all the world, I was led like a dancing bear.

The other men were variously burdened; some carrying picks and shovels — for that had been the very first necessary they brought ashore from the *Hispaniola* — others laden with pork, bread, and brandy for the midday meal. All the stores, I observed, came from our stock; and I could see the truth of Silver's words the night before. Had he not struck a bargain with the doctor, he and his mutineers, deserted by the ship, must have been driven to subsist on clear water and the proceeds of their hunting. Water would have been little to their taste; a sailor is not usually a good shot; and besides all that, when they were so short of eatables, it was not likely they would be very flush of powder.

Well, thus equipped, we all set out — even the fellow with the broken head, who should certainly have kept in shadow

— and straggled, one after another, to the beach, where the two gigs awaited us. Even these bore trace of the drunken folly of the pirates, one in a broken thwart, and both in their muddied and unbaled condition. Both were to be carried along with us, for the sake of safety; and so, with our numbers divided between them, we set forth upon the bosom of the anchorage.

As we pulled over, there was some discussion on the chart. The red cross was, of course, far too large to be a guide; and the terms of the note on the back, as you will hear, admitted of some ambiguity. They ran, the reader may remember, thus: —

"Tall tree, Spyglass Shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.

"Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.

"Ten feet."

A tall tree was thus the principal mark. Now, right before us, the anchorage was bounded by a plateau from two to three hundred feet high, adjoining on the north the sloping southern shoulder of the Spyglass, and rising again towards the south into the rough cliffy eminence called the Mizzenmast Hill. The top of the plateau was dotted thickly with pine trees of varying height. Every here and there, one of a different species rose forty or fifty feet clear above its neighbors, and which of these was the particular "tall tree" of Captain Flint could only be decided on the spot, and by the readings of the compass.

Yet, although that was the case, every man on board the boats had picked a favorite of his own ere we were half-way over, Long John alone shrugging his shoulders and bidding them wait till they were there.

We pulled easily, by Silver's directions, not to weary the

hands prematurely; and, after quite a long passage, landed at the mouth of the second river — that which runs down a woody cleft of the Spyglass. Thence, bending to our left, we began to ascend the slope towards the plateau.

At the first outset, heavy, miry ground and a matted, marish vegetation, greatly delayed our progress; but by little and little the hill began to steepen and become stony under foot, and the wood to change its character and to grow in a more open order. It was, indeed, a most pleasant portion of the island that we were now approaching. A heavy-scented broom and many flowering shrubs had almost taken the place of grass. Thickets of green nutmeg trees were dotted here and there with the red columns and the broad shadow of the pines; and the first mingled their spice with the aroma of the others. The air, besides, was fresh and stirring, and this, under the sheer sunbeams, was a wonderful refreshment to our senses.

The party spread itself abroad, in a fan shape, shouting and leaping to and fro. About the center, and a good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed — I tethered by my rope, he plowing, with deep pants, among the sliding gravel. From time to time, indeed, I had to lend him a hand, or he must have missed his footing and fallen backward down the hill.

We had thus proceeded for about half a mile, and were approaching the brow of the plateau, when the man upon the farthest left began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him, and the others began to run in his direction.

"He can't 'a' found the treasure," said old Morgan, hurrying past us from the right, "for that's clean a-top."

Indeed, as we found when we also reached the spot, it was something very different. At the foot of a pretty big pine, and involved in a green creeper, which had even partly

lifted some of the smaller bones, a human skeleton lay, with a few shreds of clothing, on the ground. I believe a chill struck for a moment to every heart.

"He was a seaman," said George Merry, who, bolder than the rest, had gone up close, and was examining the rags of clothing. "Leastways, this is good sea cloth."

"Aye, aye," said Silver, "like enough; you wouldn't look to find a bishop here, I reckon. But what sort of a way is that for bones to lie? 'Tain't in natur'."

Indeed, on a second glance, it seemed impossible to fancy that the body was in a natural position. But for some disarray (the work, perhaps, of the birds that had fed upon him or of the slow-growing creeper that had gradually enveloped his remains) the man lay perfectly straight — his feet pointing in one direction, his hands raised above his head like a diver's, pointing directly in the opposite.

"I've taken a notion into my old numskull," observed Silver. "Here's the compass; there's the tiptop p'int o' Skeleton Island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearing, will you, along the line of them bones."

It was done. The body pointed straight in the direction of the island, and the compass read duly E.S.E. and by E.

"I thought so," cried the cook; "this here is a p'inter. Right up there is our line for the Pole Star and the jolly dollars. But, by thunder! if it don't make me cold inside to think of Flint. This is one of *his* jokes, and no mistake. Him and these six was alone here; he killed 'em, every man; and this one he hauled here and laid down by compass, shiver my timbers! They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Aye, that would be Allardyce. You mind Allardyce, Tom Morgan?"

"Aye, aye," returned Morgan, "I mind him; he owed me money, he did, and took my knife ashore with him."

"Speaking of knives," said another, "why don't we find his'n lying round? Flint warn't the man to pick a seaman's pocket; and the birds, I guess, would leave it be."

"By the powers, and that's true!" cried Silver.

"There ain't a thing left here," said Merry, still feeling round among the bones, "not a copper doit nor a baccy box. It don't look nat'ral to me."

"No, by gum, it don't," agreed Silver; "not nat'ral, nor not nice, says you. Great guns! messmates, but if Flint was living, this would be a hot spot for you and me. Six they were, and six are we; and bones is what they are now."

"I saw him dead with these here deadlights," said Morgan. "Billy took me in. There he laid, with penny pieces on his eyes."

"Dead — aye, sure enough he's dead and gone below," said the fellow with the bandage; "but if ever sperrit walked, it would be Flint's. Dear heart, but he died bad, did Flint!"

"Aye, that he did," observed another; "now he raged, and now he hollered for the rum, and now he sang. 'Fifteen Men' were his only song, mates; and I tell you true, I never rightly liked to hear it since. It was main hot, and the windy was open, and I hear that old song comin' out as clear as clear — and the death-haul on the man already."

"Come, come," said Silver, "stow this talk. He's dead, and he don't walk, that I know; leastways, he won't walk by day, and you may lay to that. Care killed a cat. Fetch ahead for the doubloons."

We started, certainly; but in spite of the hot sun and the staring daylight, the pirates no longer ran separate and shouting through the wood, but kept side by side and spoke with bated breath. The terror of the dead buccaneer had fallen on their spirits.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE TREASURE HUNT — THE VOICE AMONG THE TREES

Partly from the damping influence of this alarm, partly to rest Silver and the sick folk, the whole party sat down as soon as they had gained the brow of the ascent.

The plateau being somewhat tilted towards the west, this spot on which we had paused commanded a wide prospect on either hand. Before us, over the tree tops, we beheld the Cape of the Woods fringed with surf; behind, we not only looked down upon the anchorage and Skeleton Island, but saw — clear across the spit and the eastern lowlands — a great field of open sea upon the east. Sheer above us rose the Spyglass, here dotted with single pines, there black with precipices. There was no sound but that of the distant breakers, mounting from all round, and the chirp of countless insects in the brush. Not a man, not a sail upon the sea; the very largeness of the view increased the sense of solitude.

Silver, as he sat, took certain bearings with his compass.

"There are three 'tall trees,'" said he, "about in the right line from Skeleton Island. 'Spyglass Shoulder,' I take it, means that lower p'int there. It's child's play to find the stuff now. I've half a mind to dine first."

"I don't feel sharp," growled Morgan. "Thinkin' o' Flint — I think it were — as done me."

"Ah, well, my son, you praise your stars he's dead," said Silver.

"He were an ugly devil," cried a third pirate, with a shudder; "that blue in the face, too!"

"That was how the rum took him," added Merry. "Blue! well, I reckon he was blue. That's a true word."

Ever since they had found the skeleton and got upon

this train of thought, they had spoken lower and lower, and they had almost got to whispering by now, so that the sound of their talk hardly interrupted the silence of the wood. All of a sudden, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, trembling voice struck up the well-known air and words: —

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest —
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I never have seen men more dreadfully affected than the pirates. The color went from their six faces like enchantment; some leaped to their feet, some clawed hold of others, Morgan groveled on the ground.

"It's Flint, by ——!" cried Merry.

The song had stopped as suddenly as it began — broken off, you would have said, in the middle of a note, as though some one had laid his hand upon the singer's mouth. Coming so far through the clear, sunny atmosphere among the green tree tops, I thought it had sounded airily and sweetly; and the effect on my companions was the stranger.

"Come," said Silver, struggling with his ashen lips to get the word out, "this won't do. Stand by to go about. This is a rum start, and I can't name the voice, but it's some one skylarking — some one that's flesh and blood, and you may lay to that."

His courage had come back as he spoke, and some of the color to his face along with it. Already the others had begun to lend an ear to this encouragement, and were coming a little to themselves, when the same voice broke out again — not this time singing, but in a faint distant hail, that echoed yet fainter among the clefts of the Spyglass.

"Darby M'Graw," it wailed — for that is the word that best describes the sound — "Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw!" again and again and again; and then rising a

little higher, and with an oath that I leave out, "Fetch aft the rum, Darby!"

The buccaneers remained rooted to the ground, their eyes starting from their heads. Long after the voice had died away they still stared in silence, dreadfully, before them.

"That fixes it!" gasped one. "Let's go."

"They were his last words," moaned Morgan, "his last words above board."

Dick had his Bible out, and was praying volubly. He had been well brought up, had Dick, before he came to sea and fell among bad companions.

Still, Silver was unconquered. I could hear his teeth rattle in his head, but he had not yet surrendered.

"Nobody in this here island ever heard of Darby," he muttered, "not one but us that's here." And then, making a great effort, "Shipmates," he cried, "I'm here to get that stuff, and I'll not be beat by man nor devil. I never was feared of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I'll face him dead. There's seven hundred thousand pound not a quarter of a mile from here. When did ever a gentleman o' fortune show his stern to that much dollars, for a boosy old seaman with a blue mug — and him dead, too?"

But there was no sign of reawakening courage in his followers; rather, indeed, of growing terror at the irreverence of his words.

"Belay there, John!" said Merry. "Don't you cross a sperrit."

And the rest were all too terrified to reply. They would have run away severally had they dared; but fear kept them together, and kept them close by John, as if his daring helped them. He, on his part, had pretty well fought his weakness down.

"Sperrit? Well, maybe," he said. "But there's one

thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now, no man ever seen a sperrit with a shadow; well, then, what's he doing with an echo to him, I should like to know? That ain't in natur', surely?"

This argument seemed weak enough to me. But you can never tell what will affect the superstitious, and, to my wonder, George Merry was greatly relieved.

"Well, that's so," he said. "You've a head upon your shoulders, John, and no mistake. 'Bout ship, mates! this here crew is on a wrong tack, I do believe. And come to think on it, it was like Flint's voice, I grant you, but not just so clear away like it, after all. It was liker somebody else's voice now — it was liker ——"

"By the powers, Ben Gunn!" roared Silver.

"Aye, and so it were," cried Morgan, springing on his knees. "Ben Gunn it were!"

"It don't make much odds, do it now?" asked Dick. "Ben Gunn's not here in the body, any more'n Flint."

But the older hands greeted this remark with scorn.

"Why nobody minds Ben Gunn," cried Merry; "dead or alive, nobody minds him."

It was extraordinary how their spirits had returned, and how the natural color had revived in their faces. Soon they were chatting together, with intervals of listening; and not long after, hearing no further sound, they shouldered the tools and set forth again, Merry walking first with Silver's compass to keep them on the right line with Skeleton Island. He had said the truth: dead or alive, nobody minded Ben Gunn.

Dick alone still held his Bible, and looked around him as he went, with fearful glances; but he found no sympathy, and Silver even joked him on his precautions.

"I told you," said he — "I told you, you had sp'iled your Bible. If it ain't no good to swear by, what do you

suppose a sperrit would give for it? Not that!" and he snapped his big fingers, halting a moment on his crutch.

But Dick was not to be comforted; indeed it was soon plain to me that the lad was falling sick; hastened by heat, exhaustion, and the shock of his alarm, the fever, predicted by Dr. Livesey, was evidently growing swiftly higher.

It was fine open walking here, upon the summit; our way lay a little downhill, for, as I have said, the plateau tilted towards the west. The pines, great and small, grew wide apart: and even between the clumps of nutmeg and azalea, wide open spaces baked in the hot sunshine. Striking, as we did, pretty near northwest across the island, we drew, on the one hand, even nearer under the shoulders of the Spyglass, and on the other, looked ever wider over that western bay where I had once tossed and trembled in the coracle.

The first of the tall trees was reached, and by the bearing, proved the wrong one. So with the second. The third rose nearly two hundred feet in the air above a clump of underwood; a giant of a vegetable, with a red column as big as a cottage, and a wide shadow around in which a company could have maneuvered. It was conspicuous far to see both on the east and west, and might have been entered as a sailing mark upon the chart.

But it was not its size that now impressed my companions; it was the knowledge that seven hundred thousand pounds in gold lay somewhere buried beneath its spreading shadow. The thought of the money, as they drew nearer, swallowed up their previous terrors. Their eyes burned in their heads; their feet grew speedier and lighter; their whole soul was bound up in that fortune, that whole lifetime of extravagance and pleasure, that lay waiting there for each of them.

Silver hobbled, grunting, on his crutch; his nostrils stood out and quivered; he cursed like a madman when the flies settled on his hot and shiny countenance; he plucked

furiously at the line that held me to him, and, from time to time, turned his eyes upon me with a deadly look. Certainly he took no pains to hide his thoughts; and certainly I read them like print. In the immediate nearness of the gold, all else had been forgotten; his promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the past; and I could not doubt that he hoped to seize upon the treasure, find and board the *Hispaniola* under cover of night, cut every honest throat about that island, and sail away as he had at first intended, laden with crimes and riches.

Shaken as I was with those alarms, it was hard for me to keep up with the rapid pace of the treasure hunters. Now and again I stumbled; and it was then that Silver plucked so roughly at the rope and launched at me his murderous glances. Dick, who had dropped behind us, and now brought up the rear, was babbling to himself both prayers and curses, as his fever kept rising. This also added to my wretchedness, and, to crown all, I was haunted by the thought of the tragedy that had once been acted on that plateau, when that ungodly buccaneer with the blue face — he who died at Savannah, singing and shouting for drink — had there, with his own hand, cut down his six accomplices. This grove, that was now so peaceful, must then have rung with cries, I thought; and even with the thought I could believe I heard it ringing still.

We were now at the margin of the thicket.

"Huzza, mates, altogether!" shouted Merry; and the foremost broke into a run.

And suddenly, not ten yards further, we beheld them stop. A low cry arose. Silver doubled his pace, digging away with the foot of his crutch like one possessed; and next moment he and I had come also to a dead halt.

Before us was a great excavation, not very recent, for the sides had fallen in and grass had sprouted on the bottom.

In this were the shaft of a pick broken in two and the boards of several packing cases strewn around. On one of these boards I saw, branded with a hot iron, the name *Walrus* — the name of Flint's ship.

All was clear to probation. The *cache* had been found and rifled; the seven hundred thousand pounds were gone!

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE FALL OF A CHIEFTAIN

There never was such an overturn in this world. Each of these six men was as though he had been struck. But with Silver the blow passed almost instantly. Every thought of his soul had been set full-stretch, like a racer, on that money; well, he was brought up in a single second, dead; and he kept his head, found his temper, and changed his plan before the others had had time to realize the disappointment.

"Jim," he whispered, "take that, and stand by for trouble."

And he passed me a double-barreled pistol.

At the same time he began quietly moving northward, and in a few steps had put the hollow between us two and the other five. Then he looked at me and nodded, as much as to say, "Here is a narrow corner," as, indeed, I thought it was. His looks were now quite friendly; and I was so revolted at these constant changes, that I could not forbear whispering, "So you've changed sides again."

There was no time left for him to answer in. The buccaneers, with oaths and cries, began to leap, one after another, into the pit, and to dig with their fingers, throwing the boards aside as they did so. Morgan found a piece of gold. He held it up with a perfect spout of oaths. It was a two-guinea

piece, and it went from hand to hand among them for a quarter of a minute.

"Two guineas!" roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. "That's your seven hundred thousand pounds, is it? You're the man for bargains, ain't you? You're him that never bungled nothing, you wooden-headed lubber!"

"Dig away, boys," said Silver, with the coolest insolence; "you'll find some pignuts and I shouldn't wonder."

"Pignuts!" repeated Merry, in a scream. "Mates, do you hear that! I tell you, now, that man there knew it all along. Look in the face of him, and you'll see it wrote there."

"Ah, Merry," remarked Silver, "standing for cap'n again? You're a pushing lad, to be sure."

But this time every one was entirely in Merry's favor. They began to scramble out of the excavation, darting furious glances behind them. One thing I observed, which looked well for us: they all got out upon the opposite side from Silver.

Well, there we stood, two on one side, five on the other, the pit between us, and nobody screwed up high enough to offer the first blow. Silver never moved; he watched them, very upright on his crutch, and looked as cool as ever I saw him. He was brave, and no mistake.

At last, Merry seemed to think a speech might help matters.

"Mates," says he, "there's two of them alone there; one's the old cripple that brought us all here and blundered us down to this; the other's that cub that I mean to have the heart of. Now, mates ——"

He was raising his arm and his voice, and plainly meant to lead a charge. But just then crack —! crack! crack! — three musket shots flashed out of the thicket. Merry tumbled headforemost into the excavation; the man with the bandage spun round like a teetotum, and fell all his

length upon his side, where he lay, dead but still twitching; and the other three turned and ran for it with all their might.

Before you could wink, Long John had fired two barrels of a pistol into the struggling Merry; and as the man rolled up his eyes at him in the last agony, "George," said he, "I reckon I settled you."

At the same moment the doctor, Gray, and Ben Gunn joined us, with smoking muskets, from among the nutmeg trees.

"Forward!" cried the doctor. "Double-quick, my lads. We must head 'em off the boats."

And we set off, at a great pace, sometimes plunging through the bushes to the chest.

I tell you, but Silver was anxious to keep up with us. The work that man went through, leaping on his crutch till the muscles of his chest were fit to burst, was work no sound man ever equaled; and so thinks the doctor. As it was, he was already thirty yards behind us, and on the verge of strangling, when we reached the brow of the slope.

"Doctor," he hailed, "see there! no hurry!"

Sure enough there was no hurry. In a more open part of the plateau, we could see the three survivors still running in the same direction as they had started, right for Mizzenmast Hill. We were already between them and the boats; and so we four sat down to breathe, while Long John, mopping his face, came slowly up with us.

"Thank ye kindly, doctor," says he. "You came in in about the nick, I guess, for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn!" he added. "Well, you're a nice one, to be sure."

"I'm Ben Gunn, I am," replied the maroon, wriggling like an eel in his embarrassment. "And," he added, after a long pause, "how do, Mr. Silver. Pretty well, I thank ye, says you."

"Ben, Ben," murmured Silver, "to think as you've done me!"

The doctor sent back Gray for one of the pickaxes, deserted, in their flight, by the mutineers; and then as we proceeded leisurely down hill to where the boats were lying, related, in a few words, what had taken place. It was a story that profoundly interested Silver; and Ben Gunn, the half-idiot maroon, was the hero from beginning to end.

Ben, in his long, lonely wanderings about the island, had found the skeleton — it was he that had rifled it; he had found the treasure; he had dug it up (it was the shaft of his pickax that lay broken in the excavation); he had carried it on his back, in many weary journeys, from the foot of a tall pine to a cave he had on the two-pointed hill at the north-east angle of the island, and there it had lain stored in safety since two months before the arrival of the *Hispaniola*.

When the doctor had wormed this secret from him, on the afternoon of the attack, and when, next morning, he saw the anchorage deserted, he had gone to Silver, given him the chart, which was now useless — given him the stores, for Ben Gunn's cave was well supplied with goats' meat salted by himself — given anything and everything to get a chance of moving in safety from the stockade to the two-pointed hill, there to be clear of malaria and keep a guard upon the money.

"As for you, Jim," he said, "it went against my heart, but I did what I thought best for those who had stood by their duty; and if you were not one of these, whose fault was it?"

That morning, finding that I was to be involved in the horrid disappointment he had prepared for the mutineers, he had run all the way to the cave, and, leaving squire to guard the captain, had taken Gray and the maroon, and started, making the diagonal across the island, to be at hand beside the pine. Soon, however, he saw that our

party had the start of him; and Ben Gunn, being fleet of foot, had been despatched in front to do his best alone. Then it had occurred to him to work upon the superstitions of his former shipmates; and he was so far successful that Gray and the doctor had come up and were already ambushed before the arrival of the treasure-hunters.

"Ah," said Silver, "it were fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would have let old John be cut to bits, and never given it a thought, doctor."

"Not a thought," replied Dr. Livesey cheerily.

And by this time we had reached the gigs. The doctor, with the pickax, demolished one of them, and then we all got aboard the other and set out to go round by sea for North Inlet.

This was a run of eight or nine miles. Silver, though he was almost killed already with fatigue, was set to an oar, like the rest of us, and we were soon skimming swiftly over a smooth sea. Soon we passed out of the straits and doubled the southeast corner of the island, round which, four days ago, we had towed the *Hispaniola*.

As we passed the two-pointed hill, we could see the black mouth of Ben Gunn's cave, and a figure standing by it, leaning on a musket. It was the squire; and we waved a handkerchief and gave him three cheers, in which the voice of Silver joined as heartily as any.

Three miles farther, just inside the mouth of North Inlet, what should we meet but the *Hispaniola*, cruising by herself? The last flood had lifted her; and had there been much wind, or a strong tide current, as in the southern anchorage, we should never have found her more, or found her stranded beyond help. As it was, there was little amiss, beyond the wreck of the mainsail. Another anchor was got ready, and dropped in a fathom and a half of water. We all pulled round again to Rum Cove, the nearest point for

Ben Gunn's treasure house; and then Gray, single-handed, returned with the gig to the *Hispaniola*, where he was to pass the night on guard.

A gentle slope ran up from the beach to the entrance of the cave. At the top, the squire met us. To me he was cordial and kind, saying nothing of my escapade, either in the way of blame or praise. At Silver's polite salute he somewhat flushed.

"John Silver," he said, "you're a prodigious villain and impostor — a monstrous impostor, sir. I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well, then, I will not. But the dead men, sir, hang about your neck like millstones."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied Long John, again saluting.

"I dare you to thank me!" cried the squire. "It is a gross dereliction of my duty. Stand back!"

And thereupon we all entered the cave. It was a large, airy place, with a little spring and a pool of clear water, overhung with ferns. The floor was sand. Before a big fire lay Captain Smollett; and in a far corner, only duskily flickered over by the blaze, I beheld great heaps of coin and quadrilaterals built of bars of gold. That was Flint's treasure that we had come so far to seek, and that had cost already the lives of seventeen men from the *Hispaniola*. How many it had cost in the amassing, what blood and sorrow, what good ships scuttled on the deep, what brave men walking the plank blindfold, what shot of cannon, what shame and lies and cruelty, perhaps no man alive could tell. Yet there were still three upon that island — Silver, and old Morgan, and Ben Gunn — who had each taken his share in these crimes, as each had hoped in vain to share in the reward.

"Come in, Jim," said the captain. "You're a good boy in your line, Jim; but I don't think you and me'll go to

sea again. You're too much of the born favorite for me. Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, man?"

"Come back to my dooty, sir," returned Silver.

"Ah!" said the captain; and that was all he said.

What a supper I had of it that night, with all my friends around me; and what a meal it was, with Ben Gunn's salted goat, and some delicacies and a bottle of old wine from the *Hispaniola*. Never, I am sure, were people gayer or happier. And there was Silver, sitting back almost out of the firelight, but eating heartily, prompt to spring forward when anything was wanted, even joining quietly in our laughter — the same bland, polite, obsequious seaman of the voyage out.

CHAPTER XXXIV

AND LAST

The next morning we fell early to work, for the transportation of this great mass of gold near a mile by land to the beach, and thence three miles by boat to the *Hispaniola*, was a considerable task for so small a number of workmen. The three fellows still abroad upon the island did not greatly trouble us; a single sentry on the shoulder of the hill was sufficient to insure us against any sudden onslaught, and we thought, besides, they had had more than enough of fighting.

Therefore the work was pushed on briskly. Gray and Ben Gunn came and went with the boat, while the rest, during their absences, piled treasure on the beach. Two of the bars, slung in a rope's-end, made a good load for a grown man — one that he was glad to walk slowly with. For my part, as I was not much use at carrying, I was kept busy all day in the cave, packing the minted money into bread bags.

It was a strange collection, like Billy Bones's hoard for the diversity of coinage, but so much larger and so much more varied that I think I never had more pleasure than in sorting them. English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Georges and Louises, doubloons and double guineas and moidores and sequins, the pictures of all the kings of Europe for the last hundred years, strange Oriental pieces stamped with what looked like wisps of string or bits of spider's web, round pieces and square pieces, and pieces bored through the middle, as if to wear them round your neck — nearly every variety of money in the world must, I think, have found a place in that collection; and for number, I am sure they were like autumn leaves, so that my back ached with stooping and my fingers with sorting them out.

Day after day this work went on; by every evening a fortune had been stowed aboard, but there was another fortune waiting for the morrow; and all this time we heard nothing of the three surviving mutineers.

At last — I think it was on the third night — the doctor and I were strolling on the shoulder of the hill where it overlooks the lowlands of the isle, when, from out the thick darkness below, the wind brought us a noise between shrieking and singing. It was only a snatch that reached our ears, followed by the former silence. "Heaven forgive them," said the doctor; "'tis the mutineers!"

"All drunk, sir," struck in the voice of Silver from behind us.

Silver, I should say, was allowed his entire liberty, and, in spite of daily rebuffs, seemed to regard himself once more as quite a privileged and friendly dependant. Indeed, it was remarkable how well he bore these slights, and with what unwearying politeness he kept on trying to ingratiate himself with all. Yet, I think, none treated him better

than a dog; unless it was Ben Gunn, who was still terribly afraid of his old quartermaster, or myself, who had really something to thank him for; although for that matter, I suppose, I had reason to think even worse of him than anybody else, for I had seen him meditating a fresh treachery upon the plateau. Accordingly, it was pretty gruffly that the doctor answered him.

"Drunk or raving," said he.

"Right you were, sir," replied Silver; "and precious little odds which, to you and me."

"I suppose you would hardly ask me to call you a humane man," returned the doctor with a sneer, "and so my feelings may surprise you, Master Silver. But if I were sure they were raving — as I am morally certain one, at least, of them is down with fever — I should leave this camp, and, at whatever risk of my own carcass, take them the assistance of my skill."

"Ask your pardon, sir, you would be very wrong," quoth Silver. "You would lose your precious life, and you may lay to that. I'm on your side now, hand and glove; and I shouldn't wish for to see the party weakened, let alone yourself, seeing as I know what I owes you. But these men down there, they couldn't keep their word — no, not supposing they wished to; and what's more, they couldn't believe as you could."

"No," said the doctor. "You're the man to keep your word, we know that."

Well, that was about the last news we had of the three pirates. Only once we heard a gunshot a great way off, and supposed them to be hunting. A council was held, and it was decided that we must desert them on the island — to the huge glee, I must say, of Ben Gunn, and with the strong approval of Gray. We left a good stock of powder and shot, the bulk of the salt goat, a few medicines, and

some other necessaries, tools, clothing, a spare sail, a fathom or two of rope, and, by the particular desire of the doctor, a handsome present of tobacco.

That was about our last doing on the island. Before that, we had got the treasure stowed, and had shipped enough water and the remainder of the goat meat, in case of any distress; and at last, one fine morning, we weighed anchor, which was about all that we could manage, and stood out of North Inlet, the same colors flying that the captain had flown and fought under at the palisade.

The three fellows must have been watching us closer than we thought for, as we soon had proved. For, coming through the narrows. we had to lie very near the southern point, and there we saw all three of them kneeling together on a spit of sand, with their arms raised in supplication. It went to all our hearts, I think, to leave them in that wretched state; but we could not risk another mutiny; and to take them home for the gibbet would have been a cruel sort of kindness. The doctor hailed them and told them of the stores we had left, and where they were to find them. But they continued to call us by name, and appeal to us, for God's sake, to be merciful, and not leave them to die in such a place.

At last, seeing the ship still bore on her course, and was now swiftly drawing out of earshot, one of them — I know not which it was — leapt to his feet with a hoarse cry, whipped his musket to his shoulder, and sent a shot whistling over Silver's head and through the mainsail.

After that, we kept under cover of the bulwarks, and when next I looked out they had disappeared from the spit, and the spit itself had almost melted out of sight in the growing distance. That was, at least, the end of that; and before noon, to my inexpressible joy, the highest

rock of Treasure Island had sunk into the blue round of sea.

We were so short of men that every one on board had to bear a hand — only the captain lying on a mattress in the stern and giving his orders; for, though greatly recovered, he was still in want of quiet. We laid her head for the nearest port in Spanish America, for we could not risk the voyage home without fresh hands; and as it was, what with baffling winds and a couple of fresh gales, we were all worn out before we reached it.

It was just at sundown when we cast anchor in a most beautiful landlocked gulf, and were immediately surrounded by shore boats full of negroes, and Mexican Indians, and half-bloods, selling fruits and vegetables, and offering to dive for bits of money. The sight of so many good-humored faces (especially the blacks), the taste of the tropical fruits, and above all, the lights that began to shine in the town, made a most charming contrast to our dark and bloody sojourn on the island; and the doctor and the squire, taking me along with them, went ashore to pass the early part of the night. Here they met the captain of an English man-of-war, fell in talk with him, went on board his ship, and, in short, had so agreeable a time, that day was breaking when we came alongside the *Hispaniola*.

Ben Gunn was on deck alone, and, as soon as we came on board, he began, with wonderful contortions, to make us a confession. Silver was gone. The maroon had connived at his escape in a shore boat some hours ago, and he now assured us he had only done so to preserve our lives, which would certainly have been forfeit if "that man with the one leg had stayed aboard." But this was not all. The sea cook had not gone empty handed. He had cut through a bulkhead unobserved, and had removed one of the sacks of coin, worth, perhaps, three

or four hundred guineas, to help him on his further wanderings.

I think we were all pleased to be so cheaply quit of him.

Well, to make a long story short, we got a few hands on board, made a good cruise home, and the *Hispaniola* reached Bristol just as Mr. Blandly was beginning to think of fitting out her consort. Five men only of those who had sailed returned with her. "Drink and the devil had done for the rest," with a vengeance; although, to be sure, we were not quite in so bad a case as that other ship they sang about:

> "With one man of her crew alive,
> What put to sea with seventy-five."

All of us had an ample share of the treasure, and used it wisely or foolishly, according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea. Gray not only saved his money, but, being suddenly smit with a desire to rise, also studied his profession; and he is now mate and part owner of a fine full-rigged ship; married besides, and the father of a family. As for Ben Gunn, he got a thousand pounds, which he spent or lost in three weeks, or, to be more exact, in nineteen days, for he was back begging on the twentieth. Then he was given a lodge to keep, exactly as he had feared upon the island; and he still lives, a great favorite, though something of a butt, with the country boys, and a notable singer in church on Sundays and saints' days.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That formidable seafaring man with one leg has at last gone clean out of my life; but I dare say he met his old negress, and perhaps still lives in comfort with her and Captain Flint. It is to be hoped so, I suppose, for his chances of comfort in another world are very small.

The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where Flint buried them; and certainly they shall lie there

for me. Oxen and wainropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts, or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

NOTES

lxxv 3 maroons: originally, fugitive slaves in the West Indies and Guiana, living in the mountains. Later, persons put ashore on a desolate island and left to their fate. "This was a Barbarous Custom of putting the Offender on Shore, on some desolate or uninhabited Cape or Island, with a Gun, a few Shot, a Bottle of Water, and a Bottle of Powder, to subsist with, or starve." — Johnson's "History of the Pyrates." A maroon, Ben Gunn, is one of the characters in "Treasure Island." See ch. xv.

lxxv 4 Buccaneers: see the Introduction: "The Buccaneers."

lxxv 12 Kingston: William Henry Giles Kingston (1814–1880) was a novelist and writer of books for boys. Some of the best known of his stories, which numbered more than a hundred, are: "Peter the Whaler"; "Blue Jackets"; "The Cruise of the Frolic"; "The Fireships"; "The Three Midshipmen"; "The Three Lieutenants"; "The Three Commanders"; "The Three Admirals"; "Kidnapping in the Pacific." It would be interesting to compare some of the sea stories of Kingston, Ballantyne, and Cooper with "Treasure Island."

lxxv 12 Ballantyne: Robert Michael Ballantyne (1825–1894) was another popular writer of juvenile stories. The titles of some of his books are: "The Young Fur Traders"; "The Life Boat"; "The Lighthouse"; "Fighting the Flames"; "Esling the Bold"; "The Pirate City"; "The Dog Crusoe"; "The Gorilla Hunters." Since he believed in "obtaining information from the fountainhead," he prepared himself for writing these books by traveling in Canada, Norway, Algiers, Cape Colony, and other countries.

lxxv 13 Cooper: James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851), an American novelist. The following titles of his most famous books will show why Stevenson calls him "of the wood and wave": the five "Leatherstocking Tales," which should be read in this order — "The Deerslayer"; "The Last of the Mohicans"; "The Pathfinder"; "The Pioneers"; "The Prairie"; and these tales of the sea, "The Pilot"; "The Red Rover"; "The Two Admirals"; "Afloat and Ashore."

1 1 Trelawney: see the letter, p. xxi. "The real Tre" was Edward John Trelawny (1792–1881), a great adventurer and friend of Shelley and Byron. Read his "Adventures of a Younger Son." As a young man he cruised in the Levant and married the sister of a Greek chieftain. He was the model for the old seaman in Millais's picture "The North-West Passage." A famous governor of Jamaica also bore the name of Trelawney.

1 6 In the year of grace 17—: in the essay "A Gossip on Romance" (see p. xxxvii in this volume), Stevenson tells how as a boy he liked a story to begin. "For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where, 'towards the close of the year 17—,' several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls." In his "Letters" (October, 1884) he writes: "I want a book to begin in a good way; a book, I guess, like 'Treasure Island,' alas! which I have never read, and cannot though I live to ninety. I would God that some one else had written it! By all that I can learn, it is the very book for my complaint. I like the way I hear it opens; and they tell me John Silver is good fun. And to me it is, and must ever be, a dream unrealized, a book unwritten." He then jots down several alluring beginnings of stories.

1 7 Admiral Benbow: John Benbow (1653–1702), a noted English admiral. He is described as an "honest rough seaman." It is appropriate that a seacoast inn should bear the name of a naval hero, but in this instance the choice of Admiral Benbow is particularly significant. Twice, in 1698 and in 1701, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the King's ships in the West Indies, with special orders to hunt down pirates; he was familiar with the wide stage on which the action of "Treasure Island" takes place; his name is linked with the notorious mutiny of his captains during his last fight with the French squadron off Santa Marta; he lost a leg in this fight; and he is buried in Jamaica. In view of these facts there is a peculiar fitness in adorning with the sign of Admiral Benbow the door of this tale of pirates, the Caribbean Sea, mutiny, and "a seafaring man with one leg."

1 7 inn: the romance of inns always appealed to Stevenson. Read his description of the inn at Burford Bridge and the old Hawes Inn at the Queen's Ferry in "A Gossip on Romance," p. xxxix. The seacoast inns in the melodramas which he read as a boy were so vivid in his memory that he recalled the details of the scenery: "Here is the inn with the red curtain, pipes, spittoons, and eight-day clock" ("A Penny Plain"); and when he set the second act of his play "Admiral Guinea" in the "Admiral Benbow" inn, he used many of the same details: fireplace with high-backed settles on each side; a small table laid with a cloth; window with red half-curtains; spittoons; candles on both the front tables. The "Spy-glass" inn in ch. viii also has red curtains.

1 15 livid white: in this description, observe the careful choice of details that are striking. Try to write a short and vivid description of a person.

1 19 Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest: the Dead Man's Chest is the name of one of the Virgin Islands in the West Indies. This sea-

song, which accompanies the story with its ominous note, is what is called by sailors a "chanty," *i.e.* a song sung by sailors when performing various rhythmical tasks in order to "keep time" in applying their strength. The second and fourth lines are the chorus. "Yo-ho-ho" means "Yo-heave-ho." Stevenson intended this to be a capstan chanty, for commenting on this song in his letter to Henley he says, "At the third Ho you heave at the capstan bars." A complete version of the song "Fifteen men" has been given by Mr. Jeffery Montague of *The Richmond Times*, who has collected various fragments. It should be noted that the material of the verses departs widely from the original conception of the Dead Man's Chest as an island.

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

"They drank and they drank and they got so drunk,
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!
Each from the dead man bit a chunk;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

"They sucked his blood and they crunched his bones;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!
When suddenly up came Davy Jones;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

"And Davy Jones had a big black key;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!
The key to his locker beneath the sea;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

"He winked and he blinked like an owl in a tree;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!
And grinned with a horrible kind o' glee;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

"'My men,' says he, 'you must come wi' me—'
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!
'Must come wi' me to the depths o' the sea;'
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

"So he clapped them into his locker in the sea,
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!
And he locked them in with his big black key;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!"

A good subject for a theme is: The romantic value of the sea-song "Fifteen men" in "Treasure Island." See "A Gossip on Romance" for Stevenson's comment on Scott's use of songs in "The Pirate" and in "Guy Mannering," and look up the scenes in those novels: "The Pirate," ch. xxiii; "Guy Mannering," ch. xli.

2 24 **mail**: stage or mail coach.

2 25 "**Royal George**": inns were often named from the reigning sovereign. During the reign of which King George does the action of "Treasure Island" probably take place? For hints, see the entries in the captain's account-book, ch. vi.

3 9 **the coast road for Bristol**: it is highly appropriate that the scene of the beginning of this story should be laid on "the coast road for Bristol." Bristol during the eighteenth century was the second seaport in England, and naturally was a great resort of seafaring men. Many pirates, too, returned to Bristol, as Captain Billy Bones and his companions had done, in the hope that they might live undiscovered in the vicinity. For instance, it is related in Johnson's "History of the Pyrates" that the crew of Captain Anstis "did not think fit to pursue any further Adventures, and therefore unanimously resolved to steer for England, which they accordingly did, and in October last came into Bristol Channel, sunk the Sloop, and getting ashore in the Boat, dispersed themselves to their Abodes." Of their number was John Phillips. "His Stay was not long in England, for whilst he was paying his first Visits to his Friends in Devonshire, he heard of the Misfortune of some of his Companions, that is, of their being taken and committed to Bristol Gaol; and there being good Reason for his apprehending Danger from a Wind that blew from the same Quarter, he mov'd off immediately to Topsham, the nearest Port, and there shipp'd himself with one Captain Wadham, for a Voyage to Newfoundland."

3 34 **abominable fancies**: by what means has Stevenson aroused your interest in "the seafaring man with one leg"? What hints of impending trouble has he given before he describes Jim's dreams? In what ways do these dreams make the one-legged man more terrible? What do you think about the value of this emphasis at the beginning of the story?

Among the many valuable things which Stevenson had to say about the art of narrative are these concerning beginnings. He wrote to a friend in regard to "The Beach of Falesá": "Make another end to it? Ah, yes, but that's not the way I write; the whole tale is implied; I never use an effect when I can help it, unless it prepares the effects that are to follow; that's what a story consists in. To make another end, that is to make the beginning all wrong." — "Vailima Letters," Vol. I, p. 147.

Again, in a letter to Sir J. M. Barrie, he wrote: "'The Little Minister' ought to have ended badly; we all know it did; and we are infinitely grateful to you for the grace and good feeling with which you lied about it. If you had told the truth, I for one could never have forgiven you. As you had conceived and written the earlier parts, the truth about the end, though indisputably true to fact, would have been a lie, or, what is worse, a discord in art. If you are going to make a book end badly, it must end badly from the beginning. Now your book began to end well. You let yourself fall in love with, and fondle, and smile at your puppets. Once you had done that your honor was committed — at the cost of truth to life you were bound to save them. It is the blot on 'Richard Feverel,' for instance, that it begins to end well; and then tricks you and ends ill." — "Letters," Biographical Edition, Vol. II, p. 327. With these statements in mind, discuss the opening chapters of "Treasure Island." Point out effects which prepare the effects that are to follow. Does this story begin to end well or badly?

4 20 **walking the plank**: a method of disposing of captives practiced by pirates. The captive was blindfolded and forced to walk along a plank laid across the bulwark of the vessel, until he overbalanced it and fell into the sea.

4 21 **Dry Tortugas**: a group of coral keys in the Gulf of Mexico off the southwest coast of Florida.

4 22 **Spanish Main**: this included the northern coast of South America, the Isthmus of Panama, and Central America, or all the continental lands bordering on the Caribbean Sea. The name was probably derived from the Spanish *Tierra Firme* or *Costa Firme*, applied to the coast of the Isthmus. In early narratives of the pirates the word "main" is often used alone to designate the continent: thus, "In the Spring of the Year. 1717, Teach and Hornigold sailed from Providence [one of the Bahama Islands] for the Main of America." — Johnson's "Pyrates." Now the term "Spanish Main" is sometimes popularly used to designate the Caribbean Sea itself.

5 15 **one of the cocks**: a part of the hat brim folded against the crown. See the picture of Blackbeard, p. lix.

6 25 **"Silence, there, between decks!"** You have probably noticed that people who are engrossed in a certain occupation or sport habitually use the technical language of that trade or sport when speaking of other things. In such cases the technical language is metaphorical and is a variety of slang. Sailors, perhaps more than any other class of men, use their special vocabulary in this way. You will have little difficulty in understanding such figurative talk in "Treasure Island" if you first find

out the literal meaning of the words in the Glossary of Sea Terms. Watch the language of the people you meet in real life as well as in stories and plays, and see how many examples you can find of this figurative use of technical words. For instance, Mrs. Tidman in Pinero's play " Dandy Dick " employs " horsey " words on all occasions, whether she is " talking horse " or not.

6 32 **clasp-knife** : seamen were very expert in the art of throwing their knives. See the end of ch. xxvi for an exciting instance of this.

7 6 **assizes** : the periodical sessions of the judges of the superior courts in every county of England for the purpose of administering justice in the trial of civil and criminal cases. Students will recall the visit of Sir Roger de Coverley to the assizes (*Spectator*, No. 122).

7 29 **January morning** : this is an admirable example of Stevenson's choice of setting and weather which harmonize with the events. As one critic has said, " The scene is set for imminent peril; there is a threat in the windless, gray winter morning." At this point read again the paragraph beginning " One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places " — in " A Gossip on Romance," p. xxxix. Since this is a very important element in the art of narrative, a few exercises will be valuable. 1. In this description what details have been selected to produce the " dominant tone " of gloom and imminent peril? 2. Write a description in which you will try to make some one chief impression, either gay or sad. 3. Note other examples in " Treasure Island " of the use of appropriate weather or scene. 4. See how many of the real places you know " cry aloud for " certain romantic events.

8 5 **broad skirts** : a coat with broad skirts is worn by Blackbeard in an old engraving in Johnson's " Pyrates." See p. lix.

8 15 **pale, tallowy creature** : the image suggested by this descriptive phrase has always haunted my imagination. Is this due to the sense of physical repulsion which one feels? A similar effect is produced by Huckleberry Finn's description of his father (see Mark Twain's " Huckleberry Finn," ch. v) : " His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no color in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl — a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white."

8 16 **wanting two fingers** : one of the devices by which these pirates are made to seem terrible is that they bear the scars of battle. Bill Bones

has "a saber cut across one cheek"; Black Dog "wants two fingers of the left hand"; Pew is blind; Silver has lost his left leg.

8 17 **cutlass**: a short, heavy, curving sword, used in the navy.

10 18 **spun**: one of the means by which Stevenson makes his narrative graphic is the use of vivid verbs. You will learn a great deal about writing well if you observe and try to imitate his choice of verbs which portray motion. With the present instance compare the following examples from "Kidnapped": "From time to time his eyes came *coasting* round to me, and he *shot* out one of his questions" (ch. iii); "He had dropped his cutlass as he jumped, and when he felt the pistol, *whipped* straight round and laid hold of me" (ch. x). Make a list of other notable examples in "Treasure Island" as you come to them.

10 32 **talons**: why is this word more sinister than "fingers" in this situation?

12 30 **Hawkins**: the name Hawkins occurs several times in Johnson's "Pyrates."

13 2 **ripped up the captain's sleeve**: blood-letting, or bleeding a patient, was practiced in the case of almost all diseases at the time of this story and later. This indiscriminate blood-letting often weakened patients so much that they died inevitably. But in the case of a stroke of apoplexy, such as afflicted the old sea captain, the taking of blood is beneficial, since it reduces the quantity of blood which has rushed to the brain, and it is sometimes employed to-day. The old methods consisted of opening a vein with a lancet, as here, or applying a leech, or "cupping." The usual place for lancing was the inside of the elbow. It is to uncover this place that the Doctor rips up the captain's sleeve; and this act skillfully serves to reveal his name which otherwise would have been unknown.

13 4 **Billy Bones**: discuss the appropriateness of some of these names. Why are *Bones*, *Flint*, *Silver*, *Pew*, *Gunn*, excellent names for pirates? How strongly Stevenson felt the romantic associations which cluster round certain names is well illustrated by the following passage in one of his letters in which he speaks of Jerry Abershaw, an English highwayman of the eighteenth century: "Jerry Abershaw — O what a title! Jerry Abershaw: d——n it, sir, it's a poem. The two most lovely words in English; and what a sentiment! Hark you, how the hoofs ring! Is this a blacksmith's? No, it's a wayside inn. Jerry Abershaw. 'It was a clear, frosty evening, not 100 miles from Putney,' etc. Jerry Abershaw. Jerry Abershaw. Jerry Abershaw." — "Letters," Biographical Edition, Vol. I, p. 258. Another passage on the romance of names occurs in his essay "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured" (in "Memories and

Portraits"): "Then was the time to turn to the back of the play-book and to study that enticing double file of names, where poetry . . . reigned happy and glorious like her Majesty the Queen. Much as I have traveled in these realms of gold, I have yet seen, upon that map or abstract, names of El Dorados that still haunt the ear of memory, and are still but names. 'The Floating Beacon' — why was that denied me? or 'The Wreck Ashore'? 'Sixteen-string Jack,' whom I did not even guess to be a highwayman, troubled me awake and haunted my slumbers; and there is one sequence of three from that enchanted calendar that I still at times recall, like a loved verse of poetry: 'Zodoiska,' 'Silver Palace,' 'Echo of Westminster Bridge.' Names, bare names, are surely more to children than we poor, grown-up, obliterated fools remember."

If you are interested in the suggestion of names, turn to Dickens's list of available names for characters (in John Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," Book IX, ch. vii) and see if you can tell what kind of men ought to bear these names. Here are a few of them: Chilby, Mullender, Slyant, Queedy, Chinkerble, Meagles, Haggage.

14 23 noggin: a small mug or cup.

14 27 swabs: in nautical language, a swab is a mop for cleaning decks, etc. "The Office of the Swabber is to see the Ship kept neat and clean," says Boteler, an early writer on ships. The term is here used derisively.

14 30 Yellow Jack: "the yellow fever."

15 7 fidges: "fidget."

15 29 lubbers: clumsy, awkward fellows.

16 1 shake out another reef: this would give more sail to the wind and make a ship sail faster. The captain means that he will escape.

16 26 knows the place. He gave it me: the captain thus darkly refers to the map of the place where the treasure is buried.

16 27 Savannah: a seaport in Georgia famous for its harbor. The ports on the North American coast were often used by pirates for trading, etc.

18 12 blind: the fearsome figure of a blind villain stalks through several of Stevenson's stories. This blind pirate, David Pew, the tap-tapping of whose stick forever echoes in our memories, also appears in the play "Admiral Guinea." A sinister blind catechist crosses our path in "Kidnapped" (ch. xv); and a blind leper gives us a thrill of horror in "The Black Arrow" (ch. vii). Cf. also Dickens's blind man, Stagg, in "Barnaby Rudge."

Pew's career before this story opens is told by his former captain, Gaunt, in "Admiral Guinea": —

"David Pew, it were better for you that you were sunk in fifty fathom. I know your life; and first and last, it is one broadside of wickedness. You were a porter in a school, and beat a boy to death; you ran for it, turned slaver, and shipped with me, a green hand. Ay, that was the craft for you: that was the right craft, and I was the right captain; there was none worse that sailed to Guinea. Well, what came of that? In five years' time you made yourself the terror and abhorrence of your messmates. The worst hands detested you. . . . Who was it stabbed the Portuguese and made off inland with his miserable wife? Who, raging drunk on rum, clapped fire to the baracoons and burned the poor soulless creatures in their chains? Ay, you were a scandal to the Guinea coast, from Lagos down to Calabar; and when at last I sent you ashore, a marooned man — your shipmates, devils as they were, cheering and rejoicing to be quit of you — by heaven, it was a ton's weight off the brig! What next? You shipped with Flint the Pirate. What you did then I know not; the deep seas have kept the secret: kept it, ay, and will keep it against the Great Day. God smote you with blindness, but you heeded not the sign. That was His last mercy; look for no more."

We are glad to know that so terrible a villain dies *two* deaths, one in "Admiral Guinea," and one in "Treasure Island."

At this point read the following statement: "Danger is the matter with which this class of novel [the novel of adventure] deals; fear, the passion with which it trifles; and the characters are portrayed only so far as they realize the sense of danger and provoke the sympathy of fear." — R. L. S., "A Humble Remonstrance," in "Memories and Portraits." In what ways is the sympathy of fear provoked in the chapters dealing with the blind Pew? in other parts of the story?

18 28 **horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature**: note the effect produced by this masterly choice and combination of words. Can you discover the secret of it?

19 31 **something**: there is no detailed description of the black spot here because Jim's point of view is carefully held. In the next chapter when Jim finds the black spot on the floor, he takes a fitting opportunity to describe it. What do you learn from this case about the importance of the point of view?

21 4 **the ticking of the clock**: a very interesting theme can be written on the use of sounds to heighten the effect of this chapter.

21 10 **I jumped in my skin for terror**: note Stevenson's skill in suggesting the physical effects of mental states. This adds to the reality of the tale, for it imparts some of the emotion to the reader himself. Cf. Jim's sensations on seeing Treasure Island at the beginning of ch. xiii; and these examples from "The Siege of the Round-House" in "Kidnapped" (ch. x): "I do not know if I was what you call afraid; but

my heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little;" "I had clapped a pistol to his back, and might have shot him, too; only at the touch of him (and him alive) my whole flesh misgave me, and I could no more pull the trigger than I could have flown." Collect other examples in "Treasure Island."

22 6 **Kitt's Hole**: Stevenson had seen in Johnson's "Pyrates" the names "Coxon's Hole" and "Dun's Hole." Why do you suppose that a name like this is appropriate for the scene of a secret piratical exploit?

23 29 **gully**: a large sheath-knife.

23 30 **tinder-box**: a box in which were kept "tinder," usually scorched linen, and flint and steel. A spark produced by striking the flint and steel together ignited the tinder. This was the method of obtaining fire before the invention of matches.

24 17 **the miscellany began**: this invoice of the captain's chest was contributed by Stevenson's father, who "not only heard with delight the daily chapter, but set himself actively to collaborate. When the time came for Billy Bones's chest to be ransacked, he must have passed the better part of a day preparing, on the back of a legal envelope, an inventory of its contents, which I exactly followed; and the name of 'Flint's old ship,' the *Walrus*, was given at his particular request." —"My First Book." Note also the contents of Billy Bones's pockets (p. 23) and the provisions taken from the *Hispaniola* (p. 96). Read here what Stevenson has to say in "A Gossip on Romance" (see p. xlii) about romantic and unromantic lists of things in other sea stories. In the light of this comment, what do you think of the lists in "Treasure Island"? Some students may like to write a theme on the lists of things in the books mentioned.

25 5 **doubloon**: a gold coin of Spain and Spanish America of the value of about fifteen dollars.

25 5 **louis-d'or**: a gold coin of France of the value of about five dollars, named for Louis XIII, in whose reign the coins were first struck in 1640.

25 6 **guinea**: a gold coin of England of the value of twenty-one shillings, or about five dollars, so called from the Guinea gold out of which it was first struck in 1663.

25 6 **piece of eight**: a large silver coin of Spain, so called because it was stamped 8 R (eight reals, equal to one dollar).

28 11 **Flint's fist**: handwriting; that is, the map.

28 20 **put his eyes out**: it is by such phrases as this and "The other's that cub that I mean to have the heart of" (ch. xxxiii) that Stevenson suggests the horrible cruelty of the buccaneers — "the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea." Since he was writing for a boys'

paper, he could not introduce specific examples of the barbarities which darken the pages of Johnson's "Pyrates."

28 23 **glim**: [slang] a light or candle.

29 19 **hang a leg**: delay.

29 29 **Georges**: here used for coin in general. Specifically, the George was an English gold coin which bore on one side the image of St. George, the patron saint of England.

30 1 **threatened him in horrid terms**: this is one of Stevenson's methods of suggesting violent and profane language. Be on the watch for others.

35 1 **Blackbeard**: see the Introduction: "The Buccaneers," p. lvii. Blackbeard, whose real name was Teach, appears in Stevenson's romance, "The Master of Ballantrae," ch. ii. Read the account of the Master's adventures on the pirate ship.

35 4 **Trinidad**: Spanish for "Trinity." An island of the British West Indies, northeast of Venezuela, near the coast. Discovered by Columbus in 1498. He is said to have given this name to the island on account of three prominent peaks.

35 5 **rum-puncheon**: a puncheon is a cask; a liquid measure of from 72 to 120 gallons.

35 6 **Port of Spain**: the capital of the island of Trinidad, situated on the western coast.

36 3 **"No more rum"**: these entries in Billy Bones's book were undoubtedly suggested to Stevenson by passages from the real diary of a real pirate, namely Blackbeard's Journal, quoted in Johnson's "Pyrates": "Such a Day, Rum all out: — Our Company somewhat sober: — A damn'd Confusion amongst us! — Rogues a plotting; — great Talk of Separation. — So I look'd sharp for a Prize; — such a Day took one, with a great deal of Liquor on Board, so kept the Company hot, damned hot, then all things went well again."

36 4 **Palm Key**: what a pictorial name Stevenson has here employed! Perhaps he had in his mind the romantic line

"Through groves of palm"

in the song in Scott's "The Pirate," the effect of which he was keenly sensible of; see "A Gossip on Romance." Of the keys of the West Indies, Captain Charles Johnson says: "These are small sandy Islands, appearing a little above the Surf of the Water, with only a few Bushes or Weeds upon them, but abound (those most at any Distance from the Main) with Turtle, amphibious Animals, that always chuse the quietest and most unfrequented Place, for laying their Eggs. . . . It is commonly

believed the Keys were always in buccaneering pyratical Times, the hiding Places for their Riches, and often Times a Shelter for themselves, till their Friends on the Main, had found Means to obtain Indemnity for their Crimes." — Johnson's "Pyrates," Introduction.

36 18 **Caraccas**: Caracas is the capital of Venezuela.

36 34 **coral long ago**: the pathos of this phrase is intensified by the melancholy repetition of the "o" sound. With this simple prose lament compare Ariel's dirge in Shakespeare's "Tempest": —

> "Full fathom five thy father lies;
> Of his bones are coral made;
> Those are pearls that were his eyes:
> Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.
> Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
> Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, **bell.**"

37 34 **cache**: a hole in the ground for concealing treasure or preserving provisions.

39 19 **so strange and tragic**: what is the value in a narrative of forewarnings like this?

40 8 **Hispaniola**: Stevenson has appropriately given to his schooner which is to sail in quest of pirate treasure the original Spanish name of the island of Haiti or San Domingo, the scene of the early exploits of the buccaneers. The reason he chose a schooner he explains in "My First Book": "I was unable to handle a brig (which the *Hispaniola* should have been), but I thought I could make shift to sail her as a schooner without public shame."

41 18 **Hawke**: Edward Hawke, first Baron Hawke, an English admiral (1705–1781). Some of his most famous exploits were the defeat of the French off Belleisle in 1747, and off Quiberon in 1759.

42 10 **boatswain who pipes**: the boatswain calls the crew to their duties by means of a whistle.

42 13 **Silver is a man of substance**: this information about Silver is introduced to allay the reader's suspicions which are aroused by the fact that Silver "has lost a leg."

44 23 **buried treasures**: no one can read this lyrical outburst without feeling the truth of Barrie's characterization of Stevenson: "He was the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play."

45 11 **red curtains**: see note on "inn," **1 7.**

47 4 **Morgan**: it satisfies our sense of fitness to find at least one pirate in this story who bears the surname of the greatest of buccaneers, Sir Henry Morgan.

47 16 **you may lay to that**: you may bet on that; depend upon it.

48 15 **Old Bailey**: the famous criminal court in London.

48 15 **Bow Street runner**: one of the special police officers of London, attached to the Bow Street Court; often called *Robin Redbreasts* from their red waistcoats.

49 12 **davy**: affidavit; that is, a sworn statement in writing.

56 8 **long brass nine**: a cannon carrying a nine-pound ball.

56 27 **Barbecue**: this was the native word for the wooden grate or hurdle placed over a slow fire, on which the Carib Indians dried meat. What a flavor the word has when applied to a sea-cook of a buccaneering crew!

57 6 **drove the bars**: sailors walked round the capstan, pushing in front of them the heavy bars by which it was turned.

58 20 **Israel Hands**: Stevenson took this name from Johnson's "Pyrates," but only the name, for the adventures of the real Israel Hands were far different from those of the coxswain of the *Hispaniola*. The real Israel Hands was Master of Blackbeard's ship, the *Queen Ann's Revenge*, and later was made captain of a captured sloop. He was not in the fight, in November, 1718, during which Blackbeard was killed, and he was one of the two men of that crew who escaped the gallows. "The aforesaid Hands happened not to be in the Fight, but was taken afterwards ashore at Bath-Town, having been sometime before disabled by Blackbeard, in one of his savage Humours." (See Introduction: **"The Buccaneers," p. lviii.)**

"Hands being taken, was try'd and condemned, but just as he was about to be executed, a Ship arrives at Virginia with a Proclamation for prolonging the Time of his Majesty's Pardon, to such of the Pyrates as should surrender by a limited Time therein expressed: Notwithstanding the Sentence, Hands pleaded the Pardon, and was allowed the Benefit of it, and is alive at this Time [1724] in London, begging his Bread." — Johnson's "Pyrates," ch. iii.

59 30 **more wickedness**: the episodes to which Long John refers in this chapter and the next are, it is interesting to note, historical incidents. Gathering them from various parts of Johnson's "Pyrates," Stevenson fitted them together with the nicety of the artist in mosaics. In this way he formed a background at once dark and threatening in its glimpses of pirate adventure and in its suggestion of wild deeds to come. At the same time this background is so specific, it reveals so familiarly the

details of treasure, ports, fights, ships, and captains that it forcibly impresses us with its reality. Furthermore, the imaginary figures of Silver and his mates gain not only a more ominous aspect, but more actuality, more full-bodied life from passing before that somber, encrimsoned curtain. There is no doubt after this that they throw their shadows on the deck.

59 31 **England**: see the Introduction: "The Buccaneers," p. lxi.

59 32 **Madagascar**: an island in the Indian Ocean, east of Africa. This and the following places were famous resorts of the pirates.

59 32 **Malabar**: that is, the Malabar coast, the southwestern coast of British India.

59 33 **Surinam**: Dutch Guiana.

59 33 **Providence**: this may refer to Old Providence Island (or Santa Katalina), off the eastern coast of Nicaragua, which Henry Morgan and Mansvelt seized from the Spanish occupants in order to found a pirate settlement. But it is more probable that Silver means New Providence one of the Bahama Islands, "the Retreat and general Recepticle" of the English Pirates "where they might lodge their Wealth. clean and repair their Ships, and make themselves a kind of Abode." The English Government took possession of this island in 1718, and offered pardon to all pirates who should surrender.

59 33 **Porto Bello**: a Spanish city on the Caribbean coast of the Isthmus of Panama. It was the port of the galleons, where treasure brought from Peru and Panama was shipped for Spain. This great treasure mart was repeatedly sacked by the English buccaneers: by Sir Francis Drake in 1595, by Captain Parker in 1601, by Sir Henry Morgan in 1668, by Captain Coxon in 1679. The narrative of Morgan's sack was told by Exquemeling, one of the buccaneers. The city was taken after much hard fighting, and dreadful tortures were inflicted on the inhabitants to extort treasure from them. The total spoil was "350,000 pieces of eight, besides all other merchandises, as cloth, linen, silks, and other goods."

59 34 **wrecked plate ships**: Captain Johnson's account of this episode, where Silver's parrot learned "Pieces of eight" — that haunting refrain — is as follows. Observe that Stevenson accurately copies the sum — 350,000. "It was about two years before [*i.e.* 1714], that the Spanish Galleons, or Plate Fleet, had been cast away in the Gulf of Florida; and several Vessels from the Havana, were at work, with diving Engines, to fish up the Silver that was on board the Galleons.

"The Spaniards had recovered some Millions of Pieces of Eight, and had carried it all to the Havana; but they had at present about 350,000 Pieces of Eight in Silver, then upon the Spot, and were daily taking up

more. In the meantime, two Ships, and three Sloops, fitted out from Jamaica, Barbadoes &c, under Captain Henry Jennings, sail'd to the Gulf, and found the Spaniards there upon the Wreck; the Money before spoken of, was left on Shore, deposited in a Store-House, under the Government of two Commissaries, and a Guard of about 60 Soldiers.

"The Rovers came directly upon the Place, bringing their little Fleet to an Anchor, and, in a Word, landing 300 Men, they attack'd the Guard, who immediately ran away; and thus they seized the Treasure, which they carried off, making the best of Their Way to Jamaica." — Johnson's "Pyrates."

60 2 **boarding of the Viceroy**: an exploit of Captain England's crew. See Introduction: "The Buccaneers," p. lxiii. Goa was the capital of the Portuguese possessions on the Malabar coast of India.

61 5 **duff**: "This is nothing more than flour boiled with water, and eaten with molasses. It is very heavy, dark and clammy, yet it is looked upon as a luxury, and really forms an agreeable variety with salt beef and pork." — Richard H. Dana: "Two Years before the Mast," ch. iii.

61 18 **run up the trades**: north of the equator the trade winds blow continually from northeast to southwest. The *Hispaniola* sailing southward in mid-ocean, took advantage of these winds until Treasure Island lay directly southwest.

62 16 **quartermaster**: the duties of the quartermaster of a pirate ship are explained in the Introduction: "The Buccaneers." Since this officer was "a sort of civil Magistrate," "a Trustee for the whole," "who claimed all Authority excepting in Time of Battle," we may be sure that Long John has great powers of command and tact.

62 17 **lost my leg**: according to the scheme of accident insurance mentioned in the Articles of Roberts's crew, Silver would have received 800 dollars as compensation for his loss. Roberts's Articles say nothing about the allowance for the loss of eyes, but Exquemeling states that the usual allowance for an eye was "one hundred pieces of eight, or one slave." Consequently we can form some idea of what old Pew would have been paid. That Silver and Pew must have been with Roberts when they were wounded we know conclusively from the reference to the surgeon which immediately follows.

62 18 **a master surgeon**: probably nobody but Stevenson has ever known the name of the real surgeon who is credited with cutting off the leg of the imaginary Silver; but now we may share the amusing knowledge. Peter Scudamore was the man, and he seems to have been a black-hearted rogue according to the testimony given at the trial of Roberts's crew, which is printed in full in Johnson's "Pyrates." He came from

Bristol. He was taken in the *Mercy*, Captain Rolls, at Calabar, in October, 1721. The pirates testified that he had volunteered to join them; "that he had signed the Pyrate's articles with a great deal of Alacrity, and gloried in having been the first Surgeon that had done so, (for before this, it was their Custom to change their Surgeons, when they desired it, after having served a Time, and never obliged them to sign, but he was resolved to break thro' this, for the good of those who were to follow,) swearing immediately upon it, he was now, he hoped, as great a Rogue as any of them." In reply to this, Scudamore said that "he was a forced Man," and that "both Roberts and Val. Ashplant, threat'ned him into signing their Articles, and that he did it in Terror." However this may be, he plundered the *King Solomon* and the *Elizabeth* of "their Surgeon's capital Instruments" and ship's medicines. He was captured with Roberts's crew in the *Royal Fortune*, Feb. 10, 1721–2, by the King's Ship, the *Swallow*, "nigh Cape Lopez Bay, on the Southern Coast of Africa." While the *Royal Fortune* was being taken to Cape Corso, "she was left at the Island of St. Thomas's, in the Possession of an Officer, and a few Men, to take in some fresh Provisions. . . . There were only some of the Pyrates Negroes, three or four wounded Prisoners, and Scudamore, their Surgeon; from whom they seemed to be under no Apprehension, especially from the last, who might have hoped for Favour, on Account of his Employ; and had stood so much indebted for his Liberty, eating and drinking constantly with the Officer; yet this Fellow, regardless of the Favour, and lost to all Sense of Reformation, endeavoured to bring over the Negroes to his Design of murdering the People, and running away with the Ship. He easily prevailed with the Negroes to come into the Design; but when he came to communicate it to his Fellow Prisoners, and would have drawn them into the same Measures, by telling them, he understood Navigation, that the Negroes were stout Fellows, and by a Smattering he had in the Angolan Language, he had found willing to undertake such an Enterprize; and that it was better venturing to do this, run down the Coast, and raise a new Company, than to proceed to Cape Corso, and be hanged like a Dog, and Sun dry'd. [Observe that Stevenson has put this very phrase into Silver's mouth.] One of them abhoring the Cruelty, or fearing the Success, discovered it to the Officer, who made him immediately a Prisoner, and brought the Ship safe." The trials began March 28, 1722. Scudamore was found guilty. The form of sentence given by the court is interesting. "Ye, and each of you, are adjudged and sentenced, to be carried back to the Place from whence ye came, from thence to the Place of Execution, without the Gates of this Castle, and there within the Flood-Marks, to

be hanged by the Neck till ye are dead. After this, ye, and each of you shall be taken down, and your Bodies hanged in Chains." Last scene of all in this eventful history Johnson tells as follows: "Scudamore too lately discerned the Folly and Wickedness of the Enterprize, that had chiefly brought him under Sentence of Death, from which, seeing there was no Hopes of escaping, he petitioned for two or three Days Reprieve, which was granted; and for that Time apply'd himself incessantly to Prayer, and reading the Scriptures, seem'd to have a deep Sense of his Sins, of this in particular, and desired, at the Gallows, they would have Patience with him, to sing the first Part of the thirty-first Psalm; which he did by himself throughout." His age is given as 35.

62 18 **ampytated**: Long John was fortunate in having the services of a master surgeon. Most pirates had to submit to far less skillful treatment. For instance, Johnson tells us what befell a buccaneer of Captain John Phillips's crew who was wounded in the leg.

"There was no Surgeon aboard, and therefore it was advis'd, upon a learned Consultation, that Taylor's Leg should be cut off; but who should perform the Operation was the Dispute; at length the Carpenter was appointed, as the most proper Man: Upon which, he fetch'd up the biggest Saw, and taking the Limb under his Arm, fell to Work, and separated it from the Body of the Patient, in as little Time as he could have cut a Deal Board in two; after that he heated his Ax red hot in the Fire, and cauteriz'd the Wound, but not with so much Art as he perform'd the other Part, for he so burnt his Flesh distant from the Place of Amputation, that it had like to have mortify'd; however, nature perform'd a Cure at last without any other Assistance." — Johnson's "Pyrates," ch. xvii.

62 20 **sun-dried**: this is one of the many echoes from Johnson's "Pyrates," where the phrase is often used. It is a bitingly vivid description of the custom of leaving the bodies of executed criminals hanging in chains in conspicuous places as a dreadful warning. Samuel Pepys wrote in his famous Diary, April 11, 1661: "Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill, and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones."

62 20 **Corso Castle**: in English, Cape Coast Castle, at Cape Corso, or Cape Coast. A British fort on the Gold Coast, Guinea, West Africa.

62 21 **Roberts**: see the Introduction: "The Buccaneers," p. lxiv.

62 22 **Royal Fortune**: this was "a fine Frigate built Ship, call'd the *Onslow*, belonging to the Royal African Company." Roberts captured her at Sestos, and "then fell to making such Alterations as might fit her for a Sea-Rover, pulling down her Bulk-Heads, and making her flush, so that she became, in all Respects, as complete a Ship for their Purpose,

as any they could have found." Her name was changed to the *Royal Fortune*, and she was mounted with 40 guns.

62 24 **Cassandra**: this ship Captain England captured at Juanna, off Madagascar, in August, 1720. As a matter of fact, England had been marooned before his crew took the Viceroy of the Indies. When the crew dispersed, some of them, as Silver says, "took the *Cassandra* and sailed for the Spanish West Indies."

62 26 **Walrus**: this name was given to Flint's old ship at the particular request of Stevenson's father.

63 3 **Davis**: Captain Howel Davis was forced into piracy by Captain England. Davis once formed a plot which may have suggested to Stevenson the plot of the mutineers in "Treasure Island." He shipped on an honest vessel with other hands who had been pirates, and conspired with them to rise and seize it. This plot was successful, and Davis was elected commander. He took many ships and Portuguese forts by stratagem. Finally, he fell into an ambuscade on the Island of Princes and was killed.

63 5 **on my own account**: "To go on the account" was the common expression for going a-pirating. This is another echo from Johnson.

63 31 **gentlemen of fortune**: this is the magnificent title which the buccaneers applied to themselves. In Johnson's "Pyrates" there is a curious receipt which runs as follows:—

"*This is to certify whom it may or doth concern, that we* GENTLEMEN OF FORTUNE *have received eight Pounds of Gold-Dust, for the Ransom of the* Hardey, *Captain* Dittwitt *Commander, so that we Discharge the said Ship,*

Witness our Hands, this 13th of Jan. 1721–2

Batt. Roberts,
Harry Glasby."

The buccanneers had a splendid contempt for lesser thieves. For instance, Roberts's men despised one Kennedy, "he having in his Childhood been bred a Pick-pocket, and before he became a Pyrate, a Housebreaker; both Professions that these Gentlemen have a very mean Opinion of."

64 29 **Flint was feared of me**: what impression of Silver's character do you get from this speech?

65 25 **I want to go into that cabin**: in Johnson's narrative of William Fly, there is a terrible account of what happened when he and his fellow mutineers "went into the captain's cabin."

66 26 **brisk**: another echo from Johnson. This was a favorite adjec-

tive with the pirates. For instance: "He was looked on as a brisk Hand, (*i.e.* a stanch Pyrate, a great Rogue)."

66 27 **Execution Dock**: the place at London docks where buccaneers were hanged in chains. Here the famous Captain Kidd was executed.

67 12 **England's way**: indeed, England was "always averse to the ill Usage Prisoners received." He treated Captain Mackra of the *Cassandra* so well that he was himself deposed and marooned.

68 21 **hold your luff**: see Glossary of Sea Terms for the technical meaning of this phrase. In this case it means "stick to your purpose."

68 24 **moon had risen**: note the effect of this picture at the end of the chapter.

70 11 **Capt. Kidd**: see the Introduction: "The Buccaneers," p. lv.

70 33 **snack**: a slight luncheon.

75 1 **The appearance of the island**: this masterly description will repay careful study: it will teach you all you need to know in order to make your own descriptions effective. (1) Jim's point of view is skillfully maintained. How does this description differ from a photograph of an island? (2) The unity of effect or dominant tone is gloomy foreboding. This is produced by the choice of significant details of color, form, sound, light, physical sensation. Point out these details. (3) The arrangement is coherent. From the first swift impression of the whole — "gray-colored woods," "the general coloring was uniform and sad" — we proceed to specific things. (4) In what ways is emphasis secured? See particularly the third paragraph. (5) Why is the choice of words effective?

Exercise: Try to write a description that will have as many as possible of these merits.

77 1 **a strong scour with the ebb**: the ebb tide draws the sand out with it.

77 7 **The plunge of our anchor**: if you find it difficult to avoid monotonous coördinate sentences in your own writing, the first part of this sentence will be of great service to you. An unskillful writer might have written it: "*Our anchor plunged into the water and clouds of birds wheeled up.*" Stevenson, however, realizing that these two facts were not of equal importance, expressed the relation of cause and effect by condensing the first fact into the subject and the second into the predicate thus: "*The plunge of our anchor sent up clouds of birds wheeling and crying,*" etc.

79 33 **the first of the mad notions**: what are the other mad notions? A good subject for a theme.

81 25 **All at once**: study the handling of the point of view in this

chapter. Jim hears and sees only those things which he could actually hear and see from his position.

Exercise: Write a little narrative in which you will be absolutely faithful to your own point of view.

84 5 **gleaming like a crumb of glass**: concerning this figure Mrs. Stevenson tells the following anecdote: "It is curious how an unusual word or phrase may be caught up and exploited until it is threadbare. . . . An expression in 'Treasure Island,' 'his eye gleaming like a crumb of glass,' which has been often quoted with approbation, always made my husband wince when he read it. 'A crumb,' he would repeat with scorn; 'why a *crumb* of glass? better a piece — a bit, anything of glass but a crumb!'" — Preface to the Biographical Edition of "Treasure Island."

85 1 **monster**: note that in this one word Jim sums up all his feelings of loathing and terror.

87 24 **Ben Gunn**: this name "Benjamen Gun," Stevenson found in Johnson's "Pyrates," in a "List of White Men, now living on the high land of Sierraleon." They were "Men who in some Part of their Lives, have been either privateering, buccaneering, or pyrating, and still retain and love the Riots, and Humours, common to that sort of Life."

88 17 **and here I were**: the pathos of this little speech knocks at our hearts. Why does "cheese — toasted, mostly —" mean so much to the maroon? What are all the associations aroused in your mind by "toasted cheese"?

88 19 **stone**: a stone is an English measure of weight, legally fourteen pounds, but it varies with the article weighed. A stone of cheese is sixteen pounds.

89 5 **chuck-farthen**: chuck farthing, a play in which a farthing is pitched into a hole. In Hogarth's pictures of the *Idle and Industrious Apprentices* you will see the Idle Apprentice, at the beginning of his dissolute career, playing "chuck-farthen on the blessed grave-stones"!

90 13 **in a clove-hitch**: here the phrase is used figuratively for "in a tight place." A clove-hitch is a knot which will not slip.

91 6 **mortal white he looked about the cutwater**: that is, pale in the face. The cutwater is a vessel's prow.

91 11 **asked him where the treasure was**: it was a not infrequent pleasantry of pirate captains to rob their crews of treasure. Sir Henry Morgan, after the great sack of Panama which netted an immense treasure in silver, gold, and jewels, defrauded his men of the bulk of it. They were so enraged that "he went secretly on board his own ship, without giving any notice of his departure to his companions, nor calling any

council, as he used to do. Thus he set sail, and put out to sea, not bidding anybody adieu." Blackbeard at one time cheated his men, "securing the Money and the best of the effects for himself," by the following ruse. He purposely ran two of his vessels aground, then ran away in a sloop with some favored companions, after marooning seventeen others "upon a small sandy Island, about a League from the Main, where there was neither Bird, Beast or Herb for their Subsistance." Captain Avery not only robbed some fellow-captains by inducing them to put all their treasure on his ship and then running away in the darkness of night, but he concealed the greatest part of the diamonds from his own crew.

94 Narrative continued by the Doctor: the point of view here changes to that of Dr. Livesey, who writes the next three chapters. What are the reasons for this change of point of view? Does this change mar the progress and unity of the story? Can you think of ways by which the material in the Doctor's chapters could be written from Jim's point of view? Remember that it was in the early paragraphs of this, the sixteenth, chapter that Stevenson "ignominiously lost hold." (See the Introduction: "The Writing of Treasure Island.") Undoubtedly the change of point of view was the reason for this.

94 19 **Lillibullero:** this is the famous Protestant air to which "James II was sung out of Three Kingdoms" in 1688. The tune was composed by Henry Purcell. Lord Wharton wrote the words, which satirized James II, the Papists, and the Earl of Tyrconnel, the Lord Deputy of Ireland. The first stanza runs: —

"Ho! brother Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli bullero, bullen a la,
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli bullero, bullen a la,
Lero, lero, lilli bullero,
Lilli bullero, bullen a la,
Lero, lero, lilli bullero,
Lilli bullero, bullen a la."

Lillibullero and *Bullen-a-lah* are said to have been the watchwords used by the Irish rebels in the massacre of Ulster in 1641. "From one end of England to the other," says Macaulay, "all classes were constantly singing this idle rhyme. It was especially the delight of the English army. More than seventy years after the Revolution Sterne delineated, with exquisite skill, a veteran [Uncle Toby in "Tristram Shandy"] who had fought at the Boyne and at Namur. One of the characteristics of the good old soldier was his trick of whistling 'Lillibullero.'" The

words and tune may be found in Wm. Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

95 15 **stockade**: look up the account of the stockade in Marryatt's "Masterman Ready," chs. lix, lxii–lxv.

96 2 **Duke of Cumberland**: William Augustus, the youngest son of George II (1721–1765).

96 3 **Fontenoy**: at the battle of Fontenoy in Belgium, May 11, 1745, the English, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, were defeated by the French.

99 11 **gallipot**: a small earthen pot used by apothecaries.

102 15 **Carpet bowls**: the game of bowls, or tenpins, was played on a level plat of greensward, a bowling green. Played on a carpet, the game would be ridiculously easy.

103 19 **bandoleer**: a broad leather belt worn over the right shoulder and across the breast under the left arm, for the purpose of supporting the musket and cases for charges of powder.

107 29 **ricochet**: the rebound or skipping of a shot along the surface of the ground when a gun is fired at a low angle of elevation.

109 7 **Jolly Roger**: the common name for the black flag of piracy. The buccaneers had various ingenious symbols on their ensigns. Roberts flew a black silk flag at his mizzen-peak and a jack. "The Flag had a Death in it, with an Hour-glass in one Hand, and cross Bones in the other, a Dart by it, and underneath a Heart dropping three Drops of Blood. The Jack had a Man pourtray'd in it, with a flaming Sword in his Hand, and standing on two Skulls, subscribed A B H and A M H, *i.e.*, a Barbadian's and a Martinican's Head." Captain Spriggs had a "black Ensign, which they called Jolly Roger, with the same Device that Captain Low carried, viz. a white Skeliton in the Middle of it, with a Dart in one Hand striking a bleeding Heart, and in the other, an Hour-glass." But the Jolly Roger was not always so elaborate. Some of Captain Davis's men "hoisted a dirty tarpawlin, by Way of black Flag, they having no other." — Johnson's "Pyrates."

110 6 **noon observation to about six bells**: that is, from 12 to 3 P.M.

113 28 **Parmesan cheese**: a hard cheese of a rich flavor made in Parma, Italy.

115 4 **still quite early**: what is the chief impression, or dominant tone, of this description? Note the accurate holding of the point of view: "They waded knee-deep in a low, white vapor."

117 6 **immense blue coat**: coats of this sort are shown in the engravings of Blackbeard and Roberts in Johnson's "Pyrates" (see p. lix). The buccaneer chieftains were fond of splendid apparel. "Roberts made

a gallant Figure, being dressed in a rich crimson Damask Wastcoat and Breeches, a red Feather in his Hat, a gold Chain round his Neck, with a Diamond Cross hanging to it, a Sword in his Hand, and two Pair of Pistols hanging at the End of a Silk Sling, flung over his Shoulders (according to the Fashion of the Pyrates)."

117 12 **main**: exceedingly.

120 2 **Davy Jones**: the name given by sailors to the evil spirit who is supposed to rule over the sea demons. "Davy Jones's locker" is the depths of the sea. The name is said to be a corruption of *Jonah*.

121 The Attack: see the Introduction: "'Treasure Island' and Dime Novels."

122 33 **doldrums**: a part of the ocean near the equator abounding in calms and light, baffling winds, which sometimes prevent all progress for weeks. It is in the doldrums that the ship on which the Ancient Mariner sailed is becalmed. Read the description beginning

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,"

in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," l. 107.

125 29 **hanger**: a short, curved sword worn at the side.

130 27 **To take French leave**: to make an informal, hasty departure without leave-taking. The expression arose from a custom in France in the eighteenth century of leaving a reception without taking leave of host or hostess.

134 28 **First she loomed**: try your hand at a short description in which you approach a place or object in the night, and be faithful to your point of view, as Stevenson is here.

137 21 **deadly wrestle**: an interesting subject for an original narrative would be "What led to the quarrel between Hands and Red-Cap?"

142 13 **Hispaniola**: the movements of this vessel in ch. xxiv and ch. xxv will be easier to understand if you read "Sailing a Schooner" in the Introduction.

146 32 **a scene of confusion**: what is the dominant tone of this description? Point out the significant details that produce the impression. What is the topic sentence?

153 31 **"I never seen good come o' goodness yet"**: does this remark of Israel Hands hold true in "Treasure Island"? This is a good subject for oral discussion or for a theme.

158 6 **In order to speak**: this is a beautiful example of faithfulness to the point of view in the narrative. The climax — throwing the knife — is prepared for step by step with absolute naturalness. In order to get the dagger ready for use without arousing Jim's suspicions, Hands shows

a desire to speak and tries to " with a swallow or two." Then naturally he takes the dagger from his mouth before he can make his speech. This prepares the way for the sharp surprise of the throw. Jim sees everything taking place before his eyes, yet the action is so natural that both he and the reader, who has Jim's point of view throughout, are astonished at the result.

158 11 **I'll have to strike :** that is, to " strike," or haul down, his flag as a sign of surrender.

160 20 **bald head :** the vision of the bald head of a slain man had seized Stevenson's imagination. In " A Lodging for the Night " appears the haunting picture of Thevenin Pensete's bald head " in a garland of red curls."

160 21 **over both :** try to find out why the pictures of the dead pirates in the water linger in the mind.

167 26 **dog-watch :** Stevenson has made a slip here. The dog-watches are not in the morning, but from four to six in the afternoon and from six to eight in the evening.

170 13 **cock his hat athwart my hawse :** that is, cross my course, defy me, or interfere with me.

170 16 **Take a cutlass :** Silver, who had been quartermaster, knew that the regular way of settling personal quarrels was by a duel. See Article VIII (p. lv). His conduct and speech here follow pretty closely those of Captain Roberts on one occasion when his men resented his usage. He told them, " they might go ashore and take Satisfaction of him, if they thought fit, at Sword and Pistol, for he neither valu'd or fear'd any of them." — Johnson's " Pyrates."

170 22 **I'm cap'n here by 'lection :** Stevenson obtained his information about the duties and rights of the captain, and the power of the crew to depose him, from Johnson's " Pyrates." See the passage on the captain in the Introduction, p. lii.

171 14 **this crew has its rights :** Stevenson has made this speech quite true to the principles of democratic government which obtained among the pirates. " All good Governments have the supream Power lodged with the Community, who might doubtless depute and revoke as suited Interest or Humour. We are the Original of this Claim and should a Captain be so sawcy as to exceed Prescription at any time, *why down with him !* " said one of Captain Roberts's crew. The first of Roberts's Articles read : " Every Man has a Vote in Affairs of Moment."

174 29 **had a Bible :** Dick was not the only pirate who had a Bible. Stevenson had read in Captain Johnson's narrative of Roberts that newcomers, when they signed the articles " were initiated by Oath taken

on a Bible, reserv'd for that Purpose only." "How indeed Roberts could think that an Oath would be obligatory, where Defiance had been given to the Laws of God and Man, I can't tell." Captain John Phillips's company swore to their articles "upon a Hatchet for want of a Bible"!

175 8 **Deposed**: Captain Johnson tells us of several pirate captains who were deposed by their crews. England was deposed and marooned because he was too generous to prisoners. Charles Vane was deposed because he would not board a French man-of-war. Roberts would have been deposed had he not been killed in battle, because "he had run counter to every Project that oppos'd his own Opinion, and because he grew reserved and would not drink and roar at their Rate."

176 27 **tailors is your trade**: a fine piece of scorn, appropriate to the character of the strenuous pirate who despises the most inactive of men.

183 25 **gammon**: hoodwink.

185 16 **holus bolus**: the whole of it.

185 32 "**Every step, it's you that saves our lives**": is this remark true? — A good subject for discussion in class or for a theme. Give the steps in detail.

187 Flint's Pointer: read Poe's story "The Gold Bug," and compare the use of the skeleton in that tale with that of Flint's pointer.

193 5 **doit**: a small Dutch coin, worth about half a farthing; consequently, a thing of trifling value.

195 31 **Darby M'Graw**: there was a *Darby* Mullins in Kidd's crew.

196 22 **a boosy old seaman**, etc.: a magnificent attempt to reduce the supernatural to unlovely reality! Note the picturesque words by which the effect of ridiculous triviality is built up.

197 20 "**Nobody minds Ben Gunn**," etc.: do you agree with this statement? — A subject for a theme.

201 28 **have the heart of**: see note on "put his eyes out," **28** 20.

201 34 **teetotum**: a four-sided top twirled by the fingers.

207 6 **moidore**: a gold coin of Portugal of the value of twenty-seven shillings, or about $6.75.

207 6 **sequin**: an old gold coin of Italy and Turkey, first struck at Venice about the end of the thirteenth century, of the value of $2.25.

210 7 **nearest port**: this reference and that below — Mexican Indians — are hints as to the location of Treasure Island which may be interesting to the ingenious student.

212 5 "**Pieces of eight!**" Note the effective emphasis of this last paragraph. The two sounds that echo in our ears are the booming of the surf, which recalls the sea atmosphere of the tale, and the cry "Pieces of eight!" which symbolizes treasure and blood and piracy.

GLOSSARY OF SEA TERMS

A B: an able (or able-bodied) seaman: a sailor who is practically conversant with all the duties of seamanship. He must be able to hand, reef, steer, and work upon rigging. He ranks above the *ordinary seaman.*

abeam: on the beam, that is, on a line which forms a right angle with the ship's keel; opposite to the center of the ship's side.

abaft: toward the stern of a vessel.

aboard: within a vessel.

about: on the other tack. *To go about* — to tack; to turn the head of a ship.

adrift: broken from moorings or fasts; floating at random.

aft: near or towards the stern of a vessel; astern; abaft.

after: toward the stern of a vessel; applied to any object in the rear part of a vessel, as the *after* cabin.

ahoy: a term used in hailing; as, "Ship *ahoy.*"

aloft: above the deck.

alow: below.

amidships: in the center of the vessel, with reference either to her length or to her breadth.

anchor: an iron instrument which is attached to a vessel by a cable (rope or chain), and which, when dropped to the bottom, holds a vessel fast by means of a fluke or hook.

astern: in the direction of the stern.

athwart: across.

athwart-hawse: across the direction of a vessel's head; across her cable.

athwartships: across the line of a vessel's keel; in opposition to fore-and-aft.

avast: an order to stop.

"Aye, aye, sir!": the proper seaman's answer to an order where the repetition of the order is not necessary.

back and fill: alternately to back and fill the sails.

backstays: stays running from a masthead to the vessel's side, slanting a little aft. (See *stays.*)

bale: *to bale a boat* is to throw water out of her.

bar: a bank or shoal at the entrance of a harbor. *Capstan bars* are heavy pieces of wood by which the capstan is hove round.

batten: a strip of wood used in fastening the edges of a tarpaulin to the deck. *To batten down* is to fasten down with battens, as the tarpaulin over the hatches during a storm.

beams: strong pieces of timber stretching across a vessel, to support the decks.

beam ends: *on beam ends*. The situation of a vessel when turned over so that her beams are inclined toward the vertical.

bear up: to put the helm up and keep a vessel off from her course, and move her to leeward.

bearing: 1. The situation of an object with regard to a ship's position, as on the bow, etc. The direction or point of the compass in which an object is seen; as, the bearing of the cape was W. N. W.

2. Pl. That part of a vessel's hull which is on the water line when she is at anchor and properly trimmed with cargo and ballast.

beating: going toward the direction of the wind, by alternate tacks.

before the mast: as a common sailor, because the sailors live in the forecastle, forward of the foremast.

belay: to make a rope fast by turns round a pin or coil.

belaying pin: a strong pin in the side of a vessel, or by the mast, round which ropes are wound when they are fastened or belayed.

bells: the strokes of the bell which mark the time; or the time so designated. On shipboard time is marked by a bell, which is struck eight times at 4, 8, and 12 o'clock. Half an hour after it has struck "eight bells," it is struck once, and at every succeeding half hour the number of strokes is increased by one, till at the end of the four hours, it is struck eight times.

bend: to make fast. *To bend a sail* is to make it fast to the yard.

berth: the place where a vessel lies; the place in which a man sleeps.

between decks: the space between any two decks of a ship.

bilge: 1. That part of a ship's bottom which is broadest, and on which she would rest if aground.

2. Bilge water which settles in the bilge.

block: a frame of wood incasing a grooved pulley, or sheave, through which the running rigging passes, to add to the purchase.

board: *to board* is to go on board of, or enter, a ship, whether in a hostile or a friendly way. *By the board* — over the side.

boatswain (pronounced *bō's'n*): an officer who has charge of the boats, sails, rigging, etc., and who calls the crew to duty.

boom: a spar used to extend the bottom of a sail.

bow: the rounded part of a ship forward; the stem or prow.

bowline (pronounced *bō'lin*): a rope leading forward from the leech or perpendicular edge of the square sail, to keep the leech well out when sailing close-hauled.

bowsprit (pronounced *bō'sprit*): a large spar, which projects over the bow of a vessel, to carry sail forward.

brace: a rope by which a yard is turned about.

breaker: a small cask containing water.

broach to: to fall off so much, when going free, as to bring the wind round on the other quarter and take the sails aback.

broadside: 1. The whole side of a vessel.

2. A discharge of all the guns on one side of a ship at the same time.

bulkhead: a partition of boards to separate apartments on the same deck.

bulwarks: the woodwork round a vessel, above her upper deck, consisting of boards fastened to stanchions and timberheads.

bumboats: boats which lie alongside a vessel in port with provisions and fruit to sell.

buoy: a floating cask, or piece of wood, attached by a rope to an anchor to show its position; also, floated over a shoal or other dangerous place as a beacon.

cabin: the after part of a vessel, in which the officers live.

cable: a large, strong rope or chain made fast to the anchor, by which the vessel is secured. It is usually 120 fathoms in length, *i.e.* 720 feet. *To slip the cable* is to let go the end on board and let it all run out and go overboard, as when there is not time to weigh anchor.

calk: to fill the seams of a vessel with oakum.

canvas: the cloth of which sails are made.

capstan: a revolving cylinder placed vertically on deck, used for a strong purchase in heaving and hoisting. It is operated by a number of men walking round the capstan, each pushing on the end of a lever, or bar, fixed in its socket.

capstan bars: heavy pieces of wood by which the capstan is hove round.

careen: 1. To heave a vessel down upon one side, leaving the other side out of water and accessible for repairs.

2. To lie over when sailing on the wind.

cat's-paw: a light current of air which ruffles the surface of the water during a calm.

chains: iron links bolted to the side of a vessel to hold the dead-eyes connected with the shrouds.

clew: the lower corner of square sails, and the after corner of a fore-and-aft sail.

close-hauled: under way and moving as nearly as possible toward the direction from which the wind blows.

clove hitch: two half hitches round a spar or other rope.

companion: a wooden covering over the staircase to a cabin.

companionway: the staircase to a cabin.

con: to direct the helmsman in steering a vessel.

consort: a ship keeping company with another.

coracle: a boat made by covering a wicker frame with leather or oilcloth.

counter: the after part of a vessel's body, from the water line to the stern, — below and somewhat forward of the stern proper.

coxswain (pronounced *cox'n*): the steersman of a vessel; an officer who has charge of a vessel and her crew.

cross tiers: pieces of timber at a masthead, to which are attached the upper shrouds.

cutwater: the foremost part of a vessel's prow, which projects forward of the bows.

deadeye: a round, flat, wooden block, encircled by a rope, or an iron band, and pierced with three holes to receive the lanyard, — used to extend the shrouds and stays.

deadlights: strong shutters, made to fit open ports and keep out water in a storm.

dogwatch: a half watch of two hours, from 4 to 6, and from 6 to 8, P.M.

doldrums: a part of the ocean, near the equator, abounding in calms, squalls, and light, baffling winds, which sometimes prevent all progress for weeks.

douse: to lower suddenly.

downhaul: a rope used to haul down a sail.

draw: a sail *draws* when it is filled by the wind.

ease off: to put the helm hard alee, or regulate the sail, to prevent pitching when close-hauled.

ebb: the flowing back of the tide toward the sea; — opposed to *flood* tide.

fall off: to deviate to the leeward of the point to which the head of the ship was before directed; to fall to leeward.

fathom: six feet.

fight the ship: to manage or maneuver the ship in a fight.

figurehead: a carved head or full-length figure on the prow of a ship over the cutwater.

flying jib: a sail extended outside of the standing jib, on the flying-jib boom.

fore: used to distinguish the forward part of a vessel, or things in that direction; opposed to *aft* or *after*.

fore-and-aft: lengthwise with the vessel; opposed to *athwartships*.

forecastle (pronounced by sailors *fōc's'le*): 1. A short upper deck forward, formerly raised like a castle, to command an enemy's decks.

2. That part of the upper deck forward of the foremast.

3. In merchant vessels, the forward part of the vessel, under the deck, where the sailors live.

foremast: the mast nearest the bow.

foresail: the sail set on the foremast.

fore-sheets: the space in the forward part of a boat where there are no rowers.

foul: 1. Adjective. The term for the opposite of *clear*.

2. Verb. To entangle; to come into collision with.

frigate: a full-rigged warship, with one full battery deck and, often, a spar deck with a lighter battery. A frigate carried sometimes as many as fifty guns.

gaff: the spar upon which the upper edge of a fore-and-aft sail is extended.

galley: the place where the cooking is done.

gaskin: shreds of oakum used in calking the seams of a vessel.

gig: a long, light rowboat, designed to be fast, and often fitted with sails.

give way! an order to men in a boat to pull on their oars with more force, or to begin pulling.

gunwale (pronounced *gun'nel*): the upper edge of a vessel's or boat's side.

halyards: ropes or tackles used for hoisting and lowering yards, sails, flags, etc.

hand-over-hand: hauling rapidly on a rope, by putting one hand before the other alternately.

handspike: a long wooden bar used for heaving at the windlass.

hard up: *hard* in nautical language is joined to words of command to the helmsman, denoting that the helm should be put, in the direction indicated, to the extreme limit.

hatch: an opening in the deck to afford a passage up and down. The coverings over these openings are also called *hatches*.

haul: *to haul the wind* is to turn the head of the vessel nearer to the point from which the wind blows.

hawse: the situation of the cables before a vessel's stem, when moored. Also, the distance upon the water a little in advance of the stem; as, a vessel sails *athwart the hawse*, or anchors *in the hawse* of another.

hawser: a large rope used for various purposes, as warping, etc.

haze: a term for punishing a man by keeping him unnecessarily at work upon disagreeable or difficult duty.

heave to: to bring the vessel's head to the wind, and stop her motion.

helm: the machinery by which a vessel is steered, including the rudder, tiller, wheel, etc. Applied more particularly to the tiller or wheel alone.

hold: the interior of a vessel below the lower deck, in which the cargo is stowed. *Forehold*: the forward part of the hold of a ship.

hull: the body of a vessel.

jib: a triangular sail set upon a stay extending from the foremast to the bowsprit or the jib boom.

jib boom: a spar or boom rigged out beyond the bowsprit.

jolly-boat: a small boat, usually hoisted at the stern.

keel: the lowest and principal timber of a vessel, running fore-and-aft its whole length, and by means of the ribs attached on each side, supporting the vessel's frame.

keelhaul: to haul a man under a vessel's bottom, by ropes attached to the yardarms on each side. Formerly practised as a punishment in ships of war.

keelson: a piece of timber laid on the middle of the floor timbers over the keel, and binding the floor timbers to the keel.

lanyard: a short piece of rope or line for fastening something in ships; as, the *lanyards* of the gun ports, of the buoy; especially, pieces passing through the deadeyes and used to extend shrouds, stays, etc.

larboard: the left side of a vessel, looking forward. Now changed to *port*.

lay: to come or to go; as, *Lay aloft! Lay forward!*

lay a course: to sail toward the point intended without tacking; also, to sail in a certain direction; to head for.

lay to: to check the motion of a vessel and cause it to be stationary.

lee shore: the shore upon which the wind is blowing.

leeward (pronounced *lū'ard*): the lee side. In a direction opposite to that from which the wind blows, which is called *windward*. The opposite of *lee* is *weather*, and of *leeward* is *windward*.

leeway: what a vessel loses by drifting to leeward.

lie to: to stop or delay; especially, to head as near the wind as possible as being the position of greatest safety in a gale.

log: a line with a piece of board, called the *log chip*, attached to it, wound upon a reel, and used for ascertaining the ship's rate of sailing.

log or **log book**: a journal kept by the chief officer, in which the situation of the vessel, winds, weather, courses, distances, and everything of importance that occurs, are noted down.

luff: 1. Noun. The forward leech (or edge) of fore-and-aft sails. 2. Verb. To put the helm so as to bring the ship up nearer to the wind. Orders to luff are: *Spring-a-luff! Keep your luff!*

lugger: a small vessel having two or three masts and carrying lugsails. *Lugsail:* a sail bent to a yard which hangs obliquely to the mast.

main boom: the boom which extends the foot of the mainsail in a fore-and-aft vessel.

mainmast: the principal mast in a vessel.

mainsail: the principal sail in a vessel. In a sloop or schooner the main sail is extended upon a boom attached to the mainmast.

make: to reach, to arrive at; as, *to make the shore.*

marlinspike: an iron pin, sharpened at one end, and having a hole in the other for a lanyard. Used to separate the strands of a rope in splicing and marling.

mast: a spar set upright from the deck, to support rigging, yards, and sails.

master mariner: an experienced and skilled seaman who is certified to be competent to command a merchant vessel.

masthead: the top or head of a mast, especially of the lower mast. Sailors were sometimes sent to stand at the masthead as a punishment.

mate: an officer in a merchant vessel ranking next below the captain.

missstays: to fail of going about from one tack to another. (See *stays*.)

mizzenmast: the hindmost mast of a three-masted vessel.

mizzen top: the top of the mizzenmast.

overhaul: to examine thoroughly.

painter: a rope attached to the bows of a boat, used for making her fast.

peak: the upper aftermost corner of a fore-and-aft sail.

point: one of the points of the compass; also, the difference between two points of the compass; as, *to fall off a point*.

port: the left side of a vessel, looking forward. (Used instead of *larboard*.) *To port the helm* is to put it to the larboard.

port or **porthole**: an opening in the side of a vessel through which cannon may be discharged.

quadrant: an instrument for measuring altitudes.

quarter-deck: that part of the upper deck abaft the mainmast.

quartermaster: a petty officer who attends to the helm, binnacle, signals, and the like under the direction of the master.

quay: a wharf or bank for convenience in loading and unloading vessels.

reef: 1. Noun. That part of a sail which is taken in or let out by means of the reef points, in order to adapt the size of the sail to the force of the wind.

2. Verb. To reduce the extent of a sail by rolling or folding a certain portion of it and making it fast to the yard or spar.

rigging: the general term for all the ropes of a vessel.

rudder: the mechanical appliance by means of which a vessel is guided or steered.

sails: sails are of two kinds: *square sails*, which hang from yards, their foot lying across the line of the keel; and *fore-and-aft sails*,

which set upon gaffs, or on stays, their foot running with the line of the keel.

schooner: a small vessel with two masts and fore-and-aft rig.

scull: to impel a boat by one oar at the stern.

scuppers: holes cut in the bulwarks for the water to run from the decks.

scuttle: to cut or bore holes in a vessel to make her sink.

seams: the intervals between planks in a vessel's deck or side.

sheet: 1. A rope used in setting a sail — usually attached to the lower corner of a sail, or to a yard or boom.

2. Pl. The space in the forward or the after part of a boat where there are no rowers; as, *fore-sheets; stern sheets.*

sheet home: *to sheet home* is to haul upon a sheet until the sail is as flat, and the clew as near the wind, as possible.

sheet in the wind's eye (sailors' slang): drunk.

ship: 1. Noun. A full-rigged ship is a vessel furnished with a bowsprit and three masts, each of which is composed of a lower mast, a topmast, and a topgallant mast, and square-rigged on all masts.

2. Verb. *To ship* a sea; to receive on board ship.

shiver: to cause to shake or tremble, as a sail, by steering close to the wind.

shrouds: a set of ropes reaching from the mastheads to the vessel's sides to support the masts.

slip a cable: see under *cable.*

soundings: the depth of water ascertained by the use of a sounding line, a line having a plummet at the end.

spar: the general term for all masts, yards, booms, etc.

stand by!: an order to be prepared, equivalent to *Be ready!*

stand on and off: to remain near a coast by sailing toward land, and then from it.

starboard: the right side of a vessel, looking forward.

stays: large ropes, used to support masts, and leading from the head of some mast down to some other mast, or to some part of the vessel. Those which lead forward are called *fore-and-aft stays;* those which lead down to the vessel's sides, *backstays.*

In stays, or *hove in stays* — the situation of a vessel when she is *staying*, or going about from one tack to the other. *To miss stays* — to fail of going about from one tack to another.

stem: a piece of timber which reaches from the forward end of the keel up to the bowsprit, and to which the two sides of the vessel are united.

stern: the after end of a vessel.

stern sheets: the after part of a boat, abaft the rowers, where the passengers sit.

supercargo: an officer or person in a merchant ship whose duty is to manage the commercial concerns of the voyage.

swab: a mop, formed of old rope, used for cleaning and drying decks.

tack: to put a ship about, so that from having the wind on one side, you bring it round on the other by the way of her head. A vessel is on the *starboard tack* when she has the wind on her starboard side.

tarpaulin: a piece of canvas, covered with tar, used for covering hatches, boats, etc.

thwart: a seat going across a boat, upon which the oarsmen sit.

tiller: a bar of wood or iron, put into the head of a rudder, by which the rudder is moved.

timber: a general term for all large pieces of wood used in ship-building. More particularly long pieces of wood in a curved form, bending outward, and running from the keel up, on each side, forming the *ribs* of a vessel.

top: a platform, placed over the head of a lower mast, to spread the rigging and for the convenience of men aloft.

topsail: the second sail above the deck. In a fore-and-aft rigged vessel, the sail set upon and above the gaff.

trades: the trade winds.

trim: to adjust a vessel by arranging the cargo, or disposing the weight of persons or goods, so equally that she shall sit well on the water.

truck: a circular piece of wood, placed at the head of the highest mast on a ship. It has small holes in it for signal halyards to be rove through.

Union Jack: the national flag of Great Britain, consisting of the *union* of the red Cross of St. George on a white field (England), the white diagonal Cross of St. Andrew on a blue field (Scotland), and the red diagonal Cross of St. Patrick on a white field (Ireland). The first union flag was adopted in 1606, during the reign of James I, when the union between England and Scotland was effected. Probably the name of the king *Jacques*, which James I always signed, gave the name *Jack* to the flag. Not until the union with Ireland in 1801 was the Cross of St. Patrick added to make the present flag.

In nautical language a *jack* is a small flag hoisted on a jack staff at the bowsprit cap, and containing only the *union*. In the United States Navy the *union jack* consists of the blue field containing the stars denoting the union of states.

waist: that part of a vessel's deck which is between the quarter-deck and the forecastle; the middle part of the ship.

warp: to move a vessel from one place to another by means of a rope made fast to some fixed object, or to a kedge (small anchor).

watch: 1. A division of time on board ship. There are seven watches in a day, reckoning from 12 M. round through the 24 hours, five of them being of four hours each, and the two others, called *dog-watches*, of two hours each, viz. from 4 to 6, and from 6 to 8, P.M.

2. A certain portion of a ship's company, usually one half, who together attend to the working of a vessel for an allotted time, usually four hours. The watches are designated as the *port watch* and the *starboard watch*.

weather: in the direction from which the wind blows.

weather eye: to keep one's weather eye open is to be watchful.

weigh: to lift up; as, *to weigh an anchor*.

wind: *to have the wind of one*; to gain or have the advantage.

windlass: the machine used to weigh the anchor by.

wind's eye: *in the wind's eye*; directly toward the point from which the wind blows.

windward: in the direction from which the wind blows. (See *weather*.)

yard: a long piece of timber, tapering slightly toward the ends, hung by the center to a mast, to spread the square sails upon.

yardarm: either half of a yard, from the center or mast to the end.

yaw: to deviate from the course, as when struck by a heavy sea.